THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
Since 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 196, Number 18

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

NOVEMBER 3, 1923

Nina Wilcox Putnam—Kenneth L. Roberts—Alice Duer Miller—David Jayne Hill
Sam Hellman—George Kibbe Turner—Thomas Beer—George Randolph Chester

Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

The man who owns a Kuppenheimer Overcoat is splendidly equipped for a long winter of business and social activity. He will be warm in the coldest weather, and he'll present a good appearance wherever he goes. Kuppenheimer Overcoats are an outstanding example of the modern clothes-buying principle—*an investment in good appearance.*

Westclox

An even start in the morning

FATHERS repeat to their sons what their fathers told them. They forget the youthful point of view.

Father likes his easy chair, a book or paper, and stretches off to bed at a sensible hour.

Son is more likely to miss his beauty sleep in pursuit of a good time, while father wonders at the frivolity of modern youngsters, just as his father did.

The time for going to bed is frequently the subject of argument. They agree on one thing—the time to get up in the morning.

More than likely they agree that the man who wants to be awakened punctually should have a Westclox alarm. It runs on time, it rings on time, it stays on time.

You'll probably find they both prefer alarm clocks and low-priced watches with the orange-bordered, six-sided tag, and with the trade mark Westclox on the tag and dial.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Westclox
Big Ben
7 inches tall. 4½-inch dial. Runs 32 hours. Steady and intermittent alarm, $3.50. In Canada, $4.50.

Westclox
Baby Ben
3¾ inches tall. 2¾-inch dial. Runs 32 hours. Steady and intermittent alarm, $3.50. In Canada, $4.50.

Westclox
America
6¼ inches tall. 4-inch dial. Nickel case. Runs 32 hours. Top bell alarm, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Westclox
Jack o' Lantern
5 inches tall. Luminous dial and hands. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $3.00. In Canada, $4.00.

Westclox
Sleep-Meter
5 inches tall. Nickeled case. 4-inch dial. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $2.00. In Canada, $3.00.

Westclox
Pocket Ben
A nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Neat hands and dial. Dependable, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Westclox
Glo-Ben
Nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Black face, luminous dial and hands, $2.50. In Canada, $3.50.

COMMUNITY PLATE

Which Fork?

Or Which Spoon? The variety of modern table equipment makes the service of any meal a delightful art. Here are some of the appropriate and distinctive pieces included in COMMUNITY

ICE CREAM FORK

Patrician design illustrated

Never placed on the table beforehand, but laid on the right-hand side of the ice-cream plate, and passed with it. *Set of six* $6.00

BUTTER SPREADER

Adam design illustrated

Laid across the right-hand side of the bread and butter plate.

Set of six $6.00

PIERCED SERVER

Gravenor design illustrated

Placed in the dish of sliced tomatoes, pineapple, fritters, poached egg, etc. The dish may be served by the hostess, or passed. *Each* $3.00

ORANGE SPOON

Adam design illustrated

When the fruit is placed on the table beforehand, the spoon is laid above the plate. If the fruit is brought in after the guests are seated, the spoon is served on the right-hand side of the plate.

Set of six $5.50

INDIVIDUAL SALAD FORK

Bird of Paradise design illustrated

The *Salad Fork* is the second from the outside. If fish is also one of the courses, the *Salad Fork* is the third from the outside left hand. Appropriate also for *Pastry*.

Set of six $7.00

GRAVY LADLE

Gravenor design illustrated

Placed in the gravy boat or tureen, and served to each person in turn.

Each $2.50

¶ Our dainty booklet on Correct Table Service—edited by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's social secretary—may be had from your dealer, or from us on receipt of ten cents. Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N.Y.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1923, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh, T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Galveston, Tex., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 3, 1923 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 18

THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN OFT REMIND US

IN ALL that has been written in prose and poetry about certain great men, I have seen little mention of their wives. For instance, there is Santa Claus, Father Neptune and the Devil.

It is with no spirit of frivolity that I state my belief that it has been a mistake to neglect the possibility that Mrs. Devil, Mrs. Neptune and Mrs. Santa Claus may have had a large rôle in the building of their husbands' present reputations. When one looks back, as I do, at a string of men, and around me now at a circle of men whom the indulgent last quarter of a century is willing to call great, I am glad that I have almost always stood on tiptoe to take a peep over their shoulders at their wives.

It is worth doing. It would be worth doing when we come to choose a new President. It is utter folly for the nation to forget, if it has ever sufficiently known, what quiet havoc can be wrought by a wife in the White House who is suspicious and bitter, or has a mind with chocolate-cream filling and kiss throwing, or unpreparedness, or the well-meaning ignorance of many so-called good wives; and what safety and help and assurance there may be in having there a woman with courage, good cheer, a vision, but a vision for realities and a clear realization that it is her husband and not she who is in the shoes of Lincoln, Cleveland and Roosevelt!

The Husband is a Serious Young Man, Always Vexed Lest He Say an Inept Word, But if He Met a New Idea on the Street He Would Cut It Dead

Two-Sided Wives!

THE nation, while it was about it, might consider this possible First Lady of the Land, as she is called, not only from the point of view of how she would appear as a wife in public but what her effect would be upon her husband in private.

There are always those two sides to the wife of a great man. Some women who are solid in one respect explode in the other. It is not known widely, but within the last generation one man in the White House had a wife who made an excellent appearance publicly; only his intimate friends knew that behind the scenes this wife was eternally stirring her husband to new hungers of ambition and berating him for not taking speculative, bold, dangerous steps.

Those who have a tendency to fall into interpreting the sadness of Lincoln would do well not to let go of their sense of humor—even when their wives are foolish enough to try to snatch it out of their hands. The virtue and poetic value of the "sad and lonely President" is about used up. Roosevelt helped to spoil that act, and no sad-eyed complaining man, unless circumstances are most unusual or he suffers wear and tear of the physical kind, will hear much from a common-sense people except "You can stand it if we can." I speak of this because I know of another President's wife who foolishly used to fan up that picture of her lonesome, suffering husband, locked up with a deified sadness of great understanding and universal love. On one occasion, when she was most eloquent about it, we learned that her husband was busy in his own room, still in his nighty, trying to solve a puzzle in a Sunday newspaper.

Foul Play!

I KNOW a man who has been within striking distance of the Presidency and may be now for all anyone can say. I am not at all sure that his election would not be a public calamity—on account of his wife. It would be unfair to name this man. Both he and his wife have fine lovable qualities. They hew to the line and they do not make concessions from their beliefs and principles. The man has great vigor and a sensitive, responsive nature. And yet the wife turns the edge of his vigor and plays upon his sensitive nature as one would play discords on a piano. She adores her husband. She is the essence of intense loyalty. But, to use an old useful expression, she keeps him haired up. She sees ghosts. She hears treacherous footsteps. She manages to convince him that there is foul play afoot! When she thinks of the word "conspiracy" her breath comes faster and her eyes shine. In the course of his political life she may have managed, in some rare instances, to warn him of false friends, but her main effect, in spite of the depth of her love for him, has been to sour him, to fill him full of doubts and distrusts. So the pair of them—lovers, they are, too—go about the world snarling at shadows. If this man were elected there is no indication that the same loving and horrible wifely influence would cease just because home had become the White House.

The strange result, by the way, of wives who are always seeing conspiracies against their husbands is that they are the easiest victims of conspiracies. Not only do they succeed in cutting off trust in strong men who would be good lieutenants, but they gradually eliminate all persons except those who worship the husband. This policy, to my mind, is a fatal one. All my experience of seeing big men at close range together with their satellites goes to show me that the most dangerous group to have around one is a group of worshipers—the yes-yes boys—a group to which all Presidents and all financial giants are peculiarly exposed. The truth is that few men are 100 per cent great or

right, little as they may realize it themselves; and therefore it follows that the yes-yes boys who say that the chief is 105 per cent great and right are usually either stupid or crooked. Nevertheless, the suspicious wife becomes the easiest victim of the yes-yes boys. Little by little she begins to believe that the man who does not think her husband a little more than 100 per cent infallible is faint-hearted or has been influenced by mysterious, disloyal conspirators, and little by little she begins to bask in the sunshine provided by all the dishonest self-seeking flatterers, even when they are planted near her by skilled intrigue. Strange result this! The woman who says she never sleeps on the welfare of her husband often sweeps the horizon with her watchful eyes until, without knowing it, she becomes stone-blind!

I speak first of the dangers to great and near-great men which come from the various classifications of the Adoring Wife. I do so because I am not certain that the Adoring Wife—who, no doubt, is acceptable enough as a companion and loving mate—is not, in certain forms, the most dangerous affliction a man on his way up the ladder can carry. I have no objection to being adored. I like it. It is the vicious forms which adoring may take that create the trouble.

I have spoken already of the Sentinel Wife—the one who cooks daily feedings of distrust and suspicion and consequent bitterness, all in the good intention of safeguarding her husband from harm. There is another dangerous variety—the Coddling Wife.

It may appear absurd to say that the Coddling Wife has had an effect upon the history of our country, but I assert it. I know the wife of a man in high office who, behind the scenes, coddled him into his gravest errors and screened him so well from all the little storms that when the great wind came it blew him down. Of course the difficulty with the Coddling Wife is that she not only bathes the wounds but she prevents any callus from growing on the man—anywhere. She turns his attention entirely upon himself, and thus away from what other men are doing and thinking. He begins to think as a god thinks—independently of men or facts—which is quite becoming in a god, but is a foot-slipping business for a man. He begins to have impatience with disagreement, and even the suggestion of a flexible open mind annoys him, and he is irritated alike by any new information and any old manly friends. Such a man, coddled enough, is usually found transferring his freeholds from the man's world to the woman's world. He is found thirsty for coddling in larger doses than even his wife can furnish. He likes to sit in a harmless way with three or four female ears and, as the Pullman porter says, "not argue noways but jes' han' it out!" That man—and you know him—is on his way to being done for. He loses his hitting power and thinks he still has it. He grows soft behind the eyeballs, where he thinks the shafts of love still lie in torpedo tubes.

Killed by Kindness

NOW in this particular epoch, when women have entered the world of man's interest, it is not at all difficult to step from the Coddling Wife to the Coddling Circle. I know good men and true who are doing it, and it is not a pleasant thing to have one's friends who have capacity for stalwart service gradually become tame cats. Few of these men take seriously the things the Coddling Circle says. They do not tell the Coddling Circle so, because that hurts the modern young and old girl's feelings, but what the man really is looking for is the modern young and old girl's ears. I can count in my own range of contact today a great American figure who learned in such a circle to talk first like a philosopher, then like a dictator, then like an oracle, then like a god, and finally in vague nothings, like a fifty-cent card reader. I can count in this group a great figure in American education and two or three editors. I recall the case of a prominent orator now in the United States Senate. I think of the ex-president of one of America's largest banks who talks too much and certainly consults too much with intellectual women. Of course critics, artists, authors are too numerous to mention. Perhaps not every case is attributable to a Coddling Wife, but usually that is the coal hole where the man on the world's useful highway leaves the hard pavement behind.

There are other kinds of the Adoring Wife. I will point out but one more dangerous type of this class. A woman who is merely an Adoring Wife may be a great help to certain men, especially those who need encouragement and self-confidence. I know of a member of one of the recent cabinets who needed his Adoring Wife, and set forth new blossoms every time she watered him. I know of a President of the United States who, when his courageous wife became ill, was like a rudderless ship. It was not because she knew much of what was going on, but because the man had to feel the presence of her indomitable spirit and her loyalty to him. She was a kind of spiritual commissary behind the battle lines.

But if there is any adoring to be done by a wife let it be done when the blinds are pulled in for the night. Let no mistaken wife think she can carry on any direct-to-the-consumer advertising campaign about her husband. We—the world—perhaps ought to like it, but we do not. Something perverse in us revolts against wifely red fire burnt in front of her mate on the public square, and her hand-made halos on his head are tempting to those who can find a missile. In Washington today there is one Adoring Wife who has almost advertised her distinguished husband out of the realm of dignity and made him by praise almost as unpopular as she is by reason of her praising. The third dangerous type of Adoring Wife is the one who does it openly. No one stops her. Her husband often feels that to correct her would wound her love; her friends always feel that to curb her would excite her distrust; her enemies are delighted to let her go on her innocent, destructive way.

I remember an incident which illustrates the kind of Adoring Wife who does not lose her sense of proportion. A certain candidate for national office had immensely irritated his wife by descriptions of a girl whom we will call Lucy Leewel. Lucy had been a sweetheart of his boyhood. She was the most slender, graceful fairy of light, according to his description. He recalled her with long sighs. His wife used to say, "For goodness' sake, don't talk to me any more about that Lucy Leewel!" It was a standing joke with their friends that mention of Lucy would set the teeth of the Adoring Wife on edge. One day, during the campaign, a deputation of five hundred came from a neighboring county. They were all shaking hands with the "man who," and finally one stranger said, thrusting forth a good dirt farmer's hand, "You know my wife, senator, an' here she is."

She Manages to Convince Him That There is Foul Play Afoot! When She Thinks of the Word "Conspiracy" Her Breath Comes Faster

She was about five feet tall and weighed two hundred and forty-eight pounds. She rolled and waddled, and her cheeks swung as she progressed, and she buried the candidate's hand in layers of digital fat and said in a panting voice, "Don't you remember Lucy Leewel?"

For a long time afterward the Adoring Wife of this candidate could end any argument with him when he thought he was especially and particularly right by saying "Of course you are right. You must be; you were right about Lucy!"

Of course it is the relationship with the right kind of Adoring Wife which furnishes the best examples of how much help a wife can be when she has spirit, interest, a sense of proportion, knows that her husband is human and can laugh about it.

In these days of modern women—those who want to get their hands on somebody else's handle—there is a well-defined group of wives of the great and near great who play the rôle of husband maker. They are devastating wives.

Amateur Borgia Ladies

FOR instance, hovering around the edge of our diplomatic service are a young man and his wife who have plenty of money, which is the first requisite for our underpaid service. Their laudable ambition is to be sent finally to a certain ambassadorship. The husband is a serious young man, always vexed lest he say an inept word or make the wrong cautious gesture. He wears good clothes gracefully, but if he met a new idea on the street he would cut it dead. He certainly would not tip his hat if he passed Imagination on the avenue.

Not finding her husband in any way objectionable, his wife has determined to make him. She goes abroad and spends her income entertaining—to prepare the ground. She stays at home and spends it to prepare the ropes. She pulls the wires. She has enough money, so that every time she does a new piece of window dressing it is a noteworthy artistic creation; and behold, always in her window as the central figure is a kind of lifeless clothing dummy on which she hopes to drape the cloak of greatness!

She will fail. She will fail because no wife can ever be that kind of husband maker without making a monkey of her husband. Her purpose becomes evident. People begin to talk about it and then to laugh. A good many observers doubt whether the maneuver is as much a loving service given to Jack or Bill as it is a selfish female ambition to get there. But when the world begins to laugh it is time for Ambition to watch the barometer and raise an umbrella and dig a cyclone cellar. As far as the husband is concerned the thing is death and taxes to him; he has been forced into the position of being weaker than his wife; he is the kind of locomotive that is pulled along on a ribbon.

There are other types of ostensible husband makers. One of them—the Tea Table Lobbyist—is common enough in Washington, especially since the volunteers in the war. The feminine world has recently put forth a new glad outburst of women who conceive themselves as fixers, intriguers and sly politicians. To a close observer, familiar with what goes on in national and congressional politics, it is astounding to what extent these Tea Table Lobbyists are taken seriously. I cannot recall a single case where their machinations have changed a vote, introduced a bill, inaugurated an administrative practice or made a ripple on public opinion. Of course some of these low-voiced conspirators, who will spend weeks just to bring Senator A into dinner-table conversation with Madam X, a fascinating extractor of secrets from the corner pockets of the mind, are not dedicating their services to any husband. I know two who make great rivalry of salons held at dusk, with boisterous imitations of the influence produced by certain skilled ladies of the courts of the Louis. Unfortunately sometimes it is a wife who wants to be a husband maker who engages in this kind of thing. They murmur occasionally, even into my own peaceful left ear; and the secret is always one of no importance whatever—like messages from the spirit world—or else it concerns an accomplished fact, too late to be undone. I am sure that if any wife of any friend of mine who may achieve greatness should ask my advice I would say to her, "If you want to help your husband, put forth your utmost in showing the world that you are no politician and no lobbyist, that you were born disqualified to be a fixer, and that intrigue gives you headaches. You may be a Lucrezia Borgia, a Madame de Staël, a Jeanne d'Arc and a Mrs. Asquith all rolled into one, but if you love Bob keep it dark!"

I suspect, however, that this kind of thing is not often done for the love of a husband. It may be so labeled and the wife may think the label is sincere. It was so labeled in the case of one of the most promising of the younger political leaders in the country. Over ten years ago he was

(Continued on Page 70)

EASY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

I AM a small-town New Englander, but it doesn't show on me much. However, small-townness is never very apparent nowadays, since the smart magazines and the modern mail-order catalogues have made veneered New Yorkers of us all. Yet under the surface I cherish a lot of New England characteristics, and this story properly begins when I realized that all the self-expression my ancestors had denied themselves was trying to burst forth in me.

It happened on the way home from the cemetery. I hadn't been burying anyone, but was just down there on a little outing with my maiden aunts, the Misses Myrtle and Rose Steerforth, twins, aged sixty-five. They would tear down there every once in so often to see whether Jake Neptune had got around to mowing the plot yet, and I generally tagged along to make sure they weren't overcome by the excitement of it. These old ladies were my only relations in Little Cape except my brother, Bobby, and when Bobby wasn't using Doctor Gray, our steed, I would hitch him up to our vintage surrey and take the twins for their favorite ride.

But though there were so few of us left about town, we had a perfectly tremendous number of Steerforths parked away in that God's acre, beginning with a certain Captain Joel, who from the date on his stone must have almost beaten the Mayflower. It was a big plot, and the twins always took a long time to look it over. This day, as usual, I sat in the surrey and waited, staring blankly at the too familiar landscape or at the clever flies which always just escaped the swish of Doctor Gray's tail.

Now I loathe descriptions myself, but one has to go in here, because it's very important.

Little Cape, Massachusetts, our town, was on the end of a peninsula, and there was only one main highway approaching it. Looking at it from the railroad station, one saw first a big salt meadow where pink marshmallows grew thick in summer and where the grasses turned purple and red and rusty in the fall. It was very beautiful and open and full of mosquitoes. Then the road took a jog and passed the cemetery, which lay on a slope so that the dead could see the ocean at night, or so my Grandfather Steerforth used to say.

Across from the cemetery was a little knoll of solemn native cedars, very dignified, like an Italian garden. The road was white with dust, and beyond the village to which it led lay the Atlantic, a deep strong blue this July day.

Sounds pretty, doesn't it? Well, to me it had all the charm of a private room in the county jail! Whenever I thought of Little Cape's intellectual limitations blood surged up to my temples and throbbed there like an overheated motor. How I longed to get away to where people would understand me and my work! But it seemed as if I were salted down in the miserable little place for life! Suddenly on this afternoon of which I am telling, such a mood accumulated in me, causing intolerable restlessness, and by way of relief I took to singing aloud a song that I knew would upset my aunts:

Honey, baby, won't you please get rough?
I like to watch you, but it isn't enough.

It worked. With a futile appearance of haste the two bent figures made their way across that vacant end of the plot where, when I died of ennui, I would presumably be laid away. They eventually reached our snappy 1884 one-horse-power model and I helped them aboard.

"Nancy Steerforth, how can you sing those, those jazz ——" said Aunt Myrtle.

"—— atrocities," Aunt Rose concluded for her.

"It's the newest record from New York," I snapped.

"What has that got to do with it?" asked Aunt Myrtle mildly. "Thank fortune, New York is not our—our ——"

"—— standard!" said Aunt Rose.

"Well, it's mine!" I said disagreeably. "Or will be if I ever succeed in leaving this dead burg and going there to study painting."

"Are You Actually Suggesting That You Beat It Off to New York and Leave Me Sitting Pretty on the Farm?"

"You scarcely need any study, Nancy," Aunt Myrtle protested. "I think your paintings very sweet just as they are, they are so—so ——"

"—— true to Nature!" put in Aunt Rose.

It nearly drove me wild! What use was there in even attempting to discuss such a question? With a shout of contempt I flapped the reins and we moved off toward the village with all the celerity of a homing turtle.

"Do you want to stop at Spinelli's or will you go directly home?" I asked.

"Home, please, dear," said Aunt Myrtle. "We have a meeting of the Historical Society tonight, and we must not get overtired. Such a full day! Perhaps you will ask Mr. Spinelli to send up a quarter of a pound of tea and a pound of butter? You have to pass by ——"

"—— on your way home!" concluded Aunt Rose.

"Of course I will," I replied, feeling a little bit ashamed of my crossness.

The dear little futile old things! What did taking out my nastiness on them get me anyhow? Why did I trouble to take them out driving if I didn't like them? They burbled on from the back seat about the Historical Society. Some great soul had pried herself loose from a seventeenth-century frying pan, and it was to be formally presented to the organization that evening. A five-slat-back rocking-chair from West District had been restored and was now on view. Good Lord, how could they care so much for the past, anyhow? Why didn't they have a lecture on something sensible—the Cubists, for example?

When Doctor Gray of his own accord had stopped in front of the aunts' prim little white house, and I had helped them find the key under the doormat, they gave me a cordial invitation to attend the meeting above-mentioned.

"It is going to be unusually exciting," said Aunt Myrtle at parting. "And I do want you to see that skillet! Nancy, we all believe it dates back to about 1690, but before we place it on view we want to make absolutely sure that it is—is ——"

"—— American," said Aunt Rose.

"Well, I'll probably show up, dears!" I said cheerfully, climbing into the surrey. One had to say something. Not, of course, that I had the least intention of going to their old dehydrated jamboree.

All New England villages are proud of their elm trees, but ours were the very finest I had ever seen. There were a hundred on either side of the main street, arching above our little business center with that graceful dignity peculiar to the lyre-elm, and how I loved them! Since it was written, I had never driven or walked beneath them without remembering our soldier poet's lines:

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree!

This afternoon, with the sunlight flickering through the enormous branches, they, as always, compensated me somewhat for having to live in Little Cape, and from looking up into the green vault I almost forgot Aunt Myrtle's errand until I was directly opposite Jonathan Brown's Cash Grocery Store.

At least that is how the sign read. It had been painted forty or so years ago, and over the name was a picture of Justice in a voluminous nightie, serving a seafaring man across a grocery counter—a subject that had fascinated me since childhood. Old Mr. Brown had sold out and moved to California, and although the exterior remained unchanged, inside the store swarmed with Spinellis—at least a dozen of them, varying in age from the doddering grandpa down to a pert, black-eyed young chicken of fourteen.

Mrs. Spinelli shoved her large tight bosom across the counter at me.

"Well?" she said. "What can I do-a for you?"

Her face, between the really lovely dangling earrings, was like a fat hawk's.

"A small package of Cedarbrook Ceylon tea, please," said I, "and a pound of butter, for Miss Myrtle."

"No more Cedarbrook," she snapped. "We don't carry that line no more. Here is something just come in—Rothman's Special—sixty a can."

"But the Cedarbrook was so good!" I objected.

"Well, we don't carry it no more," she said, and turned away abruptly to shriek some order at the flapper.

I left the shop, offended. The woman made me furious with her eternal efforts to make me buy what she wanted to sell, instead of what I desired to purchase. Why in the name of goodness shouldn't we be supplied with Cedarbrook tea? Our whole family, and most of the ladies in our church, had bought it from Mr. Brown for years, and yet I knew we would all of us meekly accept the cheap alternative offered in this case, just as we had fallen for a hundred other substitutions. It was a little thing, but somehow it made me so mad that I actually trembled as I came down the store steps; and to give myself time to recover I turned and looked blindly into the show window of the next shop—a mere shack of a place where, under the sacred name of Art and the enchanted title of Novelty, picture postcards, cheap toys and tawdry souvenirs were set out, helter-skelter. I had seen the same display a hundred times and hated it.

A familiar voice aroused me.

"Hello, Nancy!" it said in rich guttural tones. "How's the girlie, eh?"

It was Morris Bowditch, oldest son of the proprietor. He was lounging in the doorway, bracing himself with his unctuous hips, his magnificent if somewhat oily mane of curly hair stirring back from his forehead in the evening breeze, his smile at once patronizing and obsequious. Morris had been born in Little Cape, and served, in camp,

through the World War, but I didn't like this young man. Still he was a solid citizen in his own fashion.

"Hello, Morris," I replied. "I'm fine, thanks."

"Say, listen!" he called after me without changing his position. "Is your brother going to be home tonight?"

I hesitated. "Why, yes, I guess so!" said I grudgingly.

"Well, tell him I'll be over!" he shouted. "I got something I should see him about!"

"All right!" I said, climbing into the surrey and driving off with as much urgency as Doctor Gray would permit.

Well, one thing was settled: If Morris was coming to our house that evening I was going to the Historical Society meeting. At least that crowd wouldn't have any cheeky foreigners in it!

We lived on one of the main corners of the town, directly opposite the Thomas Hoadley mansion—which was a vast Victorian structure closed since old Mrs. Hoadley's death, its broad lawns gone to seed and its fence beginning to show need of repair. There were only two members left in that family—Elmer, a distant cousin, still with the A. E. F. in Germany, and Lila, the granddaughter who had inherited the place but didn't care enough for it to bother about taking possession. Across from this was a little park containing a drinking fountain and our honor roll, a handsome memorial of solid white pine with fast-fading paint. On the other corner, the one near the ocean, stood our house, a very old building, once the show place of the town.

It had been built by our great-grandfather, and remodeled by Captain Elihu Steerforth, our grandfather, from whom Bobby and I inherited it. Between our house and the Hoadley place ran a road leading out to the Point, a mile farther on, where the summer cottages were.

I had to turn down this road a few feet in order to reach our barnyard, and scarcely had I begun operations on Doctor Gray's harness when a motorcycle came tearing along and stopped alarmingly at the gate. The rider uncoiled himself from the saddle, and there before me stood David Cooper, the tall thin Cooper boy whom everyone called Easy.

"This ought to be useful!" he drawled, coming towards me. "Catching you alone like this. Turn your head away, Doc; I'm going to kiss her!"

"No you don't, Easy!" said I, nuzzling Doctor Gray's long nose for chaperonage. "I haven't given you any mortgage on me yet, old thing, so lay off. But why the motorcycle, Easy? And the uniform? Why, boy, you're a cop! Since when?"

"Yes, lookit, got a badge and everything!" said he with his beautiful smile full of big white teeth. "That ought to be useful, eh?"

He pirouetted slowly like a manikin. The snugly fitting uniform displayed a figure worth looking at, and the gaiters set off a handsome pair of calves. This was the first time I had ever seen Easy, the well-known leading lazy man of our town, dressed in anything except loose overalls, an ill-fitting khaki uniform or a badly cut Sunday suit. Now he looked positively dashing, even though when he removed the new cap his blond hair was as unruly as ever.

"Easy, that is some landscape!" I admitted. "But why the strong-arm-of-the-law stuff?"

"Well," said he thoughtfully, "there is a motorcycle goes with the job. And that ought to be useful."

"Lord, it's a funny thing for the last of the Coopers to be doing," I replied. "The town traffic cop! Why, Dave, your ancestors would turn over in their graves."

"The job keeps me out in the open air," said he cheerfully, "and I rather like the idea of this town progressing so fast it needs a traffic cop. Why, Nancy, do you know there are more than fifty high-powered cars down at the shore this season?"

"I didn't know it, and I don't much care!" I replied. "As for this dashing metropolis—why, it's got to dash a whole lot harder before I'm blinded by the dust of its progress. I only wish to heaven I had the money to clear out and go to New York!"

"What you want to go for beats me!" said Easy. "If this town was good enough for your mother and her mother it ought to be good enough for you. At any rate, it will have to be when you marry me, because this is where I live."

"Who ever said I was going to marry you?" I demanded. "I've told you one hundred times that I won't decide a thing until Elmer Hoadley comes home from Europe. And even then I may not decide anything. I have my art to think of."

"Well, I just thought I'd mention it," said Easy. "Take your own time deciding, Nancy. Good-by, I must be running along! Running along is now one of the best things I do—and sweet Santa Claus! I can move at sixty miles an hour without shaking a foot!"

Easy threw one long leg over the motorcycle. The thing snorted and roared and came to life. He saluted me with an awkward gesture and then abruptly shot out of sight. I finished putting up Doctor Gray, my mind disturbed over the fact of Easy's new job. After all, there were only two possible young men left in town. My own brother was one; and Easy, the other, had become—good Lord, I was no snob, but to marry a cop!

As for the boys who hung around the post-office steps at night—well, anyone knows what that trash is like. Never in my life had I talked to any man of my own age about the things for which I most cared—pictures, music,

The Silence for Once Disturbed Even Me, for Now it Was the Silence Which Holds Some Living Thing

theaters, the movies, books. The only male in our town who knew about them was old Mr. Richmond, the high-school principal. And he didn't know much, because he still thought that Charles Dickens was all the rage, and hadn't seen an exhibition of paintings since Grant was a cadet. I'd never seen one myself, but that was not the point. I felt horribly lonely, and where men were concerned I was likely to stay so. The fact weighed depressingly upon me as I crossed the yard and entered the house, stopping at the foot of the stairs, as I always did, to look at Nokomi, the idol.

On the outside our house was in no way peculiar. It had once been a fine colonial type, but my grandfather had brought it very much up to date, 1860 being the date he picked. The roof was flat, with a cupola on top, put there presumably for my grandmother to climb into and watch for him whenever the Pirate, as he had been called, was away on one of his long voyages to China or the Indian Ocean.

Captain Elihu always smelled of rum and cinnamon and a weird Oriental perfume like incense. He was accused of being a smuggler, although nobody ever proved it, and to his death he remained the terror of the town. We children used to get out of his way when he came bellowing down the street, his wooden leg making a terrific pounding and his whiskers flying in the wind. For grandfather was not only terrifying in himself but he was supposed to worship the idol in our hall, and perhaps he did. At any rate the house often smelled strongly of incense, and as a little girl I would sometimes wake in the night and lie trembling while unearthly noises, muffled but heart-shattering, came up from where Nokomi filled one corner from floor to ceiling.

It was a life-size figure overlaid with gold leaf, seated in a niche as elaborate as itself, sexless and menacing and many handed, with strange realistic amber eyes which seemed to turn and follow one's movements to every corner of the room. Grandfather had warned us that if the idol's eyes ever moved it would mean doom to our house.

"Don't ye dast to tech it!" he told Bobby and me. "He don't like familiarity. And he knows everything goes on in this house, mind! He sees with them eyes, he does, and he sees more than you guess. If ever the eyes move, look out for rough weather in our family. Give him respect and run respectably and he'll leave ye be! Do as I say, not as I do, young folks; not as I do!"

Then the old man would laugh horridly, and although he was over ninety, and senile, his words struck terror in our hearts.

One day when I was about twelve years old I was alone in the room and the eyes moved. I ran screaming to my mother, who quieted me and told me that it had been a nervous-hallucination. She didn't credit what I had seen, and neither did Bobby, and so, with the easily persuaded acceptance of childhood, I half believed the explanation that it had been some trick of light. But a week after the incident grandfather died. Not of old age, either. A scepter fell from one of the idol's many hands and hit him on the head. He must have been killed instantly, although they did not find him lying prone before Nokomi until the following morning, when my mother came down to start the kitchen fire.

The house with its hoard of curios was left equally to Bobby and me. From cellar to attic the place was like a junkshop. Some of the things were very lovely, like the little funeral dolls from China, or the Japanese embroidery which lay so vividly upon the somber black-walnut bed in grandfather's room; many were hideous, like the Rogers group in the front parlor, and the shell wreath over the mantel there. But most precious to me were my father's paintings. It was from him, the idolized father, who had died before I could remember, that I inherited my talent, although my work was not a bit like his nice conventional things. And this was my home. Bobby and I had lived in it by ourselves since my mother's death.

I made my usual salaam to Nokomi, and then, running upstairs, dressed in the best-looking model the mail-order catalogues had shown that year. Bobby had gone down to Plymouth and should have returned on the 6:11. But he didn't. So, deciding he had stayed for the movies and would be coming out on the last motorbus, I ate without him, and left the house to its own shadowy mystery.

Going anywhere in the evening was exciting to me, for there wasn't even a moving-picture house in town, and I danced a few steps all alone under the cover of the darkness, when the nerve-tickling strains of Stumbling Around blared out from the phonograph in Victor's barbershop, where the boys were starting one of Little Cape's wild nights. And then I reached the Waltzing Whale, the ancient inn which was now our Historical Society building, and slipping between the big white columns of its portico found a rear seat in the hall where the meeting was being held.

The society room looked, as they generally do, like a junkshop where there wasn't much business. On the walls were horrible portraits of sour-faced old Pilgrims, and the guns, presumably, which they had used against the Indians, although one glance at such a mean-looking lot of people should have overcome the Indians without any further action being necessary. There were spinning wheels on the hearth, and a wooden cradle, and a set of cooking utensils which looked more like inquisitorial implements. The only chairs were Early American, with hard narrow slats and stiff high backs. You had to sit upright in them or go without. The corner cupboards, the old china, the much-advertised iron skillet, even the very nails and hinges, the great beams overhead and the wide planks of the floor—all were handmade, and almost as good as new. Suddenly it struck me as rather interesting that these things, in spite of generations of hard usage, were still so good and strong.

The members were all present: My aunts, the minister and his old-maid daughter, the doctor's wife and the first selectman with his incessantly moving false teeth. With the exception of myself, Helen Weston, the librarian, was the only person present who could conceivably have been called young. Almost all the original families were represented—stooped and shabby, many of them—about fifty souls in all.

The secretary was reading the minutes when I arrived, stumbling over her own handwriting. Instantly I began to be sorry I had come. And when old Mr. William Cooper, Easy's great-uncle, was introduced as the speaker of the evening, I would have left except for the fact that some people had moved in back of me and I couldn't get out without creating more of a disturbance than it was worth.

Uncle William towered well over six feet in height, so that his halo of snowy hair almost reached the low-raftered ceiling, and in the candlelight his shadow loomed hugely behind him like the giant ghost of another generation. His beard was long and white, and his dim old eyes were lost under the deep arch of his brows. An imposing figure, truly; a sort of senile Jove, but likely to prove an awful old bore. I squirmed in an agony of restlessness as he began.

"What I remember about Little Cape," said he—"yes, I have been asked to tell a little of what I can remember

about this town. Well, friends, that is a long time ago. I am an old man, ninety-three years old, and I can remember when things were very different here. Over there where the library stands—well, that was a cow pasture. And I have stood there to watch the whaling fleet come in, and not a cottage in sight! I can remember when grass was growing right down the middle of the main street—yes, sir, and the stage coach came once a week with letters and you paid for the mail you received. I remember waiting for it on the porch of this very building. This building was then an inn. We had no electric lights in this town then, no pavings, but we had hard workers, prosperity, and we—we had ideals."

The old man developed a complete blank just at this point and stood looking at the ceiling as if he expected to see through the roof. The room was very still, waiting for him to rediscover himself and go on. The pause grew intolerable. Then at length the spirit seemed to return to his gaunt body and he resumed.

"In those days the young men used to stay here," he said. "There used to be plenty of work for them to do because there were no foreigners here to do it for them. Why, friends, I can remember the very first foreigner who came here to live. He was a young Italian man with a face like a saint. Indeed, there was a young artist living here then who painted a picture of Saint John and used this young man as the model. The artist, Simeon Steerforth, has since gone to face the Master in heaven, but the foreigner, who set up a little fruit stand, partly with my own aid and encouragement, is still with us. That is Spinelli, who keeps the cash grocery now."

"But, grandfather, that's only twenty years ago," objected a feminine voice. "Even we can remember that. Tell us about when you were a boy."

"Well, well, I am coming to that," said he mildly. "As I was saying, when I was a boy there were nothing but Americans in this town, and if they weren't good at it we quickly unmasked them. We went to church three times on Sunday and the families from back on the big farms brought their lunch and ate it in the churchyard in the summertime. The farm where Tony Salvator lives now—why, they had as big a family as Tony's, or bigger, and it took an especially built carryall to fetch them all to service. This town started out to rival Plymouth, with that deep bay. But something happened—I don't know just what. We have changed too much, too much!"

I couldn't listen any more. Changed! Little Cape changed! What nonsense! I sat in a stew of my own incoherent irritated thoughts, while the old man rambled on brokenly. And when at length the speaker sat down I made a move for the door, only to be halted by an unexpected sight. Mrs. Spinelli was sitting directly behind me!

She had not changed from the clothes in which she served at the shop, and still wore her substantial black skirt and dubiously white shirt waist, above which her long earrings dangled incongruously. Seated immovably, with her hands folded over her stomach, she was completely out of place, but her presence did a curious thing to the society rooms. They simply flew together—became of a piece and fraught with meaning. It was as if I suddenly saw the Historical Society building as a little fortress of Puritanism, and the feeble, stodgy old members as its tottering but determined defenders. For some unformulated reason an instant resentment of Mrs. Spinelli's presence flamed up in me. I pushed my way over to Aunt Myrtle and asked a question.

"Why is Mrs. Spinelli here?" I demanded. "What on earth can she want joining a thing of this sort?"

"Well, my dear, I don't know, I'm sure," replied Aunt Myrtle, bewildered. "She wanted to join, and she's a perfectly good, hard-working woman. I know nothing against her. An excellent wife and mother, I'm sure."

With an abrupt good night I turned on my heel and left. All the way home I boiled inwardly. Then my reasoning powers began to function. Wasn't mine a stupid, nonsensical feeling, after all? Why should I resent that woman's presence on the so suddenly sacred altar of my town's traditions? Was not America known throughout the world as the golden land of opportunity, and did we not take an enormous sentimental pride in being the natural refuge of the downtrodden and oppressed peoples of Europe? "Here is half of mine, because you have thrown yours away!" That had been our generous motto, always a lavish sentiment, but surely we could well afford it! I scolded myself into feeling ashamed of my narrowness. After all, how ridiculous it was to raise an invisible difference between buying groceries from these people and admitting them to a public association! Bah! I'd be as small-minded as the rest of the first families if I didn't escape from the town before long! With a mental gesture of dismissal I ran up the front steps of my home and burst in upon Bobby, who was alone in the living room.

My brother would have been hard-boiled, but the fire under him apparently went out before he quite got to that point, with the result that the worst one could say of him was that he had a habit of cocking up his left eyebrow and smoked innumerable cigarettes. If Bobby had committed a nice healthy murder, funnily enough, I could have understood him better. But he was decidedly small-time. He was supposed to run the little greenhouse which was our only source of income, and this he attended to in a half-hearted fashion, while Jake Neptune did the hard labor.

Removing the dangling cigarette from between his too pale lips, Bobby broke into a torrent of words as soon as he set eyes on me.

"Say, kid!" he shouted. "What do you think? Morris Bowditch came over this evening, and said they'd like to buy this place! Their business is growing so fast they want

(Continued on Page 149)

"It's a Funny Thing for the Last of the Coopers to be Doing," I Replied. "The Town Traffic Cop! Why, Dave, Your Ancestors Would Turn Over in Their Graves"

PUNK PUNGS

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Never Mind the Others," Says I. "Your Job Is to be Nice to the One I Say"

IT'S getting so that nothing, the which is home-grown, is worth one hoot with the hoot monde in America. The swell giggle-frills and finale-hoofers snags their dance steps from South American barrel-houses, doll-rags ain't no good unless they has been flashed first by a French croquette on the Rue-de-la-Pay-as-you-enter, a show is gotta be gargled in Russian to get the prominent coin at the gate and the stuff for a bun comes from bunny Scotland.

All of this has been Columbused before and I ain't wise-wheezing nothing new, but it ain't until me and the frau is settled down at Doughmore-on-the-Sound that I notices particular how us hundred percenters is flopping for the foreign dew-dudes. It only takes a coupla weeks to get the slant. Around the club, where we bumps off most of our time, teapots is called sammywares, a quick shot in the arm before chow is a aperistiff, and the lad that runs the fodder department of the joint is a matrons de hotel. If you don't happen to know a waiter's name you don't call him Jack like we used to at the Fly-Speck Lunch or the Greasy Spoon down on the levee; you call him Carson, that being, I understands, the name of a English family that's turned out classy napkin-flippers for a lotta hundred years. Just like the Flannigans has always been grand traffic cops, and the Schmidts demons at the delicatess.

I got as much right in this Doughmore dump as a clam's got in a restaurant chowder, but like I told you lads before I was drug there by the misses on the account of her side-kickers, the Magruders, having busted into the place through their Uncle Jake, an old coot who's got enough jack to pay all the bricklayers in the union what they think they oughta get for a day's work and have enough left over to buy a whole bin of the kinda coal that burns. For a while I does everything I can to frame an exit outta the deadfall, but the wife is hipped on the place and they ain't a leave stirring. So being stuck, I sticks.

I ain't one of these particular guys and could get by even comfortable sleeping with a wet dog in a swamp, but anywheres them Magruders is, is too tough for me. If Jim and Liz was to be swimming down at Atlantic City and I was to be wading in the water at Liverpool I'd get a cramp from being in the same ocean with 'em. That's the way them blah-babies affects me. So you can easy imagine my joys when Kate crashes into my afternoon nap one day with the news that the Magruder hen has came.

"Lizzie's calling," says the frau. "Get up."

"Let her call," I yelps. "She ain't never got anything but a four-flush."

"Such being the cases," comes back the handcuffs, "you must be crazy to see her. She's all excited about something."

"I guess," I remarks, climbing off the flop, "somebody's finally got it through her head that the Maine's been sunk, and Jim's gone to town to enlist."

I curses into my shoes, damns my collar on and grumbles into the living room. Kate and Liz is ruining a neighbor when I busts in, but seeing me, they leaves her running around without no reputation on, and switches the subject.

"I got wonderful news," says the Magruder disease.

"Where's Jim?" I asks. "He been hurt?"

"Hurt!" gasps Lizzie. "What makes you think that?"

"Nothing," I answers, "don't have to make me think that way, but I don't see him around and you was just saying you had wonderful ——"

"Dink's here now," cuts in the wife, slipping me a scowl. "Out with it, Lizzie. What you got on your mind?"

"Mah jongg," whispers the total loss, and steps back, mysterious, like if she had just let us in on the secrets of them Spinks. I'm the first to get over it.

"Jongg mah," I replies. "If the sister is in distress and will indicate by the proper signs and ——"

"What you talking about?" interrupts Kate.

"Ain't that a pass word?" I asks, turning to Lizzie in surprise. "No? Funny. Sounds just like the one we used to give the guard at the outer gate in the Loyal Order of Ring-Tailed Bearcats. I remember as if it was yesterday."

"See if you can remember it tomorrow," suggests the frau, "when nobody ain't here to listen. Tell me about May Young, Lizzie. Is that the woman ——"

"Mah jongg," cuts in the Magruder hen, "is a game the which all the swells is taking up and so is we."

"What is it?" I asks. "A new kinda bridge?"

"I don't know much about it," admits Lizzie, "but Jim says it ain't no more like bridge than golf is like casino. It comes from China and it's so swell that they don't let nobody play it over there excepting them mandolins."

"What," I inquires, "would happen if somebody should pick it out on a banjo?"

"I ain't talking about them kinda mandolins," explains Lizzie. "A mandolin in China is like a duke or a count, and they is the only ones that is allowed to play this mah jongg. The common people over there—the collies, Jim says, they is called—has their heads chopped off if they is caught with the game. Besides, the sets cost so much that only nice people can get them."

"Nice people, eh?" I remarks. "I suppose of course they wouldn't sell none to a bootlegger or a dope spreader. Does this my-junk layout you is talking about take brains, Lizzie, or is it one them pastimes you could learn easy?"

"Jim says," answers she, "that it's harder'n bridge and that pretty soon nobody'll be playing auction no more excepting the lower classes. I'm crazy to play it."

"And quit bridge?" I asks.

"Yes," says Liz. "That's getting so common."

"I gotta hand it you, gal," says I. "Here you been spending, at the leastest, five years at the game and you is just getting to the point where you is beginning to suspect that two hearts is a better bid than one club, when you ups and leaves it flat. It takes nerve to let all that work go to waste and take up with a Chink ——"

"I'm sorry," cuts in the Magruder blah-brain, "that I ever learned auction."

"Liz," says I, "you remind me of a feller I knows that oncet worked half a day in a drug store when he was a kid. He tells me he's sorry he learned the damned business."

"Why?" she wants to know.

"Dink!" snaps the wife. "We ain't interested none in them gutter-snap friends of yourn. Tell me some more about this here jah-mong game."

"Mah jongg," says Lizzie. "We is gonna to play it this afternoon. Sallie Proctor bought a set and is got a teacher coming to her house at four o'clock—a real Chinese mandolin, that knows all about it. We has all been invited to come—you and me and Jim and him."

"Count him out," I barks. "I knows too many games now, and besides I been neglecting my lotto and euchre something shameful. I wouldn't think of falling for no new stuff until I catches up with the latest wrinkles in them blooded sports. I'm surprised at you, anyways, Liz."

"Me?" she gulps. "What about?"

"The idea," says I, "of a fine Christian woman like you is, going in for something invented by a heathen Chink. Where is your morals? It may be a good game like you says, but the road to hell is paved with good inventions."

"I don't see no harm," begins Lizzie.

"That," I explains, "is because you don't understand these slant-eyed babies. They is a crafty lot. First they'll get everybody to playing this mah jongg, after the which they'll ease in other Chinese costumes, like hitting the pipe and the such, and before you knows it you'll be burning josh-sticks and praying to this lad Confusion them yeller kids is so cuckoo about. You know what it says in the Bible, don't you? East is west and west is

Sing Squats Four of the Folks Down at the Table

east, and never the trains shall meet. You gotta watch them rice eaters. Give 'em an L and they'll swipe the whole alphabet. You gals can do what you want but I ain't gonna do no gambling with my soul. Count me out."

Lizzie is stupe enough to take this hop of mine half serious, but not so the misses.

"You maybe has been hearing somebody talk," she remarks to the Magruder wren, "but nothing ain't been said. Dink always gives his tongue its daily dozen about this time of the afternoon. Four o'clock, did you say?"

The wife's a little slow dressing herself up and me down, but we manages to get to the Proctors' on time. Yeh, "we" is right. I ain't the sorta guy that'd let his woman go alone to a place where they is a Chinaman.

II

THEY is about a dozen folks at the mah-jongg party, including Jim Magruder and his Uncle Jake. The old boy's a pretty good scout and I high-signs him off to a corner.

"Where's the Chink?" I asks.

"He'll be here in a coupla minutes," says he. "You wild to learn this game too?"

"Yeh," I comes back, "I'm crazy about it—just about as crazy as I'd be to play ring-around-a-rosie in a snowstorm without no clothes on."

"Well," he asks, "what are you doing here then, Dink?"

"Dink O'Day ain't here," says I. "The guy you're talking to is Kate O'Day's husband. What do you know about this mah jongg?"

"I seen it played oncet," answers Uncle Jake. "It's a kinda combination of rummy, fancy expressions, dominoes and bricklaying. There's a little of everything in it, and not much of nothing. It's a sorta Hoyle hash."

About this time Sallie Proctor drifts over our way. She's one of them gushers that nobody ain't been able to cap.

"Oh, you wicked man you," she spouts at me. "Have you come to get a moon from the bottom of the sea?"

"I wouldn't do it for nobody but you," I replies, gallant. "If you'll wait a minute I'll go home and get my diving suit."

"Come to think of it," says the Proctor pain, "I believe I'd rather have a plum blossom in unseasonable time."

"You can have anything I ain't got," I comes back, and she giggles herself away. I turns to Uncle Jake.

"Does her husband know?" I asks. "Shame, ain't it?"

"Don't worry," laughs the old boy. "She ain't lost her mind. Them's mah jongg expressions she was pulling."

"Do you pick flowers in this game?" I inquires. "And go diving into the Sound after moons?"

"Those," explains Uncle Jake, "is just names for different kinda hands. Getting a moon outta the sea is something like filling an inside straight."

"I see," says I, "and what's the plum blossom?"

"That's the five of dots," he tells me, "and getting that baby when you needs it is just about the same as picking up a fourth ace against a coupla pat hands. Get that book over there on the table and wise yourself up."

I Walks Out With Him, the Lad Looking Back All the Times at Lizzie

I starts reading and don't get no further than to find out that "mah jongg" is the Chinkish word for chippy-bird, when in paddles the bobo that's gonna learn us the game. He's all silked out like the opium king in the mellerdrama; you know, the lad that don't do nothing but ring a bell to have eighty-six people murdered and Bertha, the adding-machine girl, kidnaped and brung to him through a trap door.

Sallie Proctor gives us all a knockdown. The guy's name is Sing High Lee and from what she tells us about him he's some spuds in China, being three or four laps anyways ahead of the emperor when it comes to social standing. He talks English nearly so perfect as me.

"How'd they manage to hook a classy boy like him?" I asks Uncle Jake.

"Twenty fish per the hour," answers he.

"You mean," says I, surprised, "that swell naboob is doing this for dough?"

"What's funny about that?" comes back Magruder. "Nowadays, you could easy get a grand duke to look after your furnace, and a countess to wash the dog. Since the war, titles is a drag on the market. I hears lots of these Chinos is cleaning up teaching this mah jongg. It's the thing—this learning a Chinese game from a Chinese."

"Yeh," says I, "and I suppose in Doughmore you'd get a old maid to show you old maid, a iceman to tip you off to freeze-out and a sea captain with a mouth full of tobacco juice to explain spit-in-the-ocean."

"Come on," says Uncle Jake. "The curtain's going up."

The Proctor dame's put a box on the table and motions to the gang to crowd around. Then Sing High Lee opens up the layout and dumps out a whole mess of little blocks that looks like dominoes excepting that they is marked up like laundry tickets. They is made half outta bamboo and half outta the heads of bush-league ball players. All the numbers and such is on the ivory side.

Besides the blocks they is a flock of sticks with different kinda dots which is a Chinaman's idea of chips. A guy that makes a killing in this game looks like he's got his winter supply of kindling in front of him. They is also a coupla dice and a dewfligger with four tablets in it which tells you what kinda wind you is if you insists on knowing. It's just about as necessary to the game as a red joker in a blue bridge deck, and is only in the set for them kinda blanks that can't remember which side their right hand was on the last time they seen it.

Sing squats four of the folks down at the table—Lizzie is one of 'em—and starts a frame of this mah jongg. The rest of us stands around like a chorus of kibitzers listening in. In about ten minutes I'm jerry. The game ain't nothing but rummy dressed up in a seventy-five-dollar suit of Chinese doll rags, and with a lotta hurrah and side stuff that ain't really got no more to do with the case than the flowers is got to do with the blooming spring in Tra-la. It's like sitting down at a table all cluttered up with knifes and forks and spoons and fancy plates and then getting nothing served to you excepting a ham sandwich. I learns afterwards that half of the motions you go through in this sketch is to fix it so nobody can cheat, these yellow boys being so suspicious of one the other they wouldn't even play with their mothers, for nothing a side, unless she rolled her sleeves up and cut her finger nails close.

Like in rummy, the idea in this mah jongg is to fill up your mitt with threes of a kind and sequences, only instead of dealing out cards, they stacks up these little blocks I been telling you about, in a square, and you pulls 'em out one at a time. Each come-on in the game gets thirteen to start off, and when he's ready to flop 'em, he yelps "Mah jongg" and cashes. They is discards as in rummy. When you picks one up that gives you a three-card straight flush you says "Chow." If it makes three of a kind you calls it "Pung." And that's about all they is to it. They is a few trimmings, like winds and dragons and seasons, and a lotta goofy expressions like "robbing a koung" and "the major quadruple joy," which sounds like a mixed drink with a mule's hind hoofs in it, but take it for me, the game's as simple as I says. When you first pipes a look at the mess of stuff that goes with it, you figure it'll take at least forty-eight years just to learn how to open the box; after you've played it for forty-eight minutes, you're ready to spot the guy that wrote the book three east winds and a whole jag of plum blossoms.

Of course, this don't apply to Liz. It took that wit-nit a coupla years to get it through her conk that they wasn't hardly no difference between the three and trey of spades, and her think-blank don't work no faster with mah jongg. Twenty smackers per the hour ain't no money a-tall for trying to learn that hen a new game. Like most squash-brains she don't pay no attention to what's being said, and pretty soon she's got the poor Chink run ragged with the kinda simp questions a two-year-old kid would be spanked on an empty stomach for asking. All on a sudden she bleats "Mah jongg" and Sing tells her to face 'em up for a look-see.

"Do I have to?" she asks.

"Yeh," he answers.

"Don't you believe me?" comes back Lizzie, sorta huffish.

"How could a miserable worm like me," bows the Chink, "doubt a high-born dame like you is?"

"They always talks like that," whispers Uncle Jake to me. "Running theirselves down and slipping the oil to the other baby."

Everybody else starts yelling for Lizzie to show her mitt and she finally plops 'em down. I don't blame her none for not wanting to expose the layout. For the benefits of you lowbrows that don't know nothing about mah jongg, lucky stiffs, I don't mind explaining that the Magruder frill ain't got no more in her hand than she got in her head.

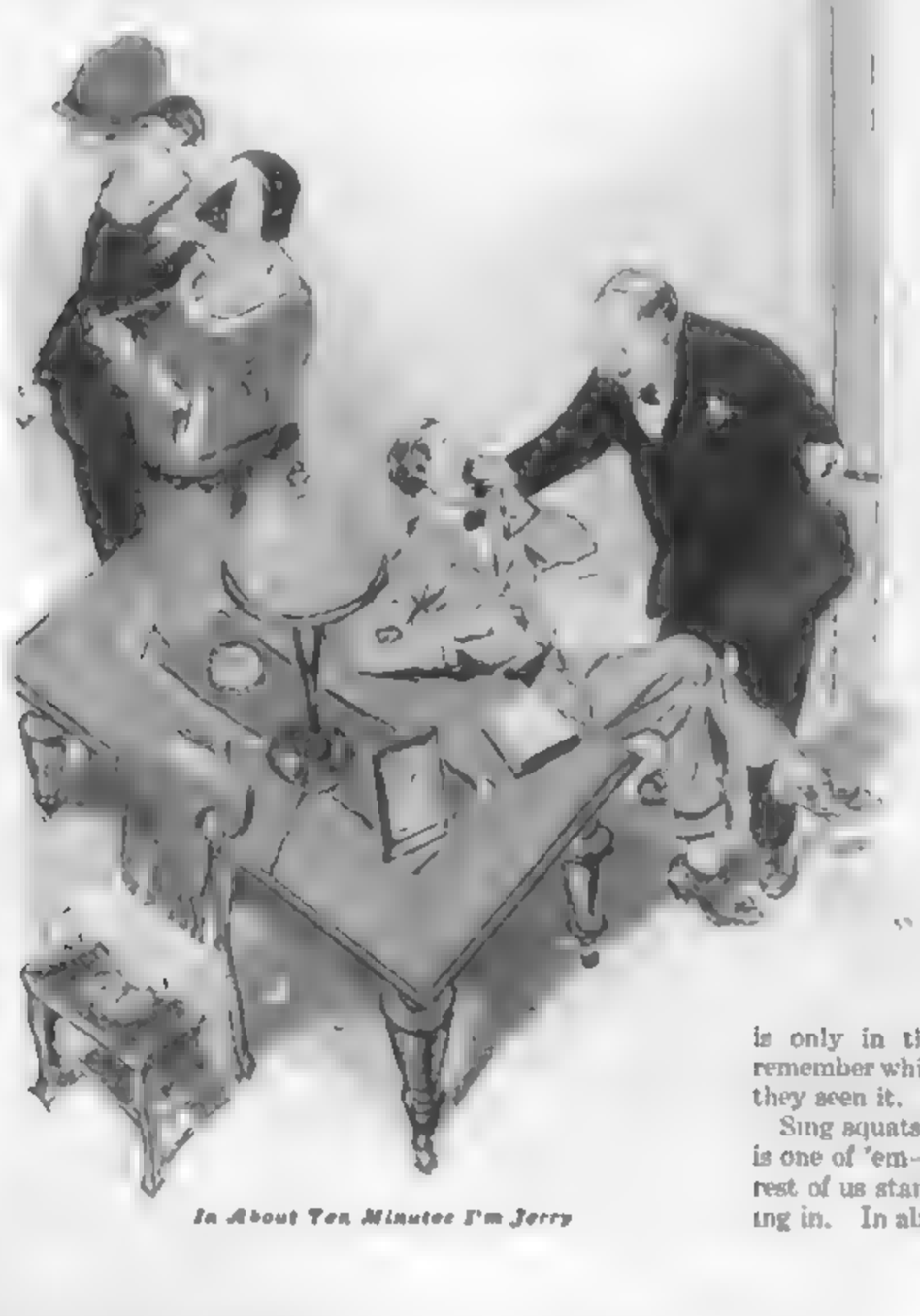
"Don't I win?" she asks.

"Is an insect," bows Sing again, "to look at the sun and say its light is not good?"

"Just the same," I cuts in, tired of this woozy talk, "what she's got ain't worth a whoop, is it?"

"I weep at the grave of my aunt's sisters," says the Chink. "For three thousand years such a combination

(Continued on Page 62)



In About Ten Minutes I'm Jerry

DOLCEDA

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"I'm Not Going With Her in the Car. I'm Taking a Train in the Morning," He Explained, and Now Took a Biscuit. His Dignity Was Delightful While He Buttered It

AMONG civilized people," I said, "it isn't customary to go motoring at three in the morning!"

From Fiftieth Street, and slowly, Maggie drawled, "Pack a bag and bring it up here and don't be so silly. We're going to Pennsylvania."

I wailed into the telephone, "You may be starting for Pennsylvania at this hour, but I'm not! Why should anybody go to Pennsylvania at three in the morning? I shan't go to Pennsylvania at ——"

"You'd better," Maggie said, "or I'll keep ringing, you know, all the rest of the night. Come along. Breakfast in half an hour."

She would be brutal enough to do just that, I knew, but a last protest came sneezing out of me, "What are we going to Pennsylvania for?"

"It's an errand of Christian mercy," she told me; "I'm having some biscuit made for you. D'you know Hugo Wallis?"

"No."

"That," said Maggie, "is so much the better. Hurry. Goo'-by."

All the loathsomeness of such an awaking mixed with cold wind, and I lurched among chairs to slam down a window that faced a sinking bit of the lavender moon in Brooklyn. Maggie Blaine descends on me everlastingly in fantastic messages at disgusting hours. Who was Hugo Wallis? I should know. He wrote things in something. Wallis, Hugo. Hugo Wallis. It must be winter already in the reservoir that fed my shower bath, but now I knew that Hugo Wallis wrote reviews of books for a thin weekly printed on white paper of a kind that sticks in crumbs of fluffy pulp to one's knife when pages are cut. There was some irritating quality in the man's prose. I tried to remember how it offended me and laced a brown shoe, looking helplessly at a black shoe on the other foot.

Hugo Wallis was probably dying of strong drink in an attic in Pennsylvania. No, he had broken a leg in a remote village, and Maggie was taking me to help nurse him. Anything was bad enough at this hour, and the aged man who opened the elevator plainly agreed with my sadness. We fell ten floors while I hated a hundred sleepers not disturbed by Maggie Blaine at two o'clock of a chilled September morning.

Maggie's car was a rainy lump of color in the glow of twin round lamps that guard her green door by night. She can somehow keep her servants up until dawn without losing them, and her butler took my suitcase with a grin of apparent Scandinavian joy. A limp bronze fuzzy coat on a Spanish chair might belong to Hugo Wallis, and I hated his soft hat, slung to pale gilding of the chair's back. But Maggie came flooding down the blue staircase and said "Poor lamb!" with the square shimmer of one jewel swinging on the black velvet of her breast.

"What in ——"

"You'd rather have strawberry jam with your biscuit than marmalade, wouldn't you?"

I began again, "Where are ——"

"Hugo," said Maggie, "is making an unusual jackass of himself, and we'll start as soon as we've had breakfast. Where's Tottleville in Pennsylvania?"

"I don't know; and why should you expect anybody to know such a thing at this hour? And ——"

"Anyhow," Maggie yawned, "this atrocious woman lives there. I think it's a farmerish sort of place because she's so weather-beaten. Why won't you use something on your hair, now it's beginning to get thin? If you had it perfectly smooth it'd look thicker. I do hate naturalness in hair. It looks so artificial. Come along. Hugo always drops things on carpets and burns holes if you leave him alone very long."

Hugo was pacing the tense vermilion of the rug in a dining room filled with light of nine candles and banging himself on painted chairs. Maggie lifted her pink fingers toward his blue shirt and remarked, "This calamitous baboon wants to go and marry a woman who must be forty if she's a day and ——"

"I forbid you," said Hugo, "to repeat that!"

"Bosh!" Maggie snapped. "And I wish you'd get over beginning all your sentences with 'I,' Hugo! You're twenty-nine and nobody knows who the devil you are, even if you have been writing criticisms and rot ever since the war. You used to steal my chewing gum when we were babies. Stop trying to be dignified! You make me think of the fat women who come into the shop and call Portuguese bedsteads Louis Quinze. I tell you Miss Corm is thirty-five at the very least. This wild-eyed ape," she explained to me, "met this haystack twice last week, and now he wants to marry her. All literary people are fools, but it takes a critic to be so—so complete. Sit down, Hugo!"

Hugo slapped the lacquered table with a heavy, fine hand and yelled, "I'm not going to Tottleville with you in your damned car! I'm ——"

"You mustn't swear, and you know you can't walk to Pennsylvania, darling creature," said Maggie, stuffing a cigarette into a jade tube ten inches long. "And I'm going to this Tootle place anyhow, just to warn Miss Corm against you. She might be fool enough to marry you, and she deserves a better fate. And you've got no money to buy a ticket, so sit down and don't be idiotic."

Hugo went crashing on wide heels past me, and Maggie's head tilted back to listen. He fell partly down the stairs before hesitation overtook his stride. A grin straightened Maggie's mouth and she sat down to pour coffee from a flowered pot as the door clacked in the hall below. "He'll be back in five minutes. Don't eat all the biscuits, lamb."

"Just what is this?"

"It's horrible," she said. "I simply can't prevent people like Hugo from getting mixed up in teaparties! It's such a temptation to writers, you know, to go and get pawed by a lot of women. Women," she drawled, "are all terrible. Some hag asked the child to come to a tea in the ghastly remains of Greenwich Village and —— Have you ever been in Greenwich Village? It's where things that thought they were artists used to romp awhile ago. You get on a Fifth Avenue omnibus and get off at Washington Square and look around until you see a green lion over a door and then you see a lot of loathsome women with a strained expression reading books or ——"

"You needn't set a scene," I said. "Well, this Hugo went to a tea in Greenwich Village?"

Maggie buttered a biscuit and looked at a skinny Persian gazelle that danced opposite her chair on the misty charm of a wall paper that made the room monstrous around us. Her house changes every week and she seemed to appreciate new beauty with a smile rather fixed, rather strange.

"So he met Miss Corm. She told him she'd heard of him or some frightfully thrilling thing like that, and he likes her things a good deal. I don't blame the child; the hag can draw, you know. Anyhow he came wriggling in here to dine and began to gurgle about her maternal —— No, he didn't say she was maternal. Oh, yes; earthy. He said she was earthy. He said she made him think of hayfields and running brooks or potatoes or something. It was pretty bad because he'd been making terrible noises about how love should be egophobocentric and all that tosh just the night before. Then she let him take her to luncheon somewhere and he spent his last penny on her. Then she went back to this Tootle place and now—he's like that."

It had never struck me that I might one day be sorry for Maggie Blaine. This emotion needed thought and I ate a biscuit in some misery, watching her grin, with the jade tube caught between her teeth, at a lion of the wall's Persian menagerie. This beast fled from a painted bow in the hands of a mounted warrior, and Maggie grinned at the flight with her pink face growing, I thought, pale above the tender glimmer of her aquamarine on the solemn velvet.

"Is this woman Dolceda Corm, by any chance?"

"Her," said Maggie. "She could support the poor fool like anything too. He doesn't know it, to do him justice. He thinks she's poor and struggling. Matter of fact is that her pictures sell for a thousand or so since they've begun talking about her in the foreign reviews. We had that lad with black hair she paints so much at the store last month. I sold it myself—to some fat pest from Oklahoma. Hugo says she's like a big rock with moss growing on it. Our modern manners are simply sublime, aren't they? I adore liberalism! When you were young and I was a kid it'd have been dreadful form for a youngster to borrow ten dollars from a widow to go make love to another woman. I mean, it'd have been dreadful form to tell the widow what he wanted the ten dollars for. We're all so frank. The life of an interior decorator is just fool after fool, but Hugo," she said in a ringing sob, "is such a consummate fool!"

A woman of twenty-seven who can weep with a cigarette tube between her set teeth and pour coffee at the same time is miraculous. Hugo had been selected to efface memories of the late and unsatisfactory Connell Blaine, who so gracefully died in France after distributing all his

wife's means in six collapsible munition companies. Now Hugo was behaving badly and Maggie shed tears into an emerald handkerchief, holding one eye shut. Then she lit her cigarette and blew perfumed smoke through her nose.

"Did you ever think of smoking tobacco, Maggie?"

"I don't like it. These things make me think of catalpa bark. We had a catalpa tree in our yard at Fort Wayne, Hugo," she snarled, "made the best catalpa cigarettes of any kid in town. His aunts brought him up a good deal, and he wore white socks. We're both vaccinated on the same leg. That probably doesn't seem important to you. His vaccination didn't take, though. He's so decorative! He's so used to me that I suppose he's forgotten he likes me."

"It occurs to me," I said jauntily, feeling the table shake with her breath, "that I've never met Hugo at any of your parties."

"I've had no intention of exposing him to women! He begins all his book reviews with 'I.' The terrible truth about females is that they really like men to begin things with 'I.' Only one woman in a million likes a man who isn't sure he's rather wonderful. It's not flattering to think you've attracted an inferior he. Egotists always like egotists. His father gives him twenty dollars a week, and he makes about thirty a month. I'm dreadfully sorry for him because he doesn't know how dull his articles are. He ought to be a stockbroker or something perfectly banal. Hasn't any license to be literary. He doesn't," she coughed, "know anything. Most critics know twenty-five useful quotations, anyhow. He only knows two. I've got to change."

Her velvets made a moist noise on green stairs and I heard heels below. Hugo came into my smoke very slowly and his blue eyes flickered twice about the hazy room. He was most decorative.

"Mrs. Blaine's gone up to change."

He said, "I only came back to say I'm not going with her in the car. I'm taking a train in the morning," he explained, and now took a biscuit.

His dignity was delightful while he buttered it. About 1915, when literature assumed formidable contours in New York, the young authors wore romantic shirts and lugubrious clothes. They now carry masculine rough tweeds, and Hugo seemed proper to links or the wheel of a huge motor car. His big eyes were not silly in the tanned face, and his sulky mouth lay straight under his nose when the biscuit vanished.

Then he remarked, "I don't think I quite finished off Paravant's new book in my review last week. The fellow's plainly on the drift toward communism. I think I ought to have indicated that trend specifically."

"Perhaps you should have. You were at Princeton, Mr. Wallis?"

"Yes. I think," said Hugo, pinning a candle with his stare, "that autochthonous criticism naturally takes on a deal of native flavor. Don't you?"

"Inevitably. You were in an artillery regiment in the war, weren't you?"

"Infantry. After all," Hugo brooded, "we simply have to make our personal volition into a universal law of the universe if we're to strike any kind of critical note. Haven't we?"

"We'd better," I said. "Your father's a banker in Fort Wayne, isn't he?"

"No; we own a lot of farm land. Of course," he pondered, "modern criticism is on the change. Change, all is change. I think that's in Goethe somewhere."

"It might quite as well be. Do have some coffee?"

"No, thanks," said Hugo, irresolute. "Just tell Mrs. Blaine I'm going on by train, will you? There's one at six."

It might be my duty to keep him here for Maggie, but he was gone while I hunted a topic, having spent his two quotations and behaved himself. If Dolceda Corm wanted a mannerly, handsome husband, one moved toward her now, and perhaps the blue eyes would stare from her brilliant canvas next winter. I sought this woman in my mind vexedly. Somewhere or other a photograph of Miss Corm stood on some middle-aged lady's desk. She must be forty. I certainly had seen "D. Corm" in the corners of tall paintings long ago. Just lately, on the breeze of notices in English magazines, people chattered of Dolceda Corm. The stiff lines and hard color of her work were suddenly sacred. It was piously pointed out that she had never been abroad. Here was a genuine native artist, one reviewer said; and another grave idiot called her a home-grown chicken pecking the steely surface of American life. This woman who lived in a small town of Pennsylvania and quietly went on painting bright fields with a black-haired lad now and then in view or the wild swing of a girl's skirt flowing against spotted earth, was now somebody. Now? She had always been somebody, but the mighty cowardice of the nation's youth had refused to mention Dolceda Corm until a foreign breath puffed her forward. I was getting sententious after three buttered biscuit, and Maggie swaggered in at me with gray furs tucked round her chin.

"Hugo," I said, "has ——"

"I heard him. Come on."

"Come where?"

"To Tottleville. His train won't get there until noon, you know. I called up the station while he was quoting Remy de Gourmont at you. Tottleville is just over the edge of New Jersey. We can do," said Maggie.

"Just what are your plans?"

"Upon my soul! Plans? I haven't any! We're going," she told me, "to Tottleville. I'm Mrs. Blaine, of Salvati Brothers. I'm buying pictures. You're my—my assistant. You haven't the right build for a social secretary. Your collars never fit, either. No law prevents me from going to Tottleville to see Dolceda Corm. I've got plenty of excuses. Come on."

At times I have the sensation of Maggie as an invincible business. She had altered the female exterior to a masculine streak of dull cloth, and her round hat was military on black smoothness of her hair. She would not assault Miss Corm with the stick cased in leather, but it hung to her

(Continued on Page 74)

"The Kids Burned the Parlor Last Week, So You'll Have to Wait in Here." "Why Did the Kids Burn the Parlor?" "To Get Rid of a Gasser"

ANGEL CHILD

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

AT THE exact moment when motion pictures ceased to be a scientific marvel and became a business there was a solemn conclave of guiding spirits on high Olympus, for it was foreseen that the motion-picture industry would need ethics before it had trailed the full course of its road. Accordingly, Old Man Ethics appointed Ookie Ethics to the job, because Ookie was the sternest of the family, having a fine, straight spinal column carved from one solid bone, instead of being weakened by vertebration as backbones usually are.

"I accept the responsibility gratefully," said Ookie, scowling with pleasure, "for this great new art has in it illimitable ethical possibilities. Through its means the minds of men of all tongues may be reached and swayed to their own good; entertainment and diversion may be provided at prices within the reach of all, and so education may be instilled and man's spiritual nature be uplifted, his soul expanded, and everything!"

Thereupon Ookie, drawing his invisible robes about his invisible body, swept down to earth to be the moral backbone of the movies. Simultaneously there rushed to the trough of the profitable industry such a pushing and trampling and squeaking horde of those who had a nose for money that those of finer attributes were nudged outside, Ookie with them; and for many years he guiding-spirited the industry at a staggering ethical loss.

Then one day there stepped into the business a lean-legged, flat-stomached, long-necked boy of about seventeen, with curly hair and olive-tinted cheeks and eager dark brown eyes, an ingratiating grin and a burning ambition to become the biggest motion-picture producer in the world; and Ookie took fresh hope, for, though this boy had a nose for money than which there was none keener, he had also sentiment and idealism and lofty aspirations, and believed that he could reach his goal through them.

For ten years Ookie watched that boy climb with unflagging zeal, working night and day and never losing sight of ambition or principles, until at last his name was blazoned widely on billboards, in little letters at the top: Isidor Iskovitch Presents!

He was a wizard, that boy, and before he was thirty he not only owned a million-dollar motion-picture producing plant, but had accomplished the miracle of combining four of his rivals and himself into a harmonious organization for selling their collective product. He had licked distribution and he sat now, thrilled with success, in the president's chair at the first annual meeting of his All-America Cooperative Distributing Corporation, and was reëlected by his rivals for another year with such vast enthusiasm as the musty old directors' room had never known.

"Much obliged," grinned Isidor; then he looked around with swelling pride on husky, big, red-faced Tim Barney of the Climax, and black-visaged, thick-set Nathan Belden of the Circle, and narrow-headed, sallow-faced Oscar DeWit of the DeWitt Brothers, and roly-poly little Jacob Jacobs of the Arts and Letters. They were more than business associates of his, more than fellow directors; they were his friends! His eyes glowed and the intensity of his ambition put a tingle and a verve in all of them as he rested his bony knuckles on his desk and went on:

"Why, fellas, we're just startin'! We pulled together good, but we'll pull together like we haven't done yet! We'll get on the job earlier an' we'll stay later! We'll make better pictures an' more of 'em! We'll get more houses to show our productions in, an' we'll get bigger prices! We grossed seven million dollars this first year, but this comin' year we'll make a piker outta that, an' before we get through we'll make the Pinnacle look like it was standin' still!"

They cheered him to the echo, those friends and brothers and competitors of his, but that must have been flamboyant metaphor and huge hyperbole about the Pinnacle, for the Pinnacle was a towering pine of the motion-picture business. Stupendous studios had the Pinnacle, and its main plant in Hollywood, covering real estate of fabulous value, was a hodgepodge of sumptuousness, where splendor was pushed about in dump carts and tossed around by shovelfuls; for the secret of the Pinnacle's success had been to make everything cost several times as much as anybody else could make it cost, and tell the public how extravagantly its pictures were produced, so that the public would pay richly to see how much money had been wasted.

"I Know You're In," Cooed Her Soft Voice. "It's Only Me"

Over all this presided Klekoff, who was the Pinnacle, and the Pinnacle he, if we ignore his partner, Roabert, a silent little man who stayed in New York at the Wall Street end of the industry.

At this moment Klekoff stood in his little inner office amid delicately shaded lights and the odor of incense, and Klekoff's yes man, a dapper young fellow by the name of Stuart, who had pink cheeks and a carefully curled mustache, was addressing his lofty liege as follows: "You're out in your natural history, chief. You said it was impossible to keep down a fight in a kennel of five bulldogs with only one bone."

"Well?" inquired Klekoff easily, fitting a cigarette into a long holder and lighting it.

"Well, the All-America has been in existence for one year and is still intact. It is holding its first annual meeting today, and has grossed upwards of seven million! I understand they're all satisfied."

Klekoff's eyes narrowed, then roved out of the window where in the space between the wings of the administration building there cluttered an assortment of expensive trappings and properties from a crusader picture just finished, and presently he smiled.

"Do you see that shield out there?"

It was a pointed and battered silver shield with a cross which had once been gold-leafed, and beneath the cross, which was thrown into floating relief by a black shadow of itself, was the inscription in gilt old-English letters: In Hoc Signo Vinces.

"By this sign I conquer," translated Klekoff. "Do you notice that the cross has oxidized until it is as black as its shadow?"

"I see," puzzled Stuart; then he laughed. "Oh! It's a double cross!"

"That's the emblem of coöperation," said Klekoff, highly pleased with himself. "I think I'll let them ride awhile. I suppose they're reelecting young Iskovitch?"

"Of course"; but Stuart glanced up at his lofty liege quickly, for he had thought that his chief was mentioning rather lightly the name of the boy who had once grossly insulted him by publicly stating, to Klekoff himself, that he intended to become bigger in the business than Klekoff; but Stuart saw that he had been mistaken.

The mighty one had not forgotten. He was only biding his time. It was as in the poem Daybreak, where the breeze from the eastern sea creeps over the tombs in the old churchyard and whispers: "Not yet! in quiet lie."

So, Klekoff forbearing, the All-America swung on and upwards for nigh a second year.

II

HOW sweet and innocent is childhood! Near a hundred tiny tots stood on the hillside in front of the quaint old Gothic chapel—little girls, every one, and dressed in their daintiest -and it was a pretty scene indeed with the Moorish castle rising behind the chapel and the western street straggling up the hill just beyond; though if one walked but a few paces away and looked sidewise of the hill, the whole beautiful vista was gone except for scaffolding and edges, only the little girls remaining substantial in all their dimensions.

There was a curious thing about this concourse of happy, happy childhood, however. There was no babble of voices among them, and no commingling, and no play; on closer view it could be seen that they eyed one another askance and with most antagonistic criticism. Near a hundred mothers hovered close by, and these, for the most part sharp-featured and sharp-eyed, though with set, sweet smiles, also eyed askance and with most antagonistic criticism. Business bent as the mothers were, however, they were no more so than the tiny tots, each self-centered on a single thought. There was but one child-actress job to be given out on the Iskovitch lot, and almost a hundred to try to get it! Well worth absorption and concentration and putting the best smile forward and the cutest trick, for the Iskovitch lot was in great repute now among the actor folk, and for a child actress to be cast in a big all-star picture there meant opportunity—meant a chance to become a second Angela Deer, the famous Angel Child of the Pinnacle, and get a five-year contract maybe, and support a motor car with a liveried chauffeur, and have a personal maid and a governess in place of the cheap old teachers provided under necessity of the law, and become a great personage before she had even reached her teens, and have dolls and dresses and bonnets and candy and perfume named after her, and ——

At last a vivacious stirring in the concourse of childhood! Isidor Iskovitch approached! He came on the scene with a confident snappiness which was a part of him in these days of balloonlike success, and with him, bearing an energetic reflex of that confident snappiness, was Ernest Sapp, who was to direct A Little Child Shall Lead Them, the annual bona fide all-star production, now ready and waiting for the child.

Every little girl there, from the dumbest to the smartest, forgot comparison and coaxed up her best smile and her most engaging roll of the clear white eyeball, her most fetching swish and picturesque pose, while the near-a-hundred mothers rushed in en masse to give a twist to dangling curls and a pluck at skirts and a set to sashes and, above all, a warning word, intense, even hissed!

"Weed out all them comedy kids first," Isidor said to the casting director. "I thought you'd read the part. There's a scene in this play where the little girl kneels down in her white nightie with the spotlight on her an' prays for her papa to come back that we know's in the penitentiary, an' what we gotta have for that part's an angel face."

"The one you want's on location in Hawaii," grinned Sapp. "I had a notion to ask you to borrow her from Klekoff!"

"If I could get Angela Deer for this picture I'd forget my grouch at Klekoff—mebby. Dog-gone it, every time I think o' this part, I can't see anybody else but the Angel Child! Weed out them tall ones, too, Wheylan."

The casting director was bustling through the group and sending out the freckle-faced and the wide-mouthed, the small-eyed and the knock-kneed and bow-legged, the skinny-armed little girls and the fat, the apathetic ones, and the dumb; and half a hundred mothers left the lot with half a hundred little business girls who were disappointed once again. Strictly impersonal was the young producer, however. He had to steel himself against his sympathies, or he'd be casting the people who needed jobs rather than those who fitted the parts. He frowned as he looked over those who remained. There were little girls in that crowd who were appalling in the worldly wisdom which shone in their eyes; little girls who were rouged of face and lip; little girls with permanent waves in their hair and complexions which already were a matter merely of cold cream and massaging; little girls with manners altogether of the stage drawing-room and its society; little girls who already at nine had left in them not one trace of childhood or naturalness, or anything but the totally artificial sentiments and thoughts and actions of the most artificial art in the world.

"Toss out all those kid flappers," ordered Isidor in sudden irritation, and out went some twenty of those who were adepts already in the wiles of the practiced flirt. But with them went the spice of the gathering! Those who remained were but imitation Angela Deers, the imitations consisting for the most part of Angela's long curls and short dresses. Young Iskovitch looked them over with deepening despondency, and Sapp shook his head.

"We certainly do seem shy, Izzy, on angel children who can make you believe it. I'm ready to shoot, but I've looked over a million kids without finding a real child. What's become of them? Don't they raise them any more?"

"Not since kids made a hit in the pictures. Now they're born a-purpose for the business an' are made to do everything movie fashion from the time they can shake a rattle. If we can't find a little girl for this lead that don't look like she was brought up in the movies I'll delay production until we do."

"Well, that's the judgment which is putting over our knockouts," smiled Sapp. "I think I'll test a few of these Angelas so I'll feel that I've done my duty."

"Sure, but I bet you somethin'." With this doubtful encouragement he whirled away, and all those white eyeballs turned their appeal from him to the director.

"Cousin Izzy! Cousin Izzy!" A small boy, lean-stomached, bony-legged and long-necked and snappy as a cricket, came running down across the lot. "Say, Cousin Izzy!" he panted, and turned up to his employer a small countenance with the curly hair and the dark brown eyes and the unmistakable cheerful grin of the Iskovitches. "Uncle Mischa just finished the second annual statement of the All-America, and Aunt Emmy laid it on your desk, and Cousin Joseph told me to hunt you up and tell you, because you wanted to know right away if it ran over the twelve million, and it does—hot dog!"

"Hot dog!" echoed Izzy. "Hey, Sapp! The All-America grossed over twelve million!"

"Zowie!" Ernest Sapp held up a foot and posed his lanky arms to show that he was dancing for joy. He had given Izzy his first job in the pictures and he took great credit to himself.

"Say, Prue!" Izzy was now dashing in at the back door of the big stage on his way to the office. "The All-America grossed over twelve million!"

Prudence Joy, with a soft gray negligee draping her slender figure and the light glinting on her hair of spun gold, lay dying in a luxurious boudoir, and Jim Graves

The Angel Child

snarled down on her; but he stopped rejoicing over his hellish work to slap his young chief on the back in boisterous congratulation, while Prue jumped straight out of death's door to shake both Izzy's hands, the mistiness of pride in her deep blue eyes. She owed her first big chance in the pictures to him, and they had been close friends in all their years of climbing.

A beautiful-limbed circus rider came pattering back from the next set, in vast excitement and in a bobbing circlet of white tarlatan which was more like a big ruche than a skirt, and she inquired: "What's the thrill? I want in on it!"

"The All-America grossed over twelve million!" exulted the villainous Jim Graves, who had been linked with Izzy since time was; and Dorcas Sinclair immediately snuggled her smooth shoulder under Izzy's arm as an evidence of how happy she was about it.

By now the gay news was spreading through the big stage, and Izzy's galaxy of headliners was gathering close to share the elation to which it was entitled, for every one of them had taken a seat with Izzy when he hadn't much of a band wagon and had proved as willing to get out and push over the rough places as to ride serenely on to glory Dennis Doone, a juvenile who had more mash notes than anybody and a charming wife to answer them; Buddy Burns, a comedian who was revolutionizing the industry by proving that he could get a laugh without a custard pie;

"So This is Where I Find You! Just Wait Until I Call in My Driver as Witness, and Then We'll See What the Courts of California Have to Say About Abduction"

Benny, the crack camera man; Simmons, production manager; Hillary Wells, editor; all of them reasons why the Iskovitch pictures had attained acute comparison with the Pinnacle output, to the detriment of the latter—and here came a plump young woman in an absurd evening gown of circular stripes, the skirt of which she lifted out of harm's way as she ran, revealing liberally the striped stockings of her art, Dixie Day; and when she heard the glad news she grabbed Izzy in such an ecstatic hug that it squeezed the tears into his eyes. It was as if each of them all had been given that twelve millions in person. Oh, success is a wonderful thing! It is the wine of life, the elixir of the soul, and it gives elation to all who come in contact with it.

Filled with his triumph, Izzy hurried away, followed by the hearty Dixie, with: "Say, little man, I brained out a new funny fall. You ought to stop and preview it. I step over the scrub pail three times on the stair landing, and you anticiplate I'm going to step in it, but I don't. Then when you think I'm safe the mop handle intangulates with my gown, and I tumble down the stairs and the pail after me and the suds all over me. We're going to pull it again just as soon as my double gets court plaster on where he took the fall the last time. Little man, it's a knockout!"

"Sure it's a knockout," grinned Izzy. "We got nothin' but knockouts."

And there being but one way to end an interview with Dixie, he dropped out of the side door and straight into the rural village where his thick cousin Eli sat in his shirt sleeves in front of the humble cottage, blubbering copious tears as an unbelievably brutal landlord kicked an unbelievably sweet old gray-haired lady out into the gutter. The dumbest of the dumb was Eli Iskovitch, and nicknamed Dum-Dum because of it, but he had an instinct for such agonizing depths of hokum as were an insult to the intelligence, but a gold mine in the picture business. He was president of the Heartthrobs Company, in which Izzy owned a half interest, and the Heartthrobs was good for four three-hundred-thousand-dollar pictures a year!

"Say, Izzy!"—Eli, sniffling, looked up with a fat face on which the tears coursed down to his wet lips—"I got a I got a knockout!"

"So have I! The All-America grossed over twelve million!"

"Well, what do you think of that!" Brushing away his tears, Eli forgot them. They'd come again automatically the moment he turned back to his picture, Sweet, Sweet Home. "I guess us Iskovitches has got a few Liberty motors in us! Say, did you get the kid yet?"

"No, and I'm afraid I won't get one that suits me. I can't see anybody but the Angel Child in the part."

"I hope to tell you!" said Eli in awe. "That sweet little thing would eat it up, that part! Oh, say, I'd almost sell it to the Pinnacle to have her play it! Can't you just see Angela in her little white nighty, on her knees and her curls dangling around her neck, and them big angel eyes of hers turned up to the moonlight, and ——"

There was a choke in Eli's throat and he could go no further. Fat tears rolled out of his eyes and down across his tightly stretched cheeks, and, laughing, Izzy left him and hurried into his office where he grabbed the phone and called up Tim Barney of the Climax.

"Say, Tim! I just got the second annual report, an' what do you think the All-America grossed this year? Over twelve million!"

Big Tim Barney wore his black soft felt hat indoors and out. He shoved it back from his forehead now, and his bright Irish eye glowed with gratification as he boomed into the phone: "Wonderful words! What's my share, Izzy? Close to three millions, I know."

"You run over, Tim; nearly a hundred thousand over!"

"I never thought I'd reach that mark; I did not!" and Tim was almost solemn about it. "What's your share, kid?"

"A little over four million, with Eli's!"

"Over!" An instant of hesitation. "Well, you earned it." The heartiness came back. "You may have it. I don't mind nineteen hours a day, but twenty-four's too much for my disposition!"

All elation everywhere, nothing but elation in the world. A great place, the world; a place built for success and the joys of it! Izzy called up Nathan Belden of the Circle, and reported the uplifting news.

"Twelve million dollars!" repeated Belden, also elated. His hair matted down close to his eyebrows and he brushed it slowly aside as he paused to repeat that vast sum mentally two or three times. "That's fine, Izzy! What's my share of it?"

"You'll run close to two an' a quarter millions, Nathan! Two million, two hundred and four thousand, one-fifty-eight sixty-five, to be exact. I guess that's piling it up! Sixty per cent increase over last year, Nathan! I guess that's the most business you ever did in your life!"

"Sure!" agreed Belden, his voice still thrilling with that fact. "Of course you made me put more money in my pictures and crowd my plant to capacity, but it's fine. What's your share, Izzy?"

"Oh, together with Eli's, I run over four million, an' I ain't spendin' a nickel of it, Nathan. It all goes back in my business, every cent!"

"Sure," and now the darkness of Belden's visage began to spread down over him like a pall. "I guess next year you'll have five or maybe six millions."

When he hung up the phone that darkness was still on him and striking inward. He was no longer contemplating how much he had made in the past year, but how much Isidor Iskovitch had made—the president of the company, the executive manager, the man in position to push his own wares.

Nathan sat silent and motionless and made no answer to knocks on his door.

Meantime Izzy had on the wire a narrow-headed man with the deep lines and the sallow complexion of a coffee dyspeptic.

"Twelve million dollars!" that man repeated with a grin which showed both his upper and his lower gums at the same time and all his long yellow teeth. "I figured from my own receipts we ought to do ten, but not twelve million! How much is my share?"

"Close to two million, Oscar. Fifty-six thousand shy."

"Very good!" but Oscar DeWitt's mind centered instantly on that absent fifty-six thousand, though his total was full half a million above his best expectations of a year ago. "What's your share?"

"Over four million!"

"Oh!" said Oscar, and his coffee marks deepened suddenly while his sallowness as swiftly increased.

He hung up the phone; then envy and greed took total possession of him. Izzy and Eli had made between them eleven pictures which had grossed an average of almost four hundred thousand each. The DeWitt Brothers had made nine pictures which had grossed an average of two hundred and twenty thousand each. Why? That the Iskovitch pictures were a superior product was out of calculation. There are no differences in pictures, except accidents, to the minds of the Oscar DeWitts in the business, and the difference in gross receipts is a matter of salesmanship. Who was in charge of the selling? Ask Oscar, as he sits there with the yellow and the creases deepening in his cheeks, and he will tell you—"Hah!"

Now roly-poly little Jacob Jacobs was entirely different. His perpetual good-natured smile remained on his fat lips, and his perpetual friendliness glistened still in his chestnut eyes as he heard the glad tidings. As the proprietor of the Arts and Letters Motion Picture Company he naturally made the most illiterate pictures of the group. He confined himself to Westerns and the great noble outdoors and other such things which could be made with very little expense—and he had never before grossed so high as a hundred thousand on a production.

"I gross a million and a hundred and two dollars and four cents! Oh, my himmel, I gross a million! Say, Izzy, it's lucky for me that you put the All-America together and made it stick! Oh, my himmel, I gross a million! Say, in five years I could be a rich man, if I let the copper market alone."

"Well, why don't you?"

"I can't! I got me a tip on copper once and it cost me five hundred dollars; but when I get back that five hundred dollars, and all it's cost me to go after it, believe me I quit!"

It was a great day for Isidor, this, the day of his keenest triumph, and the future was only a matter of mathematical progression. Hot dog! Moreover, the warmth of virtue was in him, for he hadn't merely used his competitors to aid himself; he had helped them too. He had grappled those men to him with hooks of gold, and when he shot on past them, as he would do some day in his natural course of expansion, they'd still be his friends—and you can't have too many friends in the picture business.

But at about that point, when his elation had reached its apex, he suffered an unaccountable chill feeling in his bony legs, as if a cold draft were blowing about underneath his desk. Perhaps it was Ookie trying to give him a psychic kick on the shins and rouse him to a sense of what was going on!

"Now, Listen. Mr. Klekoff Hasn't Seen You for Six Months, and I Don't Want You to Stand Up Full Height While You're in That Room!"

III

THROUGH a Pinnacle window glared a gigantic green dragon with its grisly papier-mâché glare, and writhed the carmine of its weather-beaten tongue, while on the claw of the dragon sat a clown with a hand mirror, practicing with painful care one ludicrous grimace after another; but neither the dragon interested nor the clown amused little Angela Deer, known to millions as the Pinnacle's Angel Child, for there were no illusions in the motion-picture world for her. There she sat in the little pink-and-mauve private reception room attached to the personal-office suite of the great Klekoff and reserved for the privacy of stars and such—sat with her stiff little-girlie skirts ruffling above her dimpled knees and her hands folded primly in her lap, and her long curls dangling around her neck, and her rosy face aglow with the white and pink of youth, and her round, innocent eyes full of nothing at all, as a child's should be, and a sweet, sweet smile on her lips.

For years she had been like that. But alas, today little Angela's flat-heeled slippers rested full well on the floor, and

(Continued on Page 126)

THE STAR OF EMPIRE

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Lake Merritt, Situated a Few Blocks From Downtown Oakland, California

TWO of the most interesting aspects of Southern California's industrial growth are the financing of newer concerns and the labor problem. Many factories started at zero, have grown of their own strength, and seem able to finance themselves. But there is quite an element of jazzed-up salesmanship in the financing of some of the newer projects.

Most of the development money in the past has gone into real estate and oil, and industry must compete along the same picturesque lines. It is fairly generally admitted that the Southern California mind is saturated with the deal or proposition idea. But as a rule in other parts of the world the financial side of industrial development has been obliged to follow rather less highly colored lines.

There is one danger in the Far West which I have no desire to exaggerate but which is real none the less. It is a too great readiness at times to listen to the siren song of slick promoters from the East, who make rosy promises of what will happen when they have put across their particular proposition, whether real estate or industrial. There have been a few cases, so it is rumored, where promoters discredited in the East have started propositions in the West, without too deep an investigation into their past having been made by reputable but careless local interests, all to the ultimate disadvantage of the locality.

"It is sometimes said that we fleece Easterners here," was the bitter and as far as I can see wholly truthful comment of one of the men who are engaged in building Los Angeles into a great city. "But the fleecing is all done by the Easterners themselves; they are the active ones. More than that, some of these newly arrived Easterners want to try something new, regardless of whether they know anything about it. The very fact that everything here is so new and that they have just arrived fills their systems with a consuming desire to try their hand at a new deal, at something for which they are unfitted and at which they will fail. The laws of success and failure are the same everywhere."

An Open Shop Industrial Center

BUT the one phase of Southern California's industrial expansion which is most unusual and demands a more detailed notice has to do with the labor problem. It will be recalled that about twenty years ago, following a protracted warfare between General Otis, owner of a Los Angeles newspaper, and certain unions, his building was the scene of a destructive explosion. As a result, anything like union control was banished from the city.

Los Angeles at that time was a trade center of no great importance, but nevertheless so interested had the country become in the labor warfare which had gone on there, that the city became known as the center of the open shop. Indeed, among strong union sympathizers it was known for a long time as the scab city.

According to the more enthusiastic supporters of the open shop in Los Angeles, this very designation is the foundation of its greatness. If one is to believe these authorities, workmen who for one reason or another did not like union domination began to drift to the city. "The principle of industrial freedom proclaimed by the business men of Los Angeles, many years ago, struck a responsive chord in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of men throughout America, and it brought them here at first by the hundreds and later by thousands and tens of thousands," is the way Mr. Chandler, a son-in-law of General Otis, and perhaps the leading figure in the life of Southern California, expresses the thought.

It is argued that automatically workmen of the more independent type who had tired of union domination in other places have gravitated to Los Angeles, thus forming an industrial foundation for that city. In other words there are those who maintain that the supposedly damning advertising of scab city proved all unwittingly, and to the surprise of all parties concerned, the best advertising the little city could have had.

It is also argued—and on this point I imagine that even the labor leaders themselves would be forced to agree—that Los Angeles' reputation as an open-shop city has attracted numbers of employers and manufacturers. In portions of New England there seems to be continuous warfare between unions and employers, and it would appear at times as if the unions had nearly run the manufacturers out of business in some of the shoe and textile centers of New England.

It is also maintained that Eastern manufacturers seeking a foothold on the West Coast would never have thought of going to Los Angeles at all, but would have centered entirely in San Francisco, if it had not been for union domination in the latter city and open-shop conditions in the former. On excellent authority the writer was informed that Henry E. Huntington, who perhaps in a quiet way has had more to do with the development of Southern California than any other one individual, would never have made his great investment in interurban lines in the south except for the union domination of the street railways in San Francisco, in which he had expected to invest instead.

Discussion of the San Francisco labor problem must be left for later in this article, and the writer has no means of knowing what proportion of the manufacturing firms that settled in Los Angeles in recent years would have gone to San Francisco if the labor conditions had been reversed. I met one manufacturer, a native son, if memory serves aright, who had had a plant in San Francisco itself for many years, but said he had been obliged to move to Los Angeles, so persistently had the unions bothered his men in the former city.

It is quite true that since the far-away days of the Times Building explosion there has been very little friction between capital and labor in Los Angeles, and that the absence of such friction has had about the same effect upon an employer looking for a new location as the sight of a spring of pure water has upon the desert traveler who is about to give up the struggle. But as yet we have touched only the surface and fringes of this subject. Let us get closer to the heart of it. We get very close to it, indeed, in the following concise and exact statement made to the writer by A. B. Hassel, president of the Central Labor Council and manager of the city's Labor Temple:

Men come to Southern California because of the health of a member of their family. Their first duty is to their families. They are men who have sold out little farms or business enterprises in other parts of the country. Often they come thinking they have enough money so they won't have to work. But they find they must get to work and take anything they can get. They are not really a working class at all. They are not a working-class type, but they enter into competition with the regular working-class people.

In other words, the average person who moves to Los Angeles and has to go to work isn't interested in labor unions one way or the other. Indeed, he comes from the agricultural sections of the country, where unions are little known. He or she doesn't go to California primarily to get a job anyway, but because it is hoped living conditions will be favorable, and work can be had if necessary.

Newcomers

IT IS just as fair to say that the industrial growth of Los Angeles is due to labor congestion as it is to the open shop. The manager of a garment factory told me it was easy to get help, because "this is a great section to attract unattached women, such as widows, divorced women and deserted wives."

Hordes of people swarm into Southern California for personal reasons. They go there not as class-conscious laboring groups, but solely as individuals. Back East it might have declassed them to work in a factory, but here in Los Angeles the population is so new that even next-door neighbors are often unknown. There are no class standards. As for the union organizer, he simply can't keep up with the swarms of newcomers, even if they understood or cared for what he is talking about. The simple truth is that Los Angeles industrially and commercially is so new that there has been as yet no time for the union-labor organization tightening down that has always come later on in any big center.

Both Mr. Hassel and Seth Brown, president of the State Federation of Labor, assured me that organization is proceeding steadily, although admitting that it has but little hold as yet in the factories. "We don't herald organization work here," said the former, "because this being known as an open-shop town it would only invite more bitter onslaught from the other side. There is this much to the credit of those who have made the fight: A workman can now carry a union card without being considered a despicable citizen, as formerly he was considered."

"The organized-labor movement is always strongest in industrial centers," said Mr. Brown, "and this city is just becoming one. The largest single factory here operated open shop in the East, so that could hardly be its reason for coming West. The truth is that many employers here would be more friendly toward the unions if it were not for the financial domination of the city, which decrees that industry must remain open shop. The average small manufacturer is not only afraid to fight the dominant financial powers but is too busy filling orders to give the time to it."

As a matter of fact the building trades of Los Angeles are said to be much more closely organized at the present time than those of San Francisco, and in the oil industry there is no doubt that organization is going on. But aside from any question of the merits or defects of the average labor union, it may be said that both Southern and Central California are fortunate in having many native American factory workers, unaffected by Bolshevik doctrines or as yet uninterested in the more extreme demands of the more tyrannical portions of organized labor.

It is contended in both metropolitan districts that less welfare work is needed than in the East, that the average worker is content with his bungalow, his garden, and automobile trips to the beach. Climatic conditions do make living easier for the worker in California than in the East, and there is less congestion in the way of tenements. But the disinterested observer must be careful to avoid believing

(Continued on Page 86)

SWEDISH PUNCH

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THERE is something about those northern countries which—to the intense annoyance of the Norwegians—are known as the Scandinavian countries, that provokes violent eating and passionate drinking. When the Swede or the Norwegian or the Dane lets out his belt at the dinner table, rids his arms of any supercivilized kinks that may be in them, and begins to reach for the edibles at his left, at his right and on the opposite side of the table, he makes the winner of the average pie-eating contest look like an invalid toying with a fragment of milk toast.

Those who have done their eating in other countries are always staggered by their first glimpse of a Scandinavian meal, and are inclined to say that the participants are privately poking their food down a rat hole or otherwise playing tricks on the onlookers. The Swedes and the Norwegians eat more than anybody ought to be able to eat. They ought to explode at the end of each dinner; but they don't. After a little practice, visitors from other nations also get the fever and become fairly adept at eating their own weight in food every few hours.

At drinking they are not always so successful. Their ambition in this direction is boundless, and they frequently make sincere efforts to encompass an amount of alcoholic stimulants equivalent to their own cubic displacement. Owing to the brands of liquor that are in vogue in the northern countries, however, these brave attempts usually break down when they are between two-thirds and four-fifths successful. The whole affair is like swimming the English Channel. It always seems as though anyone with a little experience ought to be able to do it, but most people can try it every day for fifty years without getting beyond a certain point.

Some people think that these Scandinavian peculiarities are due to the climate, which like many other climates is warm in summer and cold in winter. At any rate, there seems to be something about the countries in question that develops magnificent capacities and daring.

This business of heroic eating and drinking has always been typical of the northern countries, just as red farmhouses have always been typical of Sweden. When one digs back into the Eddas or myths of the north countries, which date back to about the year 1000, or slightly before the year of the Big Fog, one finds that the principal northern activities embalmed in the early folk tales were fighting, eating and drinking.

The Norse heaven, or Valhalla, was a place where the happy residents fought all day, carving each other into dog meat. When the five-o'clock whistle blew all wounds were immediately healed, whereupon everyone repaired to the dinner table and ate boar meat and drank mead from an inexhaustible store until he fell under the table.

It is narrated in the Eddas that on the occasion when the mighty Thor lost his hammer and undertook to get it back by disguising himself as the prospective bride of a local celebrity who had found and hidden the hammer, he aroused surprise and admiration in the bridegroom's breast by supping on eight salmon and an ox, besides other delicacies, and washing it all down with three tuns of mead.

A Swedish Peasant Girl With a Winning Smile

The Swedish Idea of a Square Meal

THE Eddas fail to state of what the other delicacies consisted, but they probably included several smoked eels, a few tins of sardines, a peck of tomatoes, a tub of butter, and a little ham, pork, veal, lamb, pickled pigs' feet and soused herring; for these are the northerners' idea of a little preliminary appetizing snack to bring out the flavor of the main meal.

The present-day eating system of the northern countries—particularly of Sweden—differs little from that of Thor's day. One is usually confronted at the beginning of each principal meal with a comprehensive collection of more or less delicate titbits, all of which are lumped in the Scandinavian mind under the head of smörgasbord. So many of these dainties are included in the smorgasbord that one might well imagine that the proud owner had devoted most of his life in collecting them. There are usually about eleven different sorts of sardines, from the ordinary silvery, headless variety, to a pallid and excessively dead-looking sort with dissipated-looking eyes that tastes as though it had been caught several days too late; five or six varieties of hard-boiled eggs tastefully blanketed in jelly, mayonnaise and other foreign matters; large cylinders of butter the exact size of a fresh stick of shaving soap; some thirty-two sorts of fish, such as salmon, dogfish, mackerel, skate, herring, sculpin, and so on, in slabs, strips and chunks, some of them firm and dry and others limp and slippery; cold meats too numerous to mention; assorted lengths of smoked eels, some of them long enough to use as a fire escape from a burning building or as a pair of reins for the little ones; onions, lettuce, bananas, pickles, radishes, orange marmalade, seven sorts of bread, the livers of sundry birds and beasts, and a large assortment of sausages, some of them sufficiently sizable to be used as boas by full-grown women. The genuine northerner makes it a point to sample each one of these; and when he finds one of the samples that appeals to him more than the others, he dives into it heavily, returning to the smörgasbord table again and again for it, just as a murderer is supposed to return to the scene of his crime.

When he has dallied with the smörgasbord for twenty or thirty minutes, he settles down to the more serious phase of the meal and absorbs vast quantities of small steaks in mayonnaise, mixed pork and beef in bunkers of mashed potatoes, chopped meat in cabbage leaves, fried hash, thick sour milk heavily sprinkled with equal parts of ginger and brown sugar, and similar dainties.

With practically every dish is served an order of boiled potatoes. Food seems to be regarded as incomplete or illegal unless boiled potatoes can be served with it. If the Swedes were to serve a separate order of French fried potatoes or potatoes au gratin they would be almost certain to accompany it with an order of boiled potatoes on the side.

There appears to be no good reason for this peculiarity, and neither the Swede nor the Norwegian can explain the stubborn insistence of Scandinavian chefs on serving boiled potatoes with nearly everything. Possibly it is due to the hard climate, and was originally done to permit the diners to clutch a handful of hot potatoes in each hand every little while, so that their fingers wouldn't become numb with cold and thus slow them up in their eating. At any rate, it is done; and by the time any ordinary person, untrained in Scandinavian food absorption, is halfway through his dinner, he feels as though he had been stuffed with dried apples, and as though the apples had begun to swell.

Many changes have taken place in the drinking styles of Sweden and Norway since Thor's day, however; and Thor would scarcely know his old haunts if he were to return and undertake to accumulate a load of three tuns of mead, or any other liquor with an alcoholic content, at any one sitting. Instead of leading his old, wild, free Norse life and braining all those whom he disliked with his trick hammer, he would probably wind up on the inside of a Norse jail within a few hours, and would only be able to utilize his hammer in making large rocks into small ones.

Lively Stag Parties

THESE changes, which in one country consist of a prohibition law that doesn't prohibit anything and in another country of a nonprohibition law that sprays everything in sight with prohibition, are worthy of careful examination, and are highly valuable by way of proving to all and sundry that you can sometimes tell and sometimes not.

Sweden, because of many years of assiduous attention on the part of large numbers of her citizens to the gentle art of drinking, has earned the right to first consideration in all alcoholic matters, and she shall be so considered.

The records show that when the citizens of Sweden, in years past, really settled down to steady drinking they became an irresistible, natural phenomenon, like an earthquake or a violent thunderstorm.

Dr. Ivan Bratt, of Stockholm, who has been the prime mover in the efforts to reduce Swedish drinking to an exact science, states: "At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Swedish people were on the highroad to become a nation of drunkards. Drinking was exceedingly widespread, and the drinking bouts that were indulged in, even in high social circles, aroused the astonishment and alarm of travelers from other countries."

Whenever, in the old days, a Swede gave a dinner party, an extra detail of police was stationed outside the building in which the dinner took place in order to take care of the riot that was bound to ensue as soon as the guests became sufficiently pickled.

Houses frequently had to be roped off so that innocent passers-by wouldn't be wounded by flying glass when the dinner guests began to throw bottles, glasses, chinaware, furniture and each other out of the windows; and if the dinner was at all sizable, as many as three or four ambulances were often required to remove the casualties from the table or from under it.

Whenever a married man went to a stag party his wife and family always bade him a fond and tearful farewell for the danger that one ran in going to any place in Sweden where liquor was served freely was only comparable to the danger one runs in going to a big-league war. Anybody who attended three Swedish stag parties in the old days and came out alive deserved a campaign ribbon.

The chief function of the police in all Swedish cities for many years consisted of entering private houses in mass formation and preventing the intoxicated residents from tearing each other to pieces. Travelers from other lands, as Doctor Bratt says, were frequently astonished and alarmed by Swedish souse parties. In fact, the travelers frequently mistook an ordinary drinking fest for a revolution, and left the country without their trunks by the next train or boat.

The private still, in Sweden, was considered a household necessity, like the kitchen stove and the sink cleaner. Everybody made his own grog, seldom bothering to walk all the way over to the saloon to get it unless he wished to satisfy some particularly finicky palate or to indulge in a variety of liquors.

Back around the time of the American Revolution the sale of hard liquor in Sweden was made a government monopoly; and since the government needed the money, it encouraged everyone to refresh himself with a large glass of spirits every little while, whether he needed it or not.

This was a matter in which the Swedes needed very little encouragement; and by 1830 nine gallons of hard

stuff were being sopped up annually per head of the population. Since a large part of the population consisted of women and children, every male in Sweden over eighteen years of age was, statistically speaking, absorbing between twenty-five and thirty gallons of the Demon Rum each year, not counting beer and light wines—an absorption power that makes the finest blotting paper look rather sickly by comparison.

The basis of all heavy drinking in northern countries has always been and is at the present time a liquid variously known as Akvavit, Branvin and Schnapps. Its most popular name is Akvavit—which name is, of course, merely the Swedish rendition of the old familiar aqua vitæ, or water of life. Akvavit is indeed a water of life up to a certain point; and three or four drinks of it are sufficient to put enough life into a hopeless invalid to enable him to eat a whole shoal of dead fish or dance on the table with a smoked eel around his neck. Beyond that certain point, however, Akvavit becomes more like a water of sudden death. Soon after passing the vivacious stage, the persistent consumer of Akvavit begins to draw mental blanks, during which unconscious periods he is apt to do anything, from attempting to remove the weathervane from the church steeple down to braining his best friend with a heavy sausage; and sooner or later he becomes cold and rigid and can scarcely be told from a corpse.

Akvavit is a colorless or straw-colored liquid, and is served ice-cold in glasses a trifle smaller than a cocktail glass. The poorer grades of Akvavit smell like raw alcohol, and probably are. The best grades have a pungent and pleasant odor of caraway seed, and at the moment of swallowing convey something of the same sensation that a hot poker would create if it were poked down the throat.

Not a Drop Wasted

NO SWEDE ever thinks of drinking Akvavit alone. It is always taken with a beer chaser, probably for the same reason that a person who burns his finger instinctively holds it under the cold-water faucet; and Akvavit with beer may be regarded as the national drink of Sweden.

Having made a good groundwork out of Akvavit and beer, the Swede proceeds to eat his dinner or his supper, interlarding it and tying it together, so to speak, with various brands of alcoholic beverages—a white wine with the fish, for example, a full-bodied Bordeaux with the meat, followed by champagne, and then a dash of sherry, Madeira or port. When he has finished his dinner he tamps it down and rounds it off with the other national drink of the country, which is Swedish punch—or punsch, as the Swedes spell it in their playful manner.

Swedish punch, sometimes listed as Arrak, has a rumlike odor, and is exceedingly sweet and heavy. It is so heavy that if one rubs a little of it on his hand, any fly that lights on the hand will stick to it.

In addition to being sweet and heavy, it has a powerful wallop, whence the name "punch." In spite of its sweetness, its weight and its kick, it is seldom—even in the best restaurants—sold by the drink. When two persons at the end of their dinner put in a call for Swedish punch, the waiter delivers a full bottle packed in cracked ice; and the two diners either have to drink it all or waste it, for they have paid for the full bottle. Being a canny and frugal people, one seldom sees a Swede wasting any of his bottle of punch. As a matter of fact, one never sees anyone wasting any part of a bottle, whether he's a Swede or an American or a Frenchman or a Japanese. It is probably one of the easiest drinks to drink that has ever been discovered; but anyone who punishes a half bottle of Swedish punch at a late hour in the evening is very apt to wake up at an early hour on the following morning with a sensation in his head as though somebody were going over his skull with a geological hammer, and with a tongue that makes him wonder who has been using his mouth as a waste incinerator during his slumbers.

Crowds of People on the Docks at Stockholm When American Athletes Arrived for the Olympic Games

Home-Brew

WITH these two beverages, Akvavit and Swedish punch, flowing free and with various brands of home-brew entering the arena at all hours of the day and night, Sweden was a great place for the person who wanted to drown his troubles, but one of the worst places in the world for anyone who wanted to get a little beauty sleep. Every city and town in Sweden after eight o'clock in the evening, in the old days, echoed to the wild howls, whoops, screams and sour harmony of the souses until rising time the next morning.

Possibly as a protest against loss of sleep extending over many years, and possibly as a result of a great moral rebirth or remorse or something similar, a widespread temperance movement sprang up in Sweden during the first half of the last century; and as a result of it, home distilling was forbidden by law in 1855. Since the Swedes are a more law-abiding people than the people of many other European countries, and since, also, the Swedish police system was competent to make things very uncomfortable for lawbreakers, the use of private stills became much less popular than theretofore. This law was soon followed by other laws which were supposed to restrict the production and sale of hard liquor. According to the statistics, the laws were effective; but if one continued to go out on the streets and use his eyes and ears one could readily note that the sousing and yelling were just about as violent as they ever had been. Most of the restrictions were occurring on paper.

The so-called Gothenburg System of restricting drinking in Sweden has been viewed with pride by many Swedes, to say nothing of having had the finger of admiration

(Continued on Page 105)

Karl Johan's Square in Stockholm, Showing an Elevator That Carries Pedestrians From One Street Level to Another. Above—Swedish Peasants in Their Sunday Best

THE SEVEN DEAD MEN

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE Seven Dead Men, in the late evening, well toward midnight, was coming down a by-street in Chibosh so retired and inconsequential and obscure that it still had brick sidewalks. His actual name, before he was so wanted for the great graft investigation, was John Gallagher.

In the dim gaslight upon the uncertain pavement, he was advancing in a manner peculiar to himself at this time of night. Coming to a full stop upon the walk, he slowly and laboriously wound himself up with his right hand, making a noise in imitation of the winding of an old-fashioned clock. This act completed, he went forward three full steps, backward two, and then stopped again to wind up once more. His face was very serious, but his heart was well satisfied. The evening was the only time when he could venture forth from his hiding place, even in the remote and retired section of the city in which he had been forced, following the great graft investigation, to locate.

"I Got It for Ye," She Said Briefly. "Like I Said I Would." "The Key!" Exclaimed the Younger Woman With the Close-Cut Curly Hair

Advancing in this fitful manner, his progress, though agreeable and even humorous to himself, was necessarily slow. It was some time before he had passed from the comfortable speak-easy in the undistinguished basement which he had left, to the corner of the street on his journey home. The old street, of small old brick city houses, painted abnormally red, was entirely empty; the houses practically lightless.

The only figure underneath its flickering gaslights was the Seven Dead Men; the only sound, the intermittent progress of his footsteps, varied by the regular and excellent imitation of the winding of a clock.

It was a windy night. The gusts darkened intermittently the gas jets, set the Italian ice man's sign to squeaking and ruffled the ragged blinds upon the fronts of the little old-time red-painted brick houses. The Seven Dead Men, turning the corner into the next street, though not changing at all his method of progress, was forced to lower his head. The wild wind, growing wilder, took away his easily taken breath and brought the tears into his easily watering blue eyes.

He was making his regular advance with lowered head as he turned the corner, when he hit something firm and hard, and sat suddenly on the pavement. Looking up, he saw a large, fine, heavy figure of a woman, slightly younger than himself, leaning over him.

"You poor man," she said, looking down at him. "I knocked you down, quite."

Looking up, Mr. Gallagher—the Seven Dead Men of the great graft investigation of Chibosh—did not yet answer her.

She was evidently a kind-hearted and impulsive woman, as well as a fine, strong, healthy one, of a figure such as was preferred to the more spindling in the days when Mr. Gallagher was younger.

"The poor man," she said, leaning over him. "He can't get up."

That was the fact. He could not.

"Are you hurted, you poor man?" asked his assailant and benefactress, now bending over him and holding out a strong, capable hand—such as he used to see on the girls when he was a boy in the old Sixth Ward. "Can you stand?" she asked him now.

"I can some, maybe, ma'am," said Mr. Gallagher, for being a strong, heavy, hearty figure of a woman, she had bumped the life most out of him.

She still supported him with her strong, capable hand.

"Come on," she said now, "and show me where you live."

"Right down there," said Mr. Gallagher, pointing somewhat uncertainly.

"Come on then, I'll take you there," she said, starting on with the action of a strong executive woman, such as his first wife had been.

Mr. Gallagher did not refuse, for the wind was still well out of him.

He also did not actually object, for he was a lonely man, long a widower, and she was a strong, capable, likable woman, who reminded him of his first wife; and her bonnet—one of the old small ones they used to wear—was just the kind he liked.

It seemed that she was rooming in the house just around the corner from his own rooming place—a widow woman, all alone in the world, having lost her last near relative during the war from the flu.

"'Tis terrible lonely," she said, "ain't it?—to be all alone, just a roomer."

"It is for a fact," said Mr. Gallagher, and sighed. "With me especially."

Standing holding to the low iron railing in front of the little bright-red-painted house where Mr. Gallagher spent all his days and the later nights in his strict seclusion, she talked very kindly to him before she left him.

"Look," said Mr. Gallagher, when she said she must be going, "are you all alone there in your room by yourself, in daytimes?"

"I am," she said.

"Then some day maybe I'll be coming in to see you," said Mr. Gallagher.

"Be sure you do," she said cordially.

And he watched her, looking so much like his first wife, go out of sight, before he turned and went up the few steps into the little brightly red brick house where he had to keep himself hidden daytimes.

From that time on the life of Mr. Gallagher, though no less rigidly secluded, was much less lonely than it had been before. By merely turning the corner he could have companionship which was always waiting. The lady who had run him down was always there in her room, located conveniently upon the front ground floor. Slipping in there unobserved, Mr. Gallagher could spend many hours pleasantly while she darned her stockings or mended her scanty wardrobe. She would often, also, sew buttons on for him, would always have a cup of tea upon a small alcohol lamp, and had no objection—though she did not drink the stuff herself—to Mr. Gallagher's putting in a drop or two of rum, such as he felt that he needed in the later afternoon.

Under the influence of all this and of her being so much like his first wife, Mr. Gallagher in a comparatively few days mellowed to her and made her more and more a confidante, hinting from time to time at things that she should know—if he could only tell her.

It was on a dark and rainy spring day when, in fighting off the influence of the weather, he had five or six good drinks of rum in him, that he went on from that.

"You'd think maybe," he said, "from how you see me now, that I was a poor man, without a cent, all ripe and ready for the poorhouse."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said his new-found friend, the Widow Henry, politely.

"Neither would you," said Mr. Gallagher, "if you knew all." And he looked around behind him.

"Is that the case?" asked the Widow Henry.

"It is," said Mr. Gallagher; and, after steadying his voice, went on from there. "I was born a poor boy," he said. "I told you that before. Down in the old Sixth Ward."

"You did," said the Widow Henry.

"The ward that Chinese Meeghan comes from," said Mr. Gallagher, winking.

"Not the Meeghan—the one that runs the city underneath?" she asked him.

"The same. I went with him into politics when he got started."

"You did not?" said the widow, looking up, surprised, from her darning.

"I did, then. And there's where I got my graft," said Mr. Gallagher, "at last. The greatest graft," he said, looking about the room and speaking now in a hoarse, thick confidential whisper, "in all the city—from Meeghan!"

"How's that?" asked Mrs. Henry, speaking just a little faster. "For what did you get it?"

"For murder," said Mr. Gallagher, hoarsely and thickly, with water in his eyes.

"For murder!" cried Mrs. Henry, starting back.

"Not so loud," said Mr. Gallagher, looking around quickly, but not without a certain pride. "Murder, yes—or so they called it."

"Murder!" said the widow once again.

"Yes," he told her. "A shooting at the polls—for politics—that would no doubt have put me in the chair, and

would still, today, only Meeghan stood between death and me, with his hand up, checking it."

"Like a crossing cop," said Mrs. Henry

"Exactly the same," said Mr. Gallagher. "And so, as I was telling you, when the real rich graft came I got in right."

"How was that?" his companion asked him, puzzled as women often are by politics.

"Because, having death hanging over me, all times, for murder, he could trust me always, with everything."

"I see it now," said the Widow Henry.

"'Tis so always with Meeghan," said Mr. Gallagher, "and those who serve him. And so, as I said, I got in right at last in the big A1 graft on the contract for the bridge—the big Central Bridge."

"Not that big one that fell down and killed all those people?" asked the Widow Henry.

"The same. The one that Chinese Meeghan had the contracts for—only he didn't have them in his own name, naturally."

"Not in his own name?"

"No," said Mr. Gallagher, explaining it to her as one does to a woman, "he being head of the party. So then it was fixed up in the deal into the hands of different subcontractors."

"Yes?"

"Under a big company, of which Meeghan held the stock in secret; but having all phony subcontractors to dodge trouble and double-crossing and fighting at the law. For he done there like they all do so generally in politics and political deals; he rang in names that were no names of real living men. He used the names of dead men—as they all do, now and again, in politics."

"I can see that, too," said the Widow Henry, deeply impressed. "But go on now; tell it out."

"So that they could not sue or fight back or make trouble for him," he said, "doing so. And so there's where I came into the real big graft."

"Yes?"

"Yes; for being a contractor myself in the old days, I was made his manager. I represented all the dead men—the seven dead contractors—and kept the accounts all straight for the city, like they had to be."

"Then—then," said the Widow Henry, looking up at him with both interest and awe, "you must be that Seven Dead Men that all the papers wrote and joked about in that big graft investigation that was made against that Chinese Meeghan!"

"I am," said Mr. Gallagher. "That's why I'm here today. I am," he said, with dignity in his voice but quick water in his eyes, "and that's what's worrying me all the time so, night and day."

"What is?"

"Oh, gobs and slathers of things," said Mr. Gallagher, the so-called Seven Dead Men. "It's shot me all to pieces. Look how my hand shakes on me this minute," he said, and helped himself to another little snifter of rum. "For fear they'll find me, for one thing—them investigators," he went on.

"Is that all?" asked the Widow Henry.

"It is not," he said to her. "Nor the worst!" And he looked around him.

"What is then?" she asked, with a real sympathy in her voice

"It's the key!" he whispered loudly.

"The what?"

"The key to that safe-deposit vault."

"What's that?"

"The bank box where I have the records they was all after in that big graft investigation—to show up Meeghan being himself the Seven Dead Men, the contractors of that bridge that went down for want of proper building; the papers that they wanted when they were trying to get back through me to Meeghan; and me shutting my mouth till him and his lawyers worked me out, and I came down here to hide."

"And would he let you have the key then—Meeghan?" the Widow Henry asked him.

"That's it; that's what's terrifying me so bad today," said Mr. Gallagher.

"What is?"

"He's bound to have it off me now—the key—to destroy the papers."

"Why don't you let him have it then?"

"How could I?"

"Why couldn't you?"

"Don't you see then how that would leave me," he asked her, "if he had the key and once burned the papers, and my only self-protection was all gone? Don't you see," asked Mr. Gallagher, "what would happen to me then—the first minute he was hard pressed?"

"I do not," the Widow Henry told him.

"The next thing for me would be the prison, and no doubt the electric chair," he said to her. "For then I would be all -100 per cent safe for Meeghan."

"How so?" she asked him anxiously.

"Dead men tell no tales," said Mr. Gallagher. "Nor convicts, neither, in a court of law. For the evidence of the convict, as you know, is as good as a poor ghost's there—and no better."

"I see," said Mrs. Henry now.

"But that's not all, neither," said the so-called Seven Dead Men; "nor what's worrying me most now."

"What is, you poor man?" she asked him.

"Death and murder for myself!"

"You're wrong!" said the Widow Henry nervously. "You must be!"

"Death and murder—for that key!" persisted Mr. Gallagher. "For now Meeghan sends down his threats to me; it will mean my life if I do not hand it over."

"And yet you cannot do it?" said his companion.

"No," said Mr. Gallagher. "And now he's starting after me with those men—those murderers!"

"Those what?" asked the Widow Henry in alarm, and waited. For her informant, the so-called Seven Dead Men, was taking in another little tod of rum.

"Those murderers he has," he repeated, now wiping off his mouth with his hand. "The ones like me that he has stolen out one way or another from the sentence of death, and can send back again to it any time if they will not obey him. The ones he uses for such purposes like mine now," said Mr. Gallagher, drawing his hand with a short but impressive gesture across his throat.

"For what?" the widow asked in horror.

"To bump them off."

"You poor man!" said the Widow Henry instinctively.

"Yes," he said, and bowed his head, his weak eyes suddenly watering again.

"And will you keep it then always—the key?" she asked him, once more breaking in upon his silence.

"Ah, that's it again," said Mr. Gallagher, speaking rapidly and thickly once more. "That's what I fear with him—with Meeghan always after me, bound that he will have the key. Suppose then his murderers caught me out some night and banged me in the head and took it off me, when I carried it! What would happen to me then?" he asked her more and more hoarsely.

"What would?"

"I dunno," he said darkly. "One of two things without doubt. He might give me up to the law and send me to the electric chair. Or he'd have his men there bump me off, maybe, as being the easiest and safest way of getting rid of me and what I know."

"He would not!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry.

"He would that! You don't know him, or them under him that have to please him," said the Seven Dead Men. "And then, on the other hand, suppose I left it hidden in my room, and these men got in and found it there—these men of his I see after me day by day," he said hoarsely. "What then?"

"You poor man!" said Mrs. Henry with deep sympathy.

"You'd say so if you was in my boots," said Mr. Gallagher. "Ain't it the deep heart of hell? I drink because I'm grown so timid that I'll lose the key to all them records them things that mean my life to me; and the more I drink to be easy and to forget, the more liable at any time I am to be losing it, and no doubt my life with it. See how my hand shakes right now—to think if anybody got it off of me!"

"You poor man!" said the Widow Henry, now laying down her darning on the little table beside her.

"I'm fair crazy," said Mr. Gallagher.

"You poor man!" she said once more, watching him with friendly, pitying eyes. "You poor man, why must you worry yourself

(Continued on Page 84)

"The Poor Man," she said, Leaning Over Him. "He Can't Get Up." That Was the Fact. He Could Not

THE TIMBER-LINE CYCLE

By HAL G. EVARTS

She Wandered Farther Afield, Occasionally Climbing a Tree as if to Stretch Her Muscles

THERE was no sign of life; no sounds save those of the elements the screech of the wind among the icebound peaks, punctuated by hollow, rumbling reports when sections of overhanging snow combs plunged from the rims above; no movement aside from the wind-driven powdered snow that scurried over the hardened surface of the drifts and eddied out into space beyond the lip of the cliffs; no color—only the dead white of the snow fields that gave off a pale and ghostly radiance when touched by the wan rays of moonlight that filtered down through a veil of hastening clouds.

Then life came into the picture, a single dark form moving silently across the face of a frozen world as the fox traversed the snow-shrouded meadow and headed down the backbone of a ridge toward the point where an edging of inky black indicated the tree line. A wild unearthly squall, long-drawn and sustained, drifted up from far down the slope, and the fox lifted its voice in an answering cry, then disappeared in the first fringe of trees.

No other living creature stirred. There was only the popping of ice and rocks in the grip of bitter frost. The sun sent its first questing shafts through the banked clouds and the snow fields took on a vague pinkish tinge in pale reflection of the crimson sunrise. Objects began to emerge from the gloom and take on individual form as the shadows lifted. The tree line, instead of a wavering pool of black obscurity below, now stood forth as a dark edging, irregular but sharply defined, that framed the naked white expanse of the snowbound peaks and rolled on in descending waves of heavy green.

A nutcracker winged overhead and voiced two raucous croaks, the first with a rising cadence as if the note were one of inquiry, the second with a falling inflection as if in answer to the query, then made a landing in the last tree up the ridge.

This ancient pine was perhaps two feet through at the butt, yet its top rose less than a dozen feet above the earth. For two hundred years this venerable tree had waged a ceaseless fight to extend the range of its kind a few inches upward into the treeless realm while the elements had savagely contested the advance. There was not a limb on the uphill side of the battered trunk; instead the branches all streamed one way, a concession to the standing winds; but the heavy roots writhed upwards along the ridge for twenty feet, so the honors appeared to be evenly divided after two centuries of contending forces.

The soft tints gave way to flat white that sharpened with fierce brilliancy as the ice fields cast back the glare of the midday sun; yet this intensity of light brought no accompanying warmth, not even sufficient to soften the breath of the icy blasts—for this was timber line in the dead of winter.

The Spring Thaw

THERE were new sounds, the anthem of waters released from bondage to practice their scales upon the vast sounding board of the hills, the thrilling bell note of stray seeps that tinkled through the rocks, the chanted cadence of rushing brooks and the hollow organ throbs of mighty cataracts. Everywhere there was water—trickles and torrents, rills and rivers, for the spring break-up was at its height.

Warm winds fanned the graying drifts with a softening breath. Deep down beneath the snow, life began to stir. Even as the sap started upward through the veins of the timber-line trees and the grass turned green beneath the snow, so did life and animation once more stir in the sluggish veins of a big hoary marmot in the depths of bowlder pile blanketed by drifts. He stirred and yawned, stretched and slept again, then crept along the tunnel to the nook occupied by his mate. He sniffed the still form and retired to his own quarters for another two-day nap.

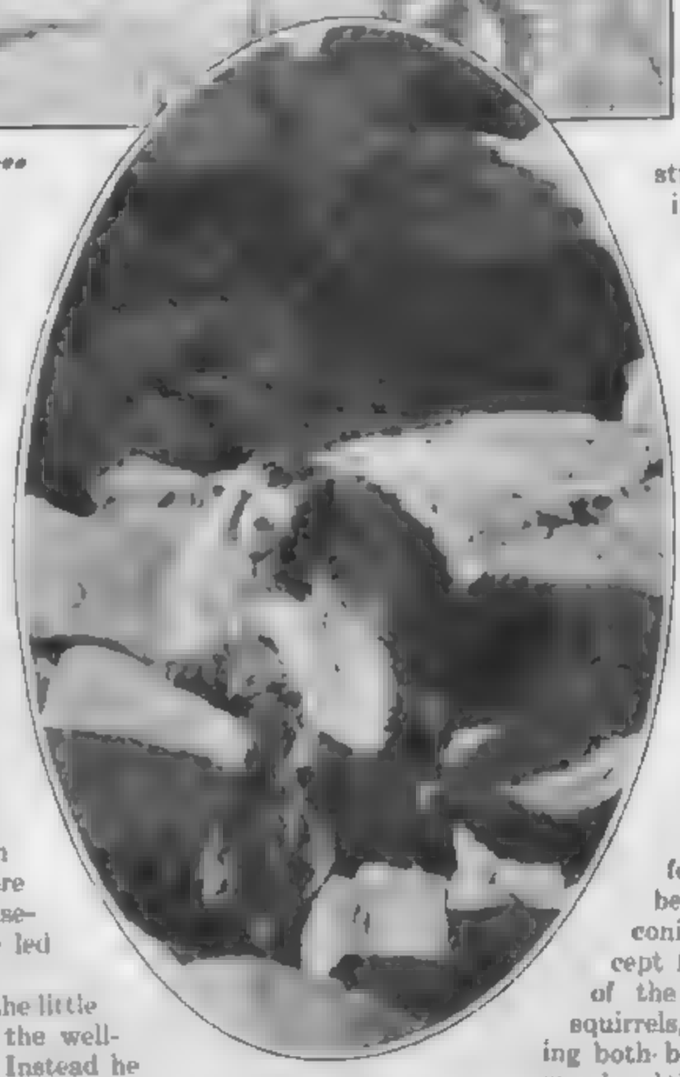
The big Columbia ground squirrels, too, stirred restlessly in their burrows at the end of the hibernation sleep. The mantled squirrels, or copperheads, so called from their rich chestnut hoods, opened their eyes and blinked as the first pangs of hunger assailed them. A cony, or pika, scrambled from his bed and traversed a passageway that led through a rock slide to a tuft of cured hay beneath a flat slab of stone. His last act before sleeping had been to dine at this cache, secreted there before the big snows, and in consequence his first waking impulse led him back to the spot.

His cache was still intact and the little rock rabbit sniffed eagerly at the well-cured feed, yet he did not eat. Instead he retired to his nest and slept for two days before opening his eyes again.

Day by day life flowed more keenly through the veins of these four hibernating tribes that ranged along the tree line—rock rabbits and copperheads, Columbia squirrels and the glacial marmots—yet the activities were still confined to the underground tunnels and the surface of the melting drifts was still devoid of tracks.

Then, in mid-afternoon, a grizzled head was thrust from a crevice in the bowlder heap that lay near the ancient pine.

Two black eyes surveyed the expanse of meadow, an expanse that was still snowbound save for a few rocky elevations that were bare. The head was withdrawn, but on the following day its owner, a big hoary marmot, the patriarch of the meadow, emerged from the burrow to sprawl on the flat rock before his doorway and bask contentedly in the sun.



A Big Hoary Marmot Emerged From the Burrow to Bask in the Sun

He was subject to sudden misgivings that occasioned panicky flights to the cover of the rock portals of his retreat.

The following day his mate, as grizzled and rugged as himself, joined him outside the burrow. A tiny patch of green grass showed between the snowbanks, and the two marmots galloped across the drifts to test this first delicacy of spring. They had fasted many months during the long sleep beneath the winter snows, their bodies nourished by the great store of fat which they had acquired before denning time the preceding fall; but now their appetites, atrophied and suspended for so long a space, were slow to revive. Because of this condition they munched but a few crisp shoots before retiring once more to the burrow.

Within a week from the time that the patriarch first thrust his head from the burrow the rest of his tribe were out in full force. Scores of marmots basked on the sun-heated rocks, fed upon the tender alpine vegetation that showed in every patch that was free of snow, whistled their warnings whenever an eagle winged overhead or a fox invaded the meadow. The open stretches increased in number and in size as the hot sun attacked the drifts.

A pair of copperhead squirrels appeared to frisk and quarrel among the rocks, their jerky barks mingling with the whistled converse of the marmots. Then pika, the cony, uttered his high-pitched plaintive wail from the slope of a rock slide, and thus announced to the world that his long sleep was ended. As if in response to this summons, a Columbia squirrel peered cautiously from his burrow and trilled excitedly, drawing a shrill answer from a cousin whose home was down the slope.

Vast banks of alpine spruce, whose matted tops rose but four feet above the earth, now showed between the settling drifts. The conies stayed in their rock slides except for occasional trips to the edge of the meadows, but the Columbia squirrels, copperheads and marmots, living both below the tree line and above it, wandered through the shady tunnels beneath the dense mat of alpine spruce thickets, fed out in the open meadows or explored the crevices of rock slides and bowlder fields.

Two hundred yards down in the timber, beneath a sheltering ledge of rock, an ancient pine had been uprooted by wind and snow. The old marmot passed this spot in his rambles and stopped to sniff the heavy odor that rose from air holes in the heavy blanket of snow that buried the prostrate trunk. A thin vapor hovered above these air holes—steam generated by the body heat of a she bear that had denned in the cavity formed by the junction of the ledge and the down log. This vapor was rank and strong as the patriarch applied his nostrils. A subdued grunt reached his ears. The old bear stirred restlessly as the stupor of the hibernation sleep gradually lifted.

A week later the patriarch passed the spot and saw the huge black form of the bear sprawled on the packed snow as if the exertion of breaking her way through the crust

that had sealed her winter quarters had exhausted her strength. She had gone into the den alone before the big snows of the preceding fall, yet now she was accompanied by a tiny black cub scarcely larger than the patriarch of the hoary marmots.

The old bear rose and stretched, yawned prodigiously and essayed a few lazy steps across the drifts, then halted in seeming irresolution, yawned again, and returned to sprawl before the mouth of the den. The cub, now wide awake and alert, did not share his mother's lethargy. Instead he proceeded to ramble over the drifts in search of adventure, returning frequently to make sure that his parent was close at hand

The patriarch was old and wise, as this was the fifth time he had seen the spring. The present summer might well be his last, since those of his tribe are not long-lived. He had known bears before. They sometimes dined upon marmots, and he therefore kept his distance from the sleeping she bear and avoided the prowling cub.

For a solid week the two bears afforded the main source of excitement among the timber-line people. The old bear's stomach had shriveled into a solid knot of gristle during a long winter of disuse, and now she could partake of but little food. Two days after her first awakening she left the timber and advanced into the meadow—her advent heralded by the frenzied vocal protests of the patriarch—where she ate her first meal of the spring. The repast consisted of a few blades of crisp green grass and several tender shoots of the tiny alpine willows. The following day she doubled the quantity of food. The contracted stomach was relaxing under renewed activity, and on the fifth day the old bear consumed perhaps a half bushel of grass, willow shoots and bulbous roots.

Throughout this period she slept intermittently, sometimes stretched in the sunlit meadow, at others retiring to the cool depths of the thickets of alpine spruce and there reclining upon the drifts.

The patriarch of the marmots spent much time on his favorite lookout post, a gnarled root that curled up against the trunk of the ancient pine. From this point of vantage he observed all movements of the bear and loosed his piercing whistle of warning whenever she stirred from her frequent naps. Whenever he sounded this alarm the rest of the timber-line people took it up. Conies wailed from the rock slides, and copperhead squirrels chattered angrily from the depth of bowlder piles, while the big Columbia squirrels trilled indignantly from the mouths of their burrows in the meadow. The old bear paid small heed to this commotion, but it intrigued the interest of the cub. The inquisitive infant dashed madly after every marmot that crossed his range of vision, hounding them to their tunnels. He clawed at the burrows of the Columbia squirrels and growled at the saucy copperheads that scolded within a few inches of his nose when he applied that member to the cracks of the rock piles in which they sought shelter at his approach.

The old bear's strength returned and she wandered farther afield, occasionally climbing a tree in the timber as if to stretch her muscles. She slept less and ate more on each succeeding day, and at last felt the reassertion of the desire for more concentrated food to supplement her vegetarian diet. She wandered up to the meadow and halted, swaying from side to side as she sampled the wind. The patriarch had sounded his alarm as she approached and the other dwellers of the tree line had joined in; but many had grown incautious from long immunity. She headed into the wind, rushed suddenly round a great rock and surprised the luckless marmot that fed there, flattening him with a single downward sweep of her forepaw. Thereafter she spent a portion of her time in rustling meat. Once she wrecked the rock heap in which a copperhead squirrel had sought shelter, tossing the heavy rocks aside with easy swings of her mighty forearms. Two days of such operations and she wandered on, to appear no more.

A Buck Deer Had Elected to Summer in the Down-Timbered Pocket Below the Patriarch's Home Meadow

An Old Bighorn Ram, Having Wintered on an Exposed Ridge, Now Spent His Days on Ledges of the Cliff

The Fleeting Summer

THERE were new colors, a perfect riot of flowers spreading on every hand to the very foot of the melting drifts—anemone and dryad, the crimson of alpine paintbrush and vast banks of red heather, the heavenly blue of forget-me-nots; broad expanses so overgrown with glacial lilies as to lend the illusion of solid golden carpets spread between the remaining snowbanks—for the timber-line blooming period, though very brief, was also very intense. All Nature seemed to rush ahead, and this same intensity of flowering vegetation seemed to be communicated to the lives of timber-line dwellers.

He Was Subject to Sudden Misgivings

Except for the few brief days of spring, the fleeting summer was the only period wherein the marmots tasted active life. Throughout the rest of the year the patriarch lived, it is true—that is, life flowed through his veins, but consciousness was dormant, his animation scarcely greater than that of the roots of the ancient tree when they suspended all action during the period of winter frosts. And the hibernating tribes of timber line crowded the brief span of summer with feverish activities, as if thus to balance the deathlike inactivity of the hibernation sleep.

The patriarch's mate had given birth to four young, and these infants now demanded the time and attention of both parents. The male marmot is one of the few animals that help their mates in the care of the young, and the patriarch made repeated trips to the burrow, his mouth laden with grass for the nourishment of his infants. The conies were similarly engaged with families secreted in the depths of the rock slides that pitched down from the foot of the cliffs that flanked the uphill side of the meadow. Columbia squirrels reared their young in underground tunnels constructed beneath the heavy sod of the open meadow; the copperheads favored a combination of these last two methods of denning, fashioning burrows but also availing themselves of the shelter afforded by bowlder heaps, frequently selecting a huge rock and honeycombing the earth beneath it with a labyrinth of runways.

The migratory birds returned from the south. The olive-backed thrush and the Townsend's solitaire raised their voices from the fir-clad slopes below. White-crowned sparrows sang in the tangle of alpine spruce at the foot of the meadow, while the leucosticte flitted about the open expanses above timber line. In the space of a month the timber-line region had been transformed from a bleak, lifeless expanse of ice and snow to a scene of swarming life and activity, of riotous color, the wind laden with the fragrant breath distilled from millions of alpine flowers.

The patriarch put in his leisure hours on his lookout post on the root of the ancient pine and watched the return of the summer residents. An old bighorn ram, having wintered on an exposed ridge somewhat farther down the range, now spent his days on ledges of the cliff above the meadow or slept on the rock slide that sheltered the conies. Morning and evening he fed out into the meadow.

(Continued on Page 83)

THE PALACE OF HIS FATHERS

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

MISS BRIXBY, the rather emotional girl at the telephone, had not been able to keep the news to herself; and so the whole outer office was watching when Burke, the bank detective, came through with Lopez. The exchange expert, the two office boys and Mr. Shelton's private secretary—even the man who was washing the windows unhooked himself and, stepping inside, took a good look at the greatest of modern forgers.

Yet to most people the figure of Burke—his great size, his square head, his rolling, truculent walk, his fresh red face, would have been the more alarming of the two. The outer office hardly noticed his honest and familiar figure. Fearful and admiring of successful crime, they fixed their eyes on the small person who moved with short quick steps beside him. Lopez was black-haired and clean-shaved. His skin did not seem dark until you saw his eyes, which were such a light gray that they startled you, almost as if the eye sockets had been without eyeballs. His eyebrows were fine and black and tremendously slanted in the opposite angle from the Chinese slant. The curve of his nostrils suggested the Moor. He was slender, active, alive.

Miss Brixby, who never saw him again, read all the newspaper accounts of forgeries from that day forward, with personal interest and a forgiving heart. Forgers henceforth presented themselves to her imagination as black-haired, gray-eyed youths; yet her vision of him was limited to seconds—just until the door of Mr. Shelton's office shut him out of her sight.

"I wonder whether he's frightened," she thought.

She herself was always a little frightened whenever Mr. Shelton spoke to her, though he spoke most courteously, and usually only to ask her to get him some out-of-town number; but it was a convention in the bank to be a little afraid of the chairman of the board, and Miss Brixby was nothing if not conventional.

She would have felt surprised to know that Lopez was not a bit nervous, but she would have been like Daniel, astonished for one hour, to know that the great Mr. Shelton was as nervous as he could be; so nervous that he hadn't been able to do a bit of real work all the morning. He had kept up the appearance of work—dictating routine letters, making and breaking appointments over the telephone; but, with this interview hanging over him, he had not been able to put his mind on anything else.

He was nervous—not like Miss Brixby, because crime seemed romantic and terrible and somehow superior, but because he was about to put his whole judgment and philosophy to the test. He had formed an opinion, by the cold process of pure reason, and was now about to act upon it; but he had no warm, emotional belief in it. Something had to be done. He and Burke had worked out a plan, which was more than any other member of the board had done. The plan was not exactly legal, and the board had given a formal, incredulous assent to it. His relation to them, as well as his opinion of himself, would be involved in its failure.

Shelton was a man under forty—rendered acutely uncomfortable when he was pointed out by classmates and early friends as a fellow who had succeeded without backing, entirely on his own. He felt that he had succeeded through luck, through unknown currents of fate, through other men's kindness or failure, through a total misapprehension of his own abilities on the part of people who ought to know better. Ten years from now he would probably be feeling that his success was as much his inherent right as his family property, but at the moment he was still guiltily wondering at it.

He had thought over exactly what he was going to say; he had even rehearsed it a little, as he rehearsed his speech at the banker's convention, and this had added to his sense of anticipation; so that when he said "Come in," in answer to Burke's knock, his heart gave a distinct thump.

What Lopez saw was a severe blond man with an eye like a clear turquoise bead and a manner erring a little on the side of the sphinxlike. The Spaniard did not like Anglo-Saxons—and pure Anglo-Saxon was before him—but he did like handsome rooms, and he let his eye rove approvingly over the paneled walls and long orange velvet curtains.

"Sit down, Mr. Lopez," said the chairman, and he held out his open cigarette case.

Lopez sat down with a sudden bending of the knees, as he might have bowed to the altar in the cathedral of his native Granada. He dropped his hat on the floor and extracted a cigarette with some difficulty from under the gold-filigree band of Shelton's case.

"I Believe the City Itself Is Very Beautiful," He Said—"the Snow Mountains Behind, You Know, and the Vega, as They Call It, in Front"

Burke rejected a cigarette and remained standing, with his arms folded and his soft hat dangling from the neighborhood of his shoulder blades—he had long arms.

The chairman began his speech: "I shan't attempt to deceive you; I shan't pretend that we—as yet—have any proof that would hold in a court; but we have complete moral conviction that you are responsible for the raising of this series of checks. Here is one of them." The dark polished surface of the brass-bound desk was clear of all papers except a little pile of checks; they were of an ugly muddy pink.

The chairman reached for the top one.

"That check was originally drawn for ten dollars."

Lopez took the check, handling it delicately with the tips of his long fine fingers. He bent his head over it. His hair grew in a point at the back of his neck. He held it up to the light and studied it with one eye, the smoke from his cigarette curling up into the other one. He spoke with a strong accent, rolling his *r*'s.

"It is a very pretty piece of work," he said.

"That's right—praise yourself," observed Burke jovially.

"It is the work of an artist," answered Shelton. Lopez bowed, but no one could say whether in acknowledgment of the compliment or in assent to the fact, and Shelton continued: "My bank, in combination with some others, would be willing to spend a good deal of money to put a stop to your activities, Mr. Lopez. We should like to do this by sending you to prison, but that having proved more difficult than we expected—more tedious and expensive—we have decided instead to offer you a fixed sum monthly, as long as you stay at a definite spot on the other side of the Atlantic and refrain from producing any of these artistic triumphs. Do I make myself clear? The first time one of these appeared, without any proof as to who did it, your income would stop."

"You might attribute anybody's work to me," said Lopez; "any clumsy forger ——"

"Not a chance," said Burke.

"No one's work is like yours," said the chairman.

Lopez smiled a flattered smile. "I do not admit any work," he answered. "What is the sum you offer?"

Shelton replied immediately, "Two hundred and fifty dollars a month."

He knew that the critical moment of the interview had arrived. His tone was excellent; there was no bluster about it, and yet there was nothing tentative, either—nothing that opened the door to bargaining. Burke, too, knowing that the next few seconds would decide the event, leaned over and examined the small figure below him, as a cook looks at a boiling pot.

"It is a fair sum," said Lopez.

The chairman and Burke exchanged a discouraged glance over the black head of the forger. Their thought was that this ready agreement was a bad sign. If he had meant to accept he would have tried to run them up. Obviously it was the exile from New York to which he objected. The chairman could understand that; he never left his native city without regret—never at all if he could help it. "I can't drag Joe away from business," his wife was always saying, but it was really New York that she couldn't drag him away from. He liked everything about it—its hard bright sun and its occasionally torrential rains; he liked the snowstorms of winter, when a sudden silence would fall on the city except for the shouts and yells of revivified foot passengers; he liked the smell of dust and hot asphalt in August; he liked the glitter and crowd of Broadway, and he liked the deathlike loneliness of downtown on a Sunday morning; he liked all the sense of crowded opportunity; but most of all he liked—what the dweller in the small town so immensely hates—the sense of isolation, of complete disappearance when he went into his own house and shut the door behind him, knowing that he could dance or die without his next-door neighbor hearing anything about it, that he was as secure from observation as an insect which crawls into its hole under the grass. This was what he was asking the unfortunate forger to forgo—this great pattern of luxury and squalor, of crime and philanthropy, of amusement and work. Ah, he had been prepared for a difficulty here! Something faintly kind came into his hard turquoise-colored eyes.

"You don't want to leave New York," he said. "I don't so much blame you, and yet ——"

He launched into the second part of his speech—the advantages of an honest, regular life, the hostility of an alien city, a man's relation to the country of his birth.

It was not easy for Lopez to follow this flood of eloquence. He contracted his brows, narrowed his light eyes to do it; but about the middle he caught the drift and stopped Shelton short, shaking his forefinger in front of his nose with that gesture of negation so characteristic of the Spaniard.

The words died away on the chairman's lips, and Burke said, "They're all the same—you can't pry them out of New York."

Lopez flashed a glance upward and flung up his hand with all the fingers open as if he flung the city to the clouds.

"New York!" he cried with contempt. "I come from Granada!" And he made the consonants sound like the fire of musketry.

"From where?" asked Shelton, whose ear was not attuned to foreign tongues. "Oh, yes, of course. I've never been there."

Lopez quoted a Spanish proverb to the effect that he who has not seen Granada has seen practically nothing; but as he quoted it in Spanish, it did no harm. He leaned forward, his forefinger pointing at Shelton.

"*Mira, hombre,*" he said, and tried in his poor English to make the chairman understand what Granada was like. He waved his left hand high in a circle—the snow-covered sierras. He moved his right hand flat to the ground—the green *vega* stretching far away. He vibrated his hanging fingers—the Darro flowing down from the icy mountains—the fruits, the orchards, the flowers, the cathedral, the Alhambra ——

"I presume every man likes his own home town," said Burke, with a smile at anyone who preferred anything to New York.

"Ah, Nueva York!" cried Lopez, growing more Spanish as his mind turned to Spain. He drew his shoulders up in horror. "See, sir, it is this way—I cannot live without beauty."

He struck a deeper chord in the chairman's breast than he knew when he said this, for it was one of the secret anxieties of his life that he did not really love beauty. He was conscientious about art and had a good memory, but the pleasure he derived from it was of the mildest description. He saw about him constantly people whose greatest pleasure was an artistic emotion. They always gave him a wretched sense of inferiority. Even his much-loved Margaret gave it to him. She would say, "I simply can't live in a room with black walnut," in a tone that made him feel guiltily conscious that he could have been just as happy in that as in any other. He felt inferior now, as he listened to Lopez explaining how the ugliness of New York depressed his spirits—the crowd, the absence of flowers, the music ah, the music was good—he should miss the music.

"Miss?" Shelton caught the meaning of that word.

"You accept our offer," he said. He managed to say it as if he had always expected an acceptance.

"Betja la-if," said Lopez.

Nothing had ever so utterly sunk Shelton's self-esteem as the realization that this common forger was willing to give up New York and all its opportunity for the sake of the beauty of his native town. The sudden acceptance was a surprise. He had intended to argue a long time with him. He had even considered presenting the fellow in some way for Margaret's opinion. He had great confidence in his wife's intuitions. But Margaret, for all her artistic perceptions, was rather rigid on moral questions. She would not have approved of this trafficking with evil; she would not think it right to pension a forger. It would remain one of a number of things he did not tell her.

The final arrangements took some time—how the money was to be paid through the Granada bank, the correspondent of Shelton's bank; how Lopez was to come for it personally, so that his presence could be reported monthly; how the payments were not to begin until he was actually settled in his native city.

Shelton and Burke tied it up as much as they could, but in the final analysis it was a question of Lopez' own wish to abide by the agreement. They had no other security. Shelton pointed this out in parting.

"This has been my own plan, Lopez," he said. "My directors don't particularly like it; they won't give you the benefit of any doubt. They are relying on my report of you, and I am relying on your word of honor."

Burke let his mouth droop comically at the word "honor" applied to a notorious criminal; but Lopez made a rapid gesture with both hands, as if he were patting down an invisible cake. It took the place of an oath—it was an oath.

Shelton reported the interview at the next meeting of the board. Wilkinson, the former chairman, who disliked Shelton and all his policies, found a subject made to his hand.

"May I ask the chairman," he said, "why if this fellow Lopez has been making twenty thousand a year out of us -those were the chairman's own figures, I think—he should be willing to stop doing it for such a paltry sum as three thousand. Why isn't he going to take this three thousand and all the rest too?"

"It's something to be safe from the law," said Shelton.

"I can't see that this fellow has ever been in danger—not from us, certainly."

"And he wants to go home."

"A crook wants to leave New York? About as much as a bee wants to leave honey," said Wilkinson, and everybody smiled and shook their heads.

Shelton was a little angry.

"I know it will sound strange to New Yorkers," he said, and glancing round the board he saw that all of them were men who had come recently from the South, the Middle West and Canada; "but Lopez wishes to leave New York because he finds it ugly, and I have decided that we may as well cash in on his sense of beauty."

Everybody laughed again, now on Shelton's side, except Wilkinson, who said, "Oh, I understand that we committed ourselves to this plan at our last meeting, but I wish to register my opinion again that it is unwise and unethical."

"If you had had a better one to suggest, the board would have been glad to accept it," said Shelton.

It was thus that his own ego became involved in the question of Lopez' honor. He worried over it a good deal—all the more because he could not confide it to Margaret. It was not only that he would look like a fool in the eyes of the board, and give Wilkinson an opportunity to make himself disagreeable—possibly even to get back into the saddle—but Shelton's own judgment of himself was involved—a sane, conservative man like himself pensioning a forger.

He was the more unprepared when the blow fell, as it did without delay. The very first draft came back having been paid for exactly ten times the amount. Drawn for two hundred and fifty dollars it had been raised to twenty-five hundred.

Wilkinson did everything with the situation that could be done with it; he taunted and laughed when the others looked grave, and looked grave when the others were inclined to laugh. He spoke of the chairman's romantic trend, the new influence of the moving picture in banking; he was old-fashioned—he still believed that prison was a more efficacious method of dealing with criminals than sight-seeing trips to the more attractive European cities.

Irritating as he was, he could hardly depress Shelton more than he was already depressed. He pointed out to the board that whether his own judgment had been bad or not, there was this advantage in the present situation: They now had proof, perfectly definite proof, that Lopez was the man they were after. He felt all the bitterness of a disappointed idealist. No one is more relentlessly cruel. He offered to resign his position, go to Granada and begin a chase to bring Lopez to justice. The board refused to accept his resignation, but did not discourage his trip.

He came home that evening and asked Margaret if she could be ready to sail to Havre in five days—the bank had business which was taking him to Spain. Margaret was so delighted at the prospect that in spite of her famous intuition she did not notice her husband's depression. Spain—Granada—the Alhambra—all the places in the world she wanted most to see.

"Even you will enjoy the Alhambra, Joe," she said.

The "even" wounded him deeply.

"I believe the city itself is very beautiful," he said, and using rather more

(Continued on Page 66)

Shelton, Still Sitting in the Shadow of the White Arcade, Heard Margaret Say, "I Understand From Madame Delazierras That We Owe All This to You"

MY CRYSTAL BALL

By Elisabeth Marbury

WHEN the Scriptures state that "broad is the way that leadeth to destruction" the highways in Spain must have been in mind, for never have I encountered such unnecessary width combined with such necessary repair. I had several conversations with a member of the King's cabinet, the Marquis de Vegas Inclin, who was at the head of this particular public service. He recognized that no government could afford to keep such highways in order. On the other hand he affirmed that as broad roads had dated from time immemorial it would be a long work of education before the people would accept any other kind. Reforms move slowly in Spain.

On reaching Madrid I went at once to the Ritz Hotel, there to await the arrival of my two friends, who, having gone to Seville and Granada, were not expected for two days.

I did a lot of sightseeing in the interval and took a real delight as a proof of my enterprising spirit in sending my card to their apartment, which was reserved, directly after I ascertained that they were there. Our meeting was one of merriment, and for many a long day I boasted of my pleasant journey down. I need not add that I had plenty of company on my return trip.

We presented our letters of introduction and were showered with consequent hospitality. Private collections rarely shown were the excuse for many an afternoon tea to which we were invited by the stately owners.

We were delightfully entertained in Toledo, which is a short though exceedingly bumpy drive from Madrid. The one thing which left an indelible impression upon us all was that we saw the beautiful tapestries, furniture and art objects in the places for which they had been originally destined, for the most priceless treasures of Spain are still in the land of their birth—a rare condition these days.

However, my crowning impression is of a private mass in the royal chapel, to which we were bidden on the Feast of Corpus Christi. The hour was ten o'clock, the invited guests were few. We were there in good time and found a special escort awaiting us at the private entrance. We went through a series of corridors until we reached the one which led directly to the chapel. There we were asked to stand. Promptness being a virtue of kings, in a very few minutes we heard the announcement that His Majesty was approaching. The cortège was the most brilliant I have ever witnessed. The ladies of the court were all in full evening dress and resplendent in jewels. Many of the men were in uniforms, their breasts glittering with orders and their swords of the finest workmanship.

A Prank of King Alfonso

NONE wore hats save one group, composed, as it was explained to us, of the grandees of Spain, men of noble ancestry who alone were permitted to remain covered. Never in my life have I seen such a gathering of courtly gentlemen. Distinction of bearing was conspicuous. They were a natural part of the historical surroundings. All that is best of inheritance in this world seemed in them to find its focus.

The impression they made was profound.

The Queen was in a white satin brocade covered with superb old lace. She carried a white missal in her hand. The King wore a white uniform with elaborate gold braiding demanded by his high military rank. His smile was cordial and as he passed, recognizing that we were the three American ladies for whom invitations had been solicited, he bowed to us in a very gracious fashion.

After the procession entered the chapel we were taken to one of the few boxes, from which our view of the ceremony was uninterrupted. Never shall I forget the brilliant aspect of the assemblage. The royal couple were on the throne. The lords and ladies of the court seemed a sea of color. Their jewels gave forth light, their uniforms and costumes rippled in waves of various tints.

The royal orchestra furnished the music while the choristers, trained to perfection, alternately sang and chanted the cadences and chorals of the mass.

Below and on the right of the high altar, which was ablaze with a myriad candles, sat the cardinal of Toledo, clad in his scarlet robes, with cape of ermine across his shoulders. He was directly opposite the throne, which was at the left of the altar.

The most dramatic note, however, of the occasion was struck by one solitary, dignified figure in clerical black who stood by the side of the Queen. He was tall and slight, of intellectual and impressive bearing. This one dark element in the midst of light that was well nigh blinding was the Jesuit confessor of the Queen, a silent reminder that the vanities of this world would ultimately pass away.

A very pretty anecdote was told of King Alfonso while we were in Madrid which demonstrated his boyishness and his democracy.

It appeared that a festa in his honor was taking place in Seville. A great banquet was in process in the suburbs, at which he was the royal guest. A general holiday had been declared. The whole city was in gala. Suddenly the King, becoming weary of food and of speeches, jumped from his seat and turning to his pal the Duc d'Albe exclaimed: "Jimmy, I'll match you for a race as far as the water over yonder."

Off the two young men started, but Jimmy soon preferred a cigarette, and sat by the wayside until his distinguished friend had run off his energy. The King, on the contrary, rushed into a field where an old peasant was plowing with the aid of his faithful donkey.

"Ah, my good man!" cried the King "How is it that you are not making merry in the town? This is no day for work."

"That may be," answered the peasant, "but this beast and I cannot spare time for foolishness. We must live."

"How much do you earn a day?" asked the King.

"Six pesetas."

"Don't you want to see the King?"

"Not enough to lose that much money."

By this time the King was thoroughly enjoying the situation. He pulled a handful of coins from his pocket, threw them into the man's hands and exclaimed, "This will pay you for your time. Besides, you can see the King without its costing you a penny, for here he is, standing before you."

The old peasant fell upon his knees, the donkey wagged his tail. King Alfonso ran up the hill, having enjoyed the incident as the most entertaining moment of the day.

Irrigation Projects

PROBABLY no monarch in the world is more popular with his people than is Alfonso of Spain. He is a good husband, a good father, and a kind and intelligent ruler. He is an all-around sport, is full of fun, has infinite tact, and on more than one occasion has proved himself a man of unusual physical courage.

Spain remained a neutral country during the war. She, like Holland, Denmark and Sweden, kept out of it. At the time, this neutrality was criticized and condemned; nevertheless, recent events fail to demonstrate that these countries have lost any of their prestige through their detachment.

Economically Spain needs only more water in order to increase her wealth enormously. If all her arid fields could once be irrigated there would be no limit to her potentialities. Before many years this will no longer be a dream of the government, but a fact. Just as we have the great Roosevelt Dam in our country there will be the Alfonso Dam in Spain.

Once this feat of costly engineering is accomplished the long stretches of useless soil will be converted into vast fields of waving grain, and Spain will enter upon a new era of prosperity.

PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Sarah Bernhardt in Theodora, 1884

Mrs. Patrick Campbell

Great singers have always been centers of attraction to the multitude. A certain glamour seems to envelop them. They focus attention, even when they fail to excite admiration. There is an air of mystery attached to them. When they pass into the opera house they are invariably muffled up. It is rare that anything but their eyes are seen, because as a rule they are thickly veiled. The prima-donna grand manner is conspicuous as they bow to the curious crowd with benevolent condescension.

This is as much a part of their training as is the vocal scale. It composes well. Too much familiarity is dangerous. Then the days when they sing! Drafts and visitors are to be equally avoided. Even if the rôle of the evening is one in which they have been seen hundreds of times the same atmosphere of nervous apprehension must be enacted, the same husbanding of strength must be proclaimed. We are told that the voice is a delicate organ, yet these ladies never hesitate to use it when making scenes off the stage; and how easily little things excite them. Ye gods!

Nevertheless, in a long acquaintance with the profession I have found them to be much more rational and sensible

than they would allow the public to imagine. When once you know them well enough they stop acting and posing, especially when they realize that you have no time for their tantrums.

The first prima donna with whom I was ever really thrown was Clara Louise Kellogg, and a good sort she was. She and her mother were inseparable. Their home was in America. They never acquired the foreign habit. In her youth Clara Louise was lovely to look upon, but in later years the pleasures of the table proved too strong for her to resist; thus as she grew older her slimness became a page from the past.

I remember that Mrs. Kellogg had a rooted mistrust of everything French, especially of French morals. On one occasion, meeting her in a Paris hotel, she informed me that her daughter had been offered an engagement at the Grand Opera. "But," said the old lady, "you know what that means, dearie. Here a girl sings tonight and loses her reputation tomorrow!" It is superfluous to add that the engagement for Clara Louise was refused.

Sibyl Sanderson was for a while the most alluring lyric personality. She possessed a charm which was unique. To fall in love with her became a European habit. In this country, however, she never scored any very great success. In the beginning of her career she had little idea of acting, therefore that sterling artist Marie Laurent was summoned by the Maestro Saint Saëns to give Sanderson lessons in diction and in gesture; but when Madame Laurent arrived in the studio she found pupil and teacher so absorbed in each other that it was some minutes before they were alive to her presence. To give a lesson under such circumstances was well-nigh impossible.

Mary Garden shot into Paris like a meteor and became the rage at the Opéra Comique. She was the protégée of two great men, Albert Carré and André Messager, who were the joint directors of the Théâtre Lyrique. Garden was a born actress. Somehow I always regretted that her fine voice had robbed the stage of a great star.

Madame Nordica, whom I met often in my journeyings, was devoid of affectation. She was a very fine artist, but very simple withal. Her heart was as generous as her voice was wide of range. Her kindness to students, her encouragement of talent were proverbial. When she died her plans to establish a school of music were still in embryo. She retained the beauty of her art to the end.

Rewards of Hard Work

NORDICA'S career demonstrated the power of work, for she had not been endowed at birth with a vocal organ of any supreme quality. How often have I heard her say that it was to hard work alone that she owed her success! She had just plodded on, conquering one difficulty after another. She was a woman of remarkable intelligence and of indefatigable industry. Her courage was dauntless, her persistency infinite and her energy inexhaustible. I know of no artist who stands us a more commendable example to this generation than Madame Nordica.

Gertrude Atherton

But the most original and fascinating singer I have ever known is Emma Calvé. She has written her life, but she could never write her personality. She is meridional, as is her art. Early in her career while turning her back upon traditions she established them. Her Carmen became her very own. It has been imitated, but never equaled. The impress of herself was stamped upon every rôle she sang. Her vitality is as great today as ever. There is no dwindling of strength, no dwarfing of energy. She belongs to that generation which refuses to die while living. Her feet have never dragged wearily through experience. Tears and laughter were never concealed. Emotions were always genuine while they lasted.

I recall one of her early visits to this country when the dictating machine was a new invention. At that time she cherished a romantic attachment for a certain well-known man of letters whom she had left behind in Paris.

When I called at her hotel I found her absorbed in making records. Several rolls were ready to be posted to her admirer, while each week she received a corresponding roll from him. Not a bad idea for the transmission of messages across a cruel sea.

Emma Calvé was always disinterested in her sympathies. She has cared nothing about the material things of life. Though liking creature comforts to a normal extent, she has never been a slave to them. She bestows affection lavishly and has always belonged to that type of woman who gives much more than she receives. Calvé would have made a wonderful mother, almost as wonderful as Sarah Bernhardt, which is saying much. I can recall one episode in her life when, upon the eve of matrimony, she was accused of avarice by the prospective husband. She at once broke off the engagement, rushed from Paris, and conveyed a very large sum of money to a relation from whom she had constantly lived apart. At least this impulsive act would serve to prove to the deserted suitor that she, Calvé, was not a worshiper of gold or a hoarder of capital!

This anecdote is very characteristic of this lovable and temperamental woman. Like Nordica, Calvé is generous to a fault. Only last season, during her extended concert tour, she had found so many young women who excited her sympathy that at the end of the journey she had invited no fewer than fifteen to go to her château of Cabrières and there to spend the summer as her guests; proposing to give them free instruction while with her. Not only did she feel that she could develop their voices but, above all, that she could give them rosy cheeks and needed strength. "Poor children! They all looked so tired and so pale. I know what the air of my country will do for them."

Fortunately, however, when the date of sailing arrived, many of these young people were kept at home by parents who had not yet agreed to their following the operatic profession as a means of livelihood. Emma Calvé is not a rich woman. She gives and gives again. Above all, she never sings her miseries. This is her motto. She always says the kindly word. She always suppresses the unkind criticism. Her best song is ever in her soul.

I have often motored through the country of Calvé's birth and have readily understood her loyal admiration of it. All that stretch of the real South of France is full of beauty and rich in history. This is not confined to those "sunny places for shady people," such as Cannes, and Nice and Monte Carlo, but it is studded with wayside historical villages like Les Saintes Maries, where one finds a two-storied church, the upper part of it dedicated to Catholic worship while the lower hall is the spot of an annual gypsy pilgrimage where thousands flock to crown the king of their choice.

Then near Arles is that deserted town known as Les Baux which today is beautified by its ruins, and Avignon, that palace of the popes, which even now challenges a flattering comparison with the Vatican, which at one period it threatened to supplant.

Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain at an Inspection of Troops. Above—Mr. Hadden Chambers

The Fontainebleau Fish

IF ONLY Americans would desert Paris for France, how different would be their viewpoint and how much greater their understanding! Yet there are thousands who know practically nothing of the country they profess to love, beyond those centers where they keep on meeting each other. Even the Cook's tourists acquire a more intelligent appreciation of French manners, customs and history than do many of our compatriots to whom the Rue de la Paix is their pilgrimage and the trip to Versailles or to Fontainebleau their only objective.

The one criticism against the latter place is that it is on the wrong side of Paris. To get out of the city necessitates miles of street and of suburban ugliness, and until one is well on the road the itinerary is devoid of charm. Of course Fontainebleau itself, with its magnificent forests, is full of beauty and of interest; and before we had settled at Versailles, many were the excursions which we enjoyed in that neighborhood.

I remember a party of us once going down there to spend a week-end, when economy was in order. None of us felt that we could afford the fascinating and famous Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre. There was one of minor pretensions, however, which was an extensive advertiser of its advantages. As the prices there were much more moderate we arrived with our bags, deciding that before unpacking them we would test the food, a very sensible precaution as it afterwards turned out.

I was to order the dinner, which was a proof of confidence on the part of my friends. The patron of the hostelry welcomed us effusively, assuring us that we should be cared for as never before in our lives. Upon my inquiry as to the possibility of a good dinner, I was assured that everything would be of the best. As he described the menu the dishes became savory and succulent to our imagination. We could hardly wait for the announcement that the ladies were served.

With a great flourish the soup was set before us. It was anæmic and tepid. Yet we refused to be discouraged.

A long pause, when suddenly as the next dish appeared, the odor which filled the room was penetrating in its vileness. What could it be? A large fish was uncovered, and the stench was understood. Never before had I realized how bad a fish could be.

Continued on Page 154

SKOOKUM CHUCK

The Adventure of the Undesirable Gray Boat

She Had a Good Stroke The Upper Part of Her Body Swung Freely and Effortlessly From the Waist; the Sculls Left the Water and Were Feathered for Return With a Neat Businesslike Snap

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

ROGER MARSHALL was shaken into consciousness by the violent tossing of the cruiser. The sun, shining through the portholes, played like violently erratic searchlights back and forth, up and down, in circles and ellipses, crazily jerking. He swung from the bunk to his feet. Instantly he was cast with precipitation straight toward an uncompromisingly hard bulkhead, from collision with which he saved himself only by an acrobatic contortion. There seemed to be no plan or decent maritime rhythm, whether of roll or pitch or scending. The craft was shaken about. He assured his way to the companion by holding to the edge of the bunks, ascended until his head and shoulders were above the coaming of the hatch, steadied himself and looked about him.

The sun was shining brightly, the air was clear and sparkling, a little wind was blowing from the northwest. It was only a little wind, a breeze in advance of summer; certainly insufficient, one would think, to account for the enormous and peaked whitecaps which were so tossing the boat. These rose and fell straight up and down, or rushed forward or back, or whirled about without semblance of order or sequence.

The cruiser, moving ahead at lowered speed, did her best to adapt herself to their conflicting ideas, but was being sadly shaken and confused by the attempt. Forward in the pilot house were still the figures of both Bill and the healer of souls. The latter held the wheel, which he spun rapidly from time to time in an attempt to ease her over some peculiarly twisting comber. Bill, without other visible means of support than his own two feet, stood nonchalantly and miraculously and smoked a short pipe. Marshall glanced astern. The gulf sparkled blue and winking under the little breeze, but nowhere showed the whitecaps that would indicate heavy weather. Far in the distance, half to be guessed among the cloud hazes of the horizon, were the snow ranges of the mainland whence they had come.

He stepped to the deck and tried to see ahead. A low dark tree-clad strip of land lay squarely across the bows. Apparently the boat was driving squarely nose on against it. The shore showed black with jagged dripping rocks up which the sea water alternately surged and drained. There were no spray rockets of onward-running waves—merely an up-and-down wash of uneasiness. So near were the rocks that Marshall on first catching sight of them shrank back as though in expectation of a blow. Anaxagoras, glancing astern at this moment, waved his hand.

Marshall, clinging to the rail, stepped fully on deck. In spite of himself an uneasiness and an indignation rose in his breast. He knew a good deal about yachts. What were these fools up to? Didn't they realize that in this sea they were not leaving themselves room to maneuver? In another ten seconds they'd be piling her up.

In a melodramatic last-minute sort of scene-shifting fashion the line of black rocks directly ahead divided itself into a near plane and a back plane; and between them, sharp to the left and almost parallel to the coast line, opened a narrow channel like an S-shaped river. From it rushed a strong tide. This tide it was which, meeting the open waters and the wind outside, had raised the erratic and choppy seas. On the very instant of Marshall's recognition of this fact, the cruiser passed from them into the smoother running current.

He shook himself a trifle disgustedly as this obvious explanation occurred to him. He must have been half asleep! Actually for a few moments he had entertained the idiotic conceit that an attempt was being made to scare him by shaving close to disaster! Fine state of mind he was getting into already! Last night that silly fantasy of an assault of some kind on his inner self, and this morning an equally silly—though momentary, thank heaven!—idea of a flirtation with danger for his impressing! He was attaching altogether too much importance to—himself!

The cruiser stuck her nose into the current. Below, the engines beat in deeper rhythm as the throttle was opened. Slowly but steadily she began to force her way up the narrow passage against the strong run of the tide.

Two hundred yards in, the channel bent again sharply to the right, then as suddenly to the left. With a last effort the cruiser tore herself from the suction of the current and fairly darted forward into the flat rippling waters of what had the appearance of an immense inland lake. X. Anaxagoras turned the wheel over to his companion and came aft.

"Good morning," said he. "I trust you have slept. Now that we are in still water I'll see what can be done about breakfast."

His appearance and manner were not at all those of the formal practitioner in his office of yesterday. A buoyancy and what might be called a restrained heartiness informed the latter. As for the former, an old tweed cap, a gray flannel shirt, a pea-jacket, loose trousers and basket-ball shoes went as far as they could toward breaking professional dignity into an unexpected sheer youthfulness.

"We are," he volunteered, "now among the Channel Islands—off the coast of Vancouver Island. They run along unbroken for a hundred miles or so, except by passes much like the one through which we have come. Thousands of 'em; all sizes, big and little."

Bill revolved the wheel thoughtfully, and the cruiser swung her bow to the left and headed down the length of the apparent lake.

"Looks as though there were no way out down there, doesn't it?" observed Anaxagoras cheerfully. "Always looks that way—until you get there. Hundreds of ways out—in all directions. Just islands, you see; little and big, and channels between them, of course."

He disappeared down the hatch.

Marshall for lack of other occupation sank into the easy-chair. The water sparkled with little tossing waves, but there was no heave of ground swell. The cruiser moved forward as steadily as though on a pond. The shores slipped by, near to port, distant to starboard; low, wooded, with rounded hills. In the distance to the west were higher mountains. The sun was very warm. The

engines beat rhythmically. Marshall found himself drowsing, cat-napping, waking again with a little start. He came to himself suddenly to find again the healer of souls standing in the hatchway

"Come and get it," invited the latter; then, raising his voice, "Oh, Bill! Come eat."

"No hurry; eat yourself," rumbled the man at the wheel without turning.

Marshall reflected drowsily as he shook himself together that all he yet knew of Bill was a burly back. He descended to the cabin.

There on the small yacht's table which had spread its wings between the bunks were coffee, ham and eggs and bread. Anaxagoras waved his hands at them and without further ceremony fell to.

Marshall seated himself. He had not felt the need of food, but now he found himself ravenously hungry. The two men stoked up in a silence which he was uninterested to break, and of which his companion seemed quite unaware. The latter finished first, and arose, clearing away his own dishes into a small sink. Marshall was suddenly overcome by an overpowering drowsiness. Without a word he rolled himself backward into the bunk on which he had been sitting and instantly once more fell asleep.

II

HIS slumbers must have been very profound, though at times he was dimly conscious of certain things. The entrance and departure of Bill in search of sustenance left him unaware, as did movements to and fro that had to do with deck work, with the washing of dishes and similar matters. When, however, the steady burr of the engines dropped in pitch he stirred a little. The rattle of an anchor chain penetrated to his consciousness as an alien disturbance apparently far away. But with the dead silence that succeeded the turning off of the engines he came dully awake.

The boat lay almost as still as though set in concrete. The sunlight through the portholes did not waver by the breadth of a hand. Feet moved heavily to and fro above; and there were rattlings of blocks and sounds of some ponderous business a-doing; probably putting the dinghy overside, Marshall reflected drowsily. For a moment he contemplated going on deck to ascertain the surroundings; again he considered rising for the purpose of putting himself and his belongings in order. Neither of these impulses possessed sufficient strength to reach his motor centers. He felt lazy, superlatively lazy—too lazy, for example, even to move his hands or feet.

Someone started down the companionway. Marshall closed his eyes; and as the newcomer continued to move about the little cabin, he kept them closed. And shortly he was sound asleep once more.

When he awoke for the third time he came to instantly and with his head quite clear and refreshed. The sunlight had disappeared from the cabin, and a cool air breathed sweetly down the hatchway. Motionless forms occupied the two other bunks. The remains of a meal still littered the table. From outside came two insistent sounds—the steady tiny lappings of water against the side of the craft and the exuberant wild crying of sea birds.

Marshall glanced at his wrist watch, but found to his disgust that it had stopped. He swung his legs over the side of the bunk, in two minds as to what to do. His physical fastidiousness called to his attention that he had not had his clothes off in many hours, that his face was unshaved and unwashed; but his natural considerateness reminded him of the fact that his companions had been up all night. The latter thought decided him. Cautiously he made his way up the companionway and out on deck.

The yacht lay at anchor near the middle of what seemed to be an oval lake, perhaps a mile across its widest part. There seemed to Marshall to be no break in its circumference, as break there must be unless some levitation magic might be premised to have transported this massive fabric and all it contained bodily overland from the sea. The shores were low and wooded, though to the west—as though some distance inland—rose a moderately high square mountain, the shadow of which a low declining sun had cast across the whole immediate prospect. Innumerable waterfowl of many sorts carried on a garrulous business. Groups of gulls, floating high, screamed and cackled consumedly over some reprehensible ribaldry of their own. Flap-skitter ducks talked low tuck-a-chuck confidences to one another. Trim, modest little dabchicks consorting monogamously two by two swam a trifle nervously back and forth, their slim necks upstretched, their eyes perplexedly bright, liking the place but deprecating the loud vulgarity, saying nothin' to nobody. Small companies of self-conscious grebes proceeded effortlessly from nowhere in particular to nowhere else in particular, for the sole purpose of arching their long necks and proving that one does not have to be big in order to possess the far-famed swanlike grace. "Overrated creatures, swans, anyway," they remarked to each other; "and so few of them as compared with us."

Over in a far corner two loons floated motionless above their own trim reflections. From time to time they laughed at all the rest—derisively, with an almost orgiastic touch of impatience too long restrained; or uttered their wild haunting cry of longing for something unattainable. And occasionally a flap-skitter duck, making up his mind to go a-visiting, gave himself over to the serious business of flight. Flap-flap-flap, skitter, skitter, skitter went he, taxiing along like an underpowered airplane, leaving behind him incredible churnings of a wake. Inch by inch he rose until at last even the tips of his wings ceased to beat the water, and he could apply his mind to the tremendous task of tucking up his legs. Having proved he could do it, he promptly descended again to his more congenial element with all the headlong rush and swish of a launched ship. The outraged echoes of the effort died. He wagged his little tail, ruffled his feathers, shook himself all over, and made unto himself low duck remarks of a congratulatory nature. All of which being accomplished the lake could turn its attention to some of its other creatures.

Altogether a sociable, busy, conversational and self-centered kind of place. And the extraordinary part of it was that all this self-complacent and cheerful clamor seemed not at all to disturb the still and gentle evening peace which was all the time softly and steadily condensing like a shadowed mist.

(Continued on Page 113)

"I Agree With You," He Rejoined With an Unexpected Crispness. "It's Time to Quit Fooling. Now I Want to Know What You Think You're Doing, Giving Orders Aboard My Boat?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $3 00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3 00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4 00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 3, 1923

What is a Newspaper?

THE recent strike of newspaper pressmen in New York afforded a rare opportunity for ascertaining the present-day conception of journalistic essentials. For several days the newspapers combined in the publication of one small issue. Then, as new staffs were assembled to take the places of the strikers, the papers began to put out individual issues again, beginning with four pages and gradually working up in size. When a newspaper which ordinarily appears with sixteen to twenty-four pages is cut down to four, it is evident that only the most important reading matter can be printed; and it is fair to assume that the condensed issues of the strike days gave an indication of the New York editors' idea of essentials.

The function of the newspaper is to present the news of the day, and it might reasonably be supposed that these emergency issues would be models of condensation, with all the news of the world presented in them, and with as little space as possible devoted to headlines. In the days when metropolitan papers were never more than four pages in size it was found possible in that limited space to present the essential news of the day together with editorial comment.

During the recent strike the New York editors ran on the front pages the most spectacular news stories—the situation in the Ruhr, the trial of a millionaire's son for murder, the mysterious killing of a high-school girl—all played up with bold headlines. The rest of the space was given over pretty largely to sporting and financial news, theatrical gossip, comic strips and "colyums." So much space was utilized to carry on daily features and syndicated flubdubbery that there was nothing like an adequate presentation of world happenings. There was little indication, even, of a desire to conserve space. The joint issues, for instance, carried a large reproduction of the heading of each newspaper, thus wasting valuable front-page space to demonstrate a fact that had been made quite clear.

The large size to which metropolitan newspapers have grown of recent years has made features and departments possible and, perhaps, necessary. To afford entertainment for readers and to achieve a certain distinctiveness newspapers have added all manner of daily features, employing special writers, comic artists and colyumists for the purpose. The race for frills and extras has resulted in a huge output of good, bad and indifferent stuff. Perhaps this has made the newspaper more interesting to the average reader. There seems to be no ground to doubt the fondness of the great public for the cheap banalities of the comic strip or to dispute the widespread interest in sporting news. As circulation getters these features have undoubtedly been found to have value, and most of the newspapers use them, to some extent at least. But the manner in which many of the New York papers were conducted during the strike gives reason for serious speculation as to what is the real function of the newspaper. Is it more important to present the pictured adventures of the Googles and the Gumps than to find space for an adequate presentation of the day's news? Would the public rather have Abie the Agent than information on the revolution in Spain? Are the prosings of the smart young colyumists of first interest to the wide metropolitan audience? Should racing charts and box scores be presented when space is at a premium and real news is excluded? Does the public prefer feathers to meat? And should the newspaper foster such a preference on the part of its public if it exists?

Publishers and editors might profitably study these strike issues and consider where they are heading before they drift any farther off their course.

The Autocrat's Opportunity

THE military uprising in Spain, with the consequent suppression of the cabinet and the dissolution of parliament by the king, expressed popular dissatisfaction with that portion of the government which may be said most nearly to express the democratic idea. In other European countries there have been popular demonstrations avowedly inspired by a similar purpose—to secure a more honest and efficient administration of the business of governing by representatives of the people. In Spain the government which was substituted for the discredited officials was despotic in its powers and more or less unconstitutional in its form. Broadly speaking, the democratic idea in practice seems to be succeeding, after the world's tragic experience with the irresponsibilities of an autocratic ruler, just about as it has done in the past—in proportion to the active interest which the people of the country take in the choice of those who are to govern them, and in public affairs generally.

This is as it should be. In an autocracy the ruler is generally as good at his job as his moral and mental qualifications will let him be. He is supposed to be inspired to just and wise government by pride in his country, his throne and his family line, and to be restrained from selfish, oppressive or slovenly government by a sense of the responsibility which his supreme powers impose upon him. He must answer to his own conscience and judgment.

Similar influences affect in a minor degree those charged with government by the democratic idea. Bearing a relation to the job and to the voters somewhat like that which the directors in a business corporation bear to the work of the company and its stockholders, public officials logically enough regard themselves as responsible primarily to those with a stake in the concern who keep themselves informed about its doings and the aims and plans of its directors. For those other voters, or stockholders—and these usually are in a numerical majority—who content themselves with casting ballots at a meeting or perhaps not voting at all, the officials in this, as in other concerns, feel indifference at best. They are aware that their own future is reasonably secure, provided that they satisfy the demands of the handful of voters who picked them for the job and who intend to superintend the picking of a new board when the time comes.

Under these conditions delegated government loses much of its identification with the democratic idea, except in name, and we have in effect a camouflaged autocracy, to the erection and operation of which the average voter has given his tacit approval by failure to exercise the franchise energetically. Such a body is likely to survive as long as those in power are shrewd enough to recognize discontent and capable enough to smother it with some popular concession before the trouble has come to a head. The fortunate fact is that excessive abuse of power, if unrebuked, breeds such contempt on the autocrats' part for the voter at large that eventually the situation becomes intolerable and there is an uprising and often an overturn. The unfortunate fact is that the indignation which effects this overturn is apt to run away with common sense and the movement falls into the hands of professional agitators—or, as in the case of Spain, of the military—and sometimes becomes a revolution against democracy as well as a revolt against the offending officials.

It is true that the democratic idea in the countries in which it has had a setback was relatively undeveloped, and the governmental representatives of that idea were probably inefficient in a degree for which there is no counterpart in a democracy like our own. But it is also true that the greater efficiency of our representatives in office and our longer experience with a more logical and extended form of democratic government do not of themselves remove a danger which is directly bound up in the voter and his part in the work of government. Indeed, there is no governmental situation potentially more serious than that in which those whose interests are at stake content themselves with reflections upon their superior intelligence and their successes as a nation. Age is supposed to impart solidarity and permanency to an institution founded upon sound principles; but also, under conditions of neglect or misuse, it produces decay. A form of government which has endured even for nearly a century and a half, weathering some severe storms by the way, is not thereby insured against change.

It is not enough that the believer in the democratic idea shall size up for himself the character and ability of the candidates for office and cast his vote accordingly. The job of government in a democracy depends finally upon the amount of honesty, information and judgment at the command of the voter rather than upon the degree in which these qualifications are possessed by those who might be chosen for office. And with each year the problem of exercising the right of franchise intelligently demands more of the voter, not so much because of the ceaseless efforts of the professional politician to perpetuate the power of his organization for his own ends as because of the growing complexity of the problems of government. The local point of view upon almost any question of public policy no longer will serve the healthy purposes of even village administration. Developments in communication have made restricted public-service improvements a matter of interest only less vital to neighboring communities than to those which they directly serve. Travel by roadways has linked village to village and these to cities, so that a constriction anywhere in the arteries of movement is apt to be felt over much of the network. The growth of mechanical industry and events connected with the production and marketing of foodstuffs and fuel have brought about a clearer understanding of the actual interdependence as to essentials of all parts of the country and of the consequent need for government, everywhere, which shall be informed broadly and shall administer its affairs accordingly. Finally, the influences working upon our international front, as a result of the war and following events, indicate that the government which takes a sectional point of view in dealing with problems in any way involving national interests is about the most expensive luxury in which the voters responsible for that government can indulge.

We may not be ready to act upon the assumption that the whole world in its needs is an economic unit and that our foreign relations should be shaped by our trade demands rather than by our national traditions and our peculiar geographical position and wealth of resources, but at least we must recognize that no economical or political event abroad is without its eventual reaction on the interests of our own people, and that if democratic government is to endure and to function with tolerable efficiency it must be administered by representatives whose continuance in office depends upon reflecting the judgment of an informed and actively interested electorate and not the purposes of a minority which is always selfish in the worst sense and often narrow-minded. To do so is to expect nothing more or less than enlightened self-interest, and such self-interest is the corner stone of the democratic idea.

American Coöperation for World Peace—By David Jayne Hill

II. The Relations of the United States to the Existing Machinery for Maintaining Peace

IT WAS not unnatural, perhaps, in 1918, to believe that a method that had brought a nominal peace to Europe by overwhelming the powers that had broken it could succeed, if perpetuated by a solemn compact, in preserving peace in the future.

Experience has shown, as a more careful analysis might at the time have disclosed, that when the common danger was ended it was chiefly the separate national interests that survived the victory.

After concluding the sanguinary period of the war by the Armistice, on November 11, 1918, the victors convoked at Paris a peace conference, the double object of which was: (1) to impose conditions of peace upon the vanquished enemy, and (2) to reorganize the world by a political compact in such a manner as to provide for the world's future peace. This second object was believed to have been accomplished by the Covenant of the League of Nations, an international constitution incorporated as an inseparable part of the Treaty of Versailles and other treaties, and designed to mature and preserve their fruits.

The League of Nations

FROM the conditions in which the Conference of Paris was called it was impossible that this assembly, some of whose members were just emerging into statehood as a result of the war, and some of them awaiting with anxiety the will of the victors to decide their fate, should act in any democratic fashion, or upon the lines of the older diplomacy, by which all states were considered juridically equal.

From the point of view of terminating a victorious war, the principal allied and associated powers were entirely within their rights in imposing and executing a punitive peace. But from the point of view of a permanent reorganization of the world in the interest of peace, the form of organization required to be based upon a broader and firmer foundation than a compact of mutual armed protection. In order to establish an adequate organization for future peace it was necessary to provide a place which the vanquished as well as the victors could accept and occupy with honor.

So far as the Covenant of the League of Nations is an exclusive military alliance, explicitly laying down conditions in which a state of war would automatically be resumed or initiated, and in which all the members of the League would be automatically involved [Article XVI of the Covenant], the League was, in principle, not an organization for strictly peaceful development, but an arrangement to prevent the occurrence of a local war by the menace of a general war to suppress it.

Without going more deeply into the nature of the Covenant, which obliged the members of the League either to engage in war without a specific declaration or to declare war in contingent circumstances, it is evident that the Government of the United States could not, in conformity with its constitutional obligations, accept unreserved membership in this alliance; the main purpose of which was to preserve and perpetuate the decisions of the Supreme Council, originally composed of ten, and at times of only three, representatives of the victors in the war. Articles X, XI and XVI, besides other obligations, explicit or implied, were seen to be insurmountable barriers to participation in the League on the part of the United States. Efforts to remove these barriers by means of reservations were found to be unavailing, and not only the decision of the Senate but the "solemn referendum" invoked in an appeal to the electorate definitely determined the abstention of the United States from acceptance of the Covenant.

Rejection of the League

SO LONG as the question of the United States' entering the League of Nations continues to be pressed, so long will it be necessary to remind the people of the United States why that proposal can never receive the approval of a united nation unless the Covenant is profoundly altered. Majorities are incalculable, but there will always remain in the United States an opposition to the acceptance of obligations which the Constitution of the United States does not authorize the Government to lay upon the people and to bind upon posterity.

It has sometimes been assumed and asserted that if other nations can participate in such a compact the United States can do so also. The primary error in this

(Continued on Page 170

RIVAL SCHOOLS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Tourist

A HERMIT thrush sings overhead;
He does not hear its liquid song.
The trees are splashed with gold and red;
He cares not as he speeds along.
He sees no stream nor rippling brook,
No purple hills, nor pine trees tossing,
But buried deeply in his book
He reads "Turn left at R. R. crossing."

The fields are ripe with golden grain;
He passes by it, all unheeding.
Through open road and leafy lane
He sits absorbed in what he's reading.
Beside him swathed in heavy veils
Reclines his placid, portly madam.
She's buried deep in Snippy Tales;
He reads "Bear left on smooth macadam."

For him the clover-scented meads,
The streams that wind through hill and hollow,
The rustic scenes through which he speeds
Are but direction marks to follow.
The charm of field and wood and sky
With scorn he leaves to those who need it.
He has his book, I wonder why
He doesn't stay at home and read it.

—Newman Levy.

Hotels an' Prohibition

MR. JOE KITE, who operates a vein o' hotels on th' pawpaw circuit, talks interestin'ly o' how bravely th' hotelkeepers o' th' country held up under th' first year or two o' prohibition. "It took some mighty hard studyin' t' figure out some way t' make up th' losses brought about by cuttin' out th' bars. Why, when my bars wuz open ever' cent we took in at th' desks wuz velvet. It wuz possible t' give a guest a second egg without feelin' it, an' we changed our roller towels reg'larly ever' Saturday. Often a traveler would register an' then go in th' bar, an' his bed wouldn' be mussed up fer a week, an' he wouldn' eat much either, an' as I operated American-plan hotels, it would mean a big profit. We could make our guests feel fur more at home in th' ole bar days. T'day folks seem t' feel like they're up against it when they go t' a hotel. We now have t' cut our pies eight ways t' show a profit, an' we peel our p'taters with emery paper. When we used t' clean up thirteen cents on each little drink o' liquor, we didn' have t' watch th' kitchen so close. A great drawback t' secret drinkin' is that an ambulance is allus backed up t' th' hotel door jest when th' transfer truck wants t' use it. If ther's anything I hate t' see it's a guest carried out, an' often they die without settlin' up. Our new rule is that all guests with flasks must settle in advance.

"I think it wuz Landlord Gabe Craw, o' th' New Palace Hotel at Bloom Center, that first discovered that we could git fifty cents fer a baked Idaho p'tater, instead of a nickel, an' that has been a big help in makin' up th' bar losses. It wuz a long time before I knowed folks would dance without bein' lit up, an' I guess it wuz almost three months after th' country went dry before I had café dancin'. O' course, th' guest has t' eat $1.75 worth before he's allowed t' dance. Th' saxophone has been a big help too. Ther's somethin' intoxicatin' about th' saxophone, an' I believe young people need more watchin' around where ther's saxophone music than they do around an open bar. Saxophone players are very plentiful an' cheap, an' o' fair quality, an' us hotelkeepers find that baked Idaho p'taters, saxophone music, an' possibly chicken à la King, a combinatun o' pork or veal, boiled eggs, et cet'ra, on toast, jest about makes up fer what we used t' git in from our bars. O' course, our house doctors make ten times as much money as they used to, an' my rakeoff from the earnin's, an' my revenue from empty bottles, t'gether with th' other things I've mentioned, keeps me purty optumistic. Yes, indeed, th' hotel business might be fur worse'n it is."

ABE MARTIN.

"After Securing the Coveted Privilege of Taking Pictures of His Gracious Majesty, the King, the Photographer Discovers He Forgot His Lens

Where is the News of Yesteryear?

WHAT'S become of Coué?
What price suggestion now?
Has it perhaps gone flooey?
Or is it still a wow?
Do his disciples, steadfast, pray
Every day in every way,
Or have they turned to beauty clay?

And what of Tut-enk-hamen,
Whose name you may recall?
The papers I examine,
But find no news at all.
The king is dead; and moth and rust
Corrupt his treasures; housewives must
Use King Tut waists to clean and dust

Such fame as Tut-enk-hamen's
Like autumn leaves must fall;
Today who eats vitamines?
Who murdered Doctor Hall?
Yet, though all else time's laws obey,
One item's fresh from day to day
They tell us Peace is on the Way.

—Morris Bishop.

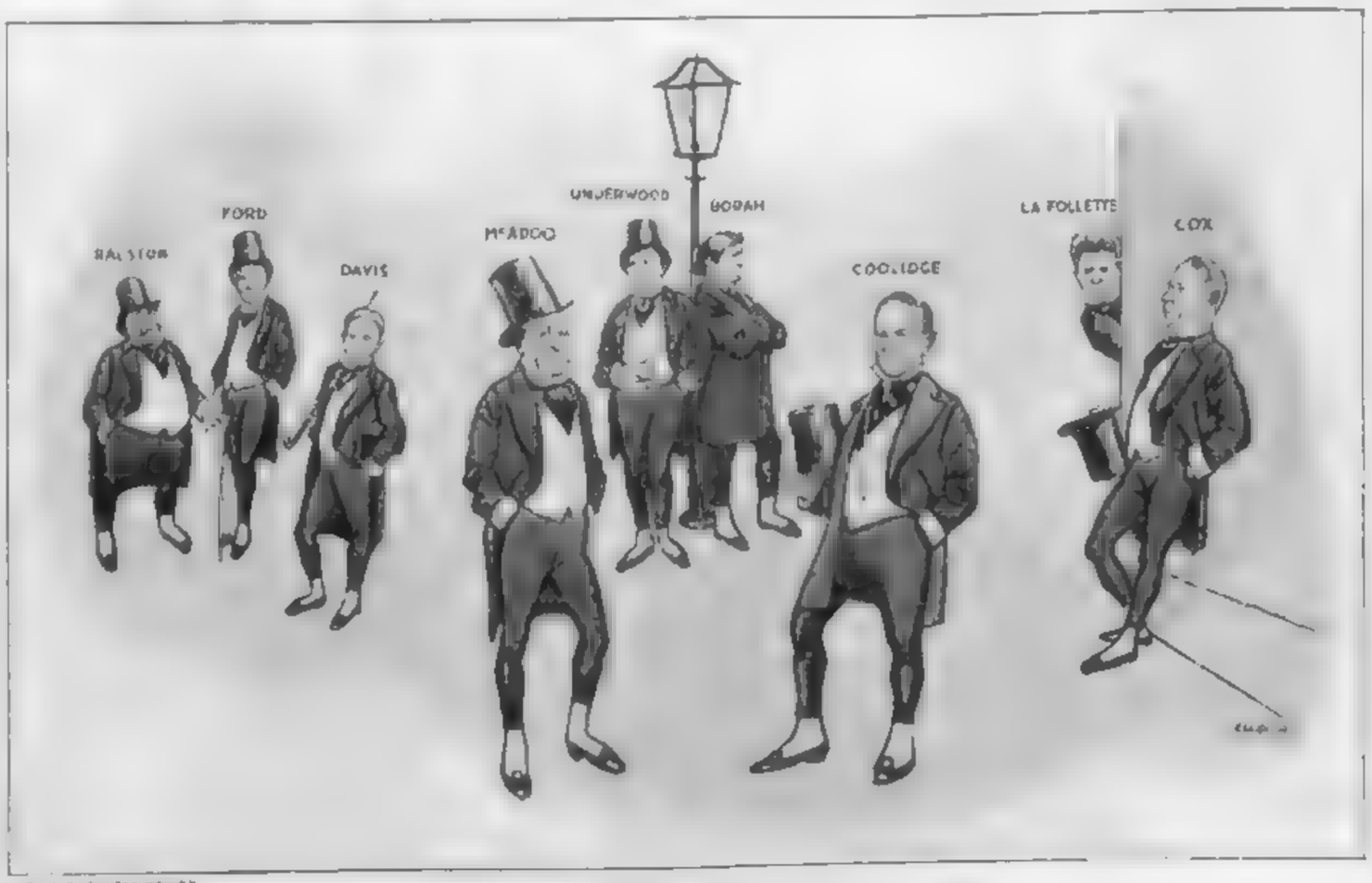
Comment of a Country Editor

"WHAT this country needs," a distinguished scientist is quoted as saying, "is a business man for President." That is the favorite bromide of a people and, never having really thought about it, most of them believe it implicitly. But the probabilities are it isn't true. Government isn't business; it's service. Business gets its impetus from shrewd judgment backed up by energy and industry. Service needs and must have imagination and sentiment. Expressing the thought as a generalization, and admitting exceptions, a good business man is out of his element in public office. What is needed in the presidential office—and in every other public office—is clear-headed sincerity and courage. We have had some measurably good Presidents in the last hundred years. Not one of them was a business man.

Erv Riggs is the best business man in our town. He is worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He started from nowhere and got it bit by bit in a community in which fifty thousand dollars is a fortune. He is a good citizen and a good neighbor. But nobody in this community wants Erv to run for President. They would consider his candidacy a great joke. They remember his administration as mayor as the most unsatisfactory the town has known. As mayor he thought in terms of his lumberyard and his bank. His official hand was ever palsied by the fear that it would drive away trade. This town long ago stopped electing business men to office. They couldn't give the service.

Probably the solution of the troubles of civilization is universal good taste. That is equivalent

(Continued on Page 147



Presidential Micawbers Waiting for Something to Turn Up

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

The vote that sweeps the nation!

VOTE FOR Campbell's SOUPS

"Every single can contains our business reputation." That is our only "platform." For whether or not the American housewife is to cast her daily vote for Campbell's at the grocery store, depends on just one thing—that spoonful of Campbell's Soup which she lifts to her lips. And her choice is shown in the amount of Campbell's Soups she buys every day throughout the United States.

Just one steaming, delicious plateful of Campbell's hearty and nourishing Vegetable Soup will enlist you in the army of Campbell's enthusiasts. Thirty-two different ingredients—fifteen tempting vegetables, strength-giving cereals, appetizing meat broth—are blended in this one popular soup!

For luncheon For dinner For supper

21 kinds
12 cents a can

From coast to coast we proudly boast
Our candidate's the winner.
Our only speech the crowd to reach
Is Campbell's Soup for dinner!

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

INSTINCT OR REASON

Animals I Have Known in the Jungle

By W. A. Fraser

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

OF COURSE, to chat about Indian jungles and not mention the monkeys would be like a description of a city with no reference to its dwellers. There are always monkeys, many kinds of them. The natives call them bandar log—the slave people.

In Burma we had a tribe that were called locally hunaman; gray, black-faced tree dwellers. The males, as they looked down at one, the black face surrounded by white whiskers, always wore a puzzled, plaintive look. They were lengthy of limb, long of tail and light bodied, built expressly for their mode of travel, which consisted in racing to the top of a tree and shooting out in a flying leap downward to the limb of another—the tail, as if it did the trick automatically, twisting about the limb with a grip quite strong enough to suspend the monkey's body. In these flying leaps and in the race up the tree, the monkey babe always lay flat, slung under the mother, its hands and feet grasping the mother's fur.

Once, standing quietly on a jungle path, I saw a female of this tribe sitting on a limb with her back toward me. Behind her on the limb a babe monk about a quarter grown was skylarking, pinching his mother and trying to tie a knot in her tail. Suddenly I saw him stand up, put his front paws under the mother's chin, pull her head over backwards and kiss her. The mother, her heart full of affection, I fancy was delighted, for her head went over willingly and she caressed the babe's cheek with her own.

A Big Rubberlike Nose Patted Him on the Rump, and, a Length in the Lead, the Little Chap Raced for the Finish Line

One of our sahibs, Bell, shot a monkey, and I think the deed haunted him for years—in fact, I know it did. The monkeys had been troublesome in the way of robbing the fruit trees, and some other depredation that I forget now; and in the way of driving them away, Bell, I think, shot up in the tree, not really meaning to kill one. It really does seem almost like killing a human being to shoot a monkey. At any rate, a small monkey was wounded, but did not fall, the long tail twined about the limb probably holding it in place. The tree was not far from our bungalow, and all night we could hear a monkey crying, and thought it was the wounded one; but when Bell went out in the morning he discovered that though the other monkeys had cleared out, the mother of the wounded one had sat beside it all night; and she was still there, sobbing plaintively.

Various Monkey Tricks

WE HAD the surly dog-nosed baboon in the jungle. Unlike the hunaman, they were ground dwellers, feeling no need of taking to the trees for safety; vicious creatures that, a big family of them together, no animal would trouble. Often when my jungle path passed through a place these surly people were feeding in I'd feel uneasy. Some slight accident, some sudden suspicion of an attack, would bring the whole tribe onto one, and a man wouldn't last many minutes. I've seen it stated that there were no baboons in India; but there were—tough chaps.

A very numerous tribe on Borango was known as the water monkey. They didn't grow very large, and were gray, with no particular markings. They were always prowling along the seashore or up in the trees adjacent. The natives assured me that they fished crabs out of holes in the rocks by sticking their tails in, and when a crab laid hold of the hairy thing that tickled his nose, with a claw, he was yanked out to be smashed with a stone and picked to pieces.

I rather believed this story, for many times I had seen these monkeys, stone in hand, batter oysters open on the rocks; and then the monk would wash the oysters before eating them.

There are always pro and con questions where animals are concerned, because the defendants, so to speak, can't plead in a language understood by man; and man, cornered, will often warp the rigid truth by claiming that he has seen something which perhaps he has only dreamed. I rather think it was this tangented streak in humanity that caused Colonel Roosevelt to tag many writers of animal stories Nature Fakers.

Now, one of these disputatious things is, Can monkeys swim? Naturally it comes to this: That if they can't it's a strong bit of evidence that they are related to man, because man can't, without tuition. The natives on Ramree Island declared without any hesitation that the monkey couldn't swim. But as all the thousand or more islands of that regular archipelago had monkeys on them I asked how this happened. The natives assured me that the monkeys easily crossed all the many narrow creeks by walking over on the bottom. They didn't seem to think that there was anything extraordinary about it either. Of course, if the monkey could get across without wetting his hide he preferred to do so; and when there were two overhanging trees, one on either side of the creek, and the monkeys could manage it, they promptly built a suspension bridge. Perhaps the natives told me that one powerful monkey, anchored in a tree by hind legs and tail, grasped another monkey by the cannon bones of his hind legs and swung him across till he could grasp the tree on the other side. At any rate, the bridge was built something in this way, and the whole family crossed over, the anchor man being swung at the finish to the Land of Promise.

Now I'll admit that natives are not above stringing a sahib if they find him a good listener and if he seems pleased over the absorption of valuable knowledge; so there was an addendum to the crossing of streams by monkeys, partly believable and partly open to the extent of one's faith. It was very natural, as the native said, for a monkey to walk out on a log or even a canoe in a creek and, if possible, try to spring across.

Buffalo

THAT part I readily believe, but the collateral was not so assimilative it's this: The muggers—the crocodiles—that thronged those muddy waters knew that the monkeys liked a lift over of this sort, and they also knew that they were very fond of monkey meat; so it was quite a habit with the crocodiles, when they observed a family of monks on the edge of a creek, to swim under water to the mud bank and then gradually let their rough barklike backs emerge, looking for all the world like partly submerged logs. The crocodile would keep his head under water, and when a monkey—perhaps six of them, the more the merrier—spying the friendly log, clicked along it on his little-toed feet, Old Crock would slide off into the water, submerge, and pick up for a cabin passage the drowning monkey.

The true buffalo, *Bos bubalus*, is not much like what we are pleased to call buffalo in America. Our buffalo is a bison; and the buffalo of Burma and India is a huge lumbering creature with horns like giant tulwars, and a hide a little more bluish gray than an elephant's and as devoid of hair. He likes to lie in a mixture of mud and water, and any body of men selected to award a prize for intelligence in the animal kingdom would hand Mister Bos Bubalus the booby prize after one look.

But he has queer piglike ideas of his rights. A tiger that attacks buffalo with the idea of picking off a calf gets tossed about like a football. The buffalo, with their curious little piglike squeak—something like we-a-ah, we-a-ah—form a circle, heads out, the calves inside, and Stripes has a fine chance. In fact, buffalo are often used to drive out a tiger from small thick cover, such as jaman, coriander and elephant grass. Especially will brinjarries, a tribe of nomadic cattle herders, undertake such a job for a sahib who will pay for it, with their half-domesticated buffalo. And a brinjarry herdsman, when he is coming to such a cover, where he has suspicion of a tiger, will mount to the broad back of a buffalo and twiddle his fingers at Raj Bagh.

My experience of buffalo was limited—at least crystallized by an incident on Borango Island. The Burmese use these huge creatures for plowing the rice fields, which is always done while they are under water and with the crotch of a tree as a plow; also milk from the cow buffalo is part of their food. Now these buffalo are in a semiwild state, and they are more dangerous to a white man than so many wild buffalo would be; for the wild animals, with their

(Continued on Page 34)

A *"double action"* cleansing for your kitchen sink

Sunbrite keeps it odorless and sanitary as well as spotless

Double action *yet costs less*

JUST as regularly as dish washing, comes the cleaning of the kitchen sink. It is easy enough to keep it attractively white and stainless, but even then you wonder if it is thoroughly clean and sanitary.

Modern plumbing fixtures in kitchen or bathroom do require a great deal of care. To keep them free from odors and impurities, a sweetening, purifying agent is required.

This is the great quality which **Sunbrite,** the double action cleanser, contributes to the household. It scours off stains and cuts away grease, as any ordinary cleanser does, but it does much more. In the cleansing process, it also sweetens and purifies.

For **Sunbrite** has in its composition an element which has this purifying action. There is also enough abrasive in it to give it a thorough scouring quality and yet it will not mar a surface by scratching. **Sunbrite** does not hurt the hands, either, as it has no harsh chemicals that might irritate the skin.

The economy of **Sunbrite** is another unusual feature. In it, *double action* and yet its price is much lower than you often pay! The great production facilities of Swift & Company make this price advantage possible. And with each can there is a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

In kitchen or bathroom, wherever a cleanser can be used about the house, **Sunbrite** saves one process in the work of cleaning. "Double action" means not only scouring but also sweetening and purifying—a new standard of household cleanliness. Test its cleansing power on your kitchen sink.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there. A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

(Continued from Page 32)

acute sense of preservation and danger, would flee unless wounded and cornered. Of course it must be purely a matter of scent, perhaps a little of attire, because I don't suppose a water buffalo would have sense enough to distinguish between a tanned sahib and a yellow-skinned Burman.

One day I heard from the bungalow on Borango a jungle cock crowing up on the hills, and quite a distance off to the right. I got out my double-barreled shotgun and took a Bengali servant with me. Probably a quarter of a mile away we passed over a path that led through a low swampy patch thickly covered with scrub bushes. From this swamp patch we came out upon what is called a paddy field a flat where rice had grown and was now in yellow stubble. It was probably half a mile long, and devoid of trees—a bit of flatland like a meadow that lay between the jungle hills and the seashore.

I had not gone more than thirty yards into this field when I stopped to consider just what direction I should take toward the jungle fowl; I think, too, I was waiting to hear the cock crow again.

Suddenly my servant gave a startled cry of *"Dekko, sahib"*—"look out, sir!"

And hearing some noise behind me, I turned about and saw probably twenty buffalo coming up out of the bushed swamp through which we had passed. They were strung across the end of the paddy field like a platoon of soldiers, and they were cross, jerking their heads significantly and uttering that impatient anger squeak.

Within three seconds the servant took to his heels. I had just been debating whether it wasn't a proper thing to make him stand there, knowing the buffalo didn't mind a native, while I legged it; however, he had, so to speak, beaten me to it. If I, too, had taken to my heels I should have been trampled to death, punched full of holes, tossed to pieces; I had sense enough to know that. Like many big clumsy brutes they could gallop with great speed. No chance that way, I determined at once.

Man-Eating Saurians

OF COURSE these thoughts were as you might count five; but even at that the buffalo were getting impatient. Their huge horns lying almost flat, back on their necks, their noses stuck straight out and their piglike eyes literally gleaming, they were a trying gang. They were advancing now on the hard soil, stamping their hoofs as a bull does when he is working himself up into a passion.

A touch of inspiration told me that nothing but a bluff could save something I was very fond of—my life. If I stood there, or if I started to run, I lost anyway. I had just one chance in a thousand, and I had to take it quick.

I cocked both barrels of the shotgun, swung the butt under my right arm, two fingers on the triggers, took off my big white pith topee, and, swinging it frantically in my left hand, I charged the center of the buffalo line, yelling at the top of my voice, holding in reserve this—that if the line didn't part I would drive the contents of both barrels into the face of a big bull that seemed to be the leader and was in the center.

Before I had covered half the distance between us the line split as if a giant wedge had been driven home; and the buffalo, breaking into a gallop, thundered past me on either side. I almost hoped that they would catch the cowardly servant, for they were heading the way he had gone. Then I sat down on a log and tried to tighten up my nerves, which had gone flabby.

That was my only experience with *Bos bubalus*, but it was a rather strong introduction. All sorts of animals are like all sorts of men—sometimes they'll stand the gaff and sometimes they won't. Even the same animal, or man, will sometimes stand the gaff and sometimes he won't.

I saw a good deal of Old Crock while I was on Ramree Island. We had a joint water-and-jungle trail from Kyouk Phyou to where I was stationed—Mynbin; and six miles of it we had to make in a log canoe, using the salt-water creeks that ran between walls of overhanging mangrove trees and low swampy flats.

Now in a log canoe it's dangerous to shift a chew of tobacco from one cheek to the other, because the keelless bottom seems possessed of an insane desire to slide. Of course, some day, I suppose, these canoes will all be armed with gyroscopes.

Perhaps Johnny Burman, as the Burmese native is called, has a sense of humor; in fact, like the Gurkha, he is credited with this redeeming feature. One phase of his humor is, like that of the Fat Boy in Pickwick Papers, a desire to make your flesh creep; and the Burmese boatmen who paddled me up and down assured me that the crocodiles were much given to rising under a canoe to tip it over and come by a lunch. However, they never ate me—didn't even try it; though I have a very authentic account of a crocodile higher up, in Chittagong, pulling off a somewhat similar trick

The natives, Mroongs, brought bamboos down the Korna Phooli River in great rafts, the bamboos being fastened at their big end and the other end trailing in the water, the whole thing built exactly like a thatched roof. Sometimes a raft of this sort is half a mile long; and the bamboos being loose, it is an unstable craft. At Rungamuttee there was a crocodile that was a man-eater. Of course, just here we are up against the never-ending dispute, some claiming—writing it out, too, at that—that crocodiles won't attack and devour human beings in the upper rivers of India. Of course in British jurisprudence the evidence of one man who did see a crime committed is worth more than the testimony of twenty men who might swear that they didn't see it committed. So it is altogether likely that you couldn't persuade a man who has been eaten by a crocodile that these creatures won't attack human beings. However, at Rungamuttee this thing happened.

An official relates that as he sat on the veranda of the deputy commissioner's bungalow, playing whist with three others, he saw across the river a commotion—one native struggling in the water and another native bravely rescuing himself by running away. Old Crock had the one by the leg, and though they got out their rifles quickly, as he was beneath the water, they could do nothing. The native was pulled under—vanished. The official adds that the one who ran away was caught and beaten by his fellows till he almost died. Then the other natives chucked the cowardly chap into the river, hoping that the crock would take him too. But he didn't.

It was this same saurian that this sahib saw get a man off a bamboo raft. It was drifting down the river, and the crocodile made a mental note, evidently, just how far back a couple of the men on it stood. Then he dived and came up beneath them, the loose bamboo spreading easily, nabbed one by the leg, then was away.

The Crocodile's Calendar

HE TELLS a pretty story about a Mroong girl and her lover; also there was a crocodile. They had been out frog cutting. Now frog cutting is somewhat like a young couple going out along the driveway for a supper at some road house—only, of course, it's different. The native is armed with his dah and the girl with a torch, and as they go amongst the reeds and tall grasses of a marsh-water place, biff! the frog gets it while he is eying the torch. Then, when enough frogs have been biffed, the couple build a fire and have frog legs à la jungle—it's great sport.

Now this particular couple had eaten frog legs until they preferred to sit in the canoe, which was pulled up on a sloping mud bank. The man's legs were dangling over the side of the canoe, while the woman's were comfortably tucked under her in the canoe. When the Mroong gave a yell and grabbed the side of the canoe the girl knew what was up. She sprang to the bank, plucked a flaming brand from the fire, jumped back into the canoe and stuck the fiery thing into the crock's eye. That was too much; he scuttled off.

Unfortunately I don't know the name of the narrator; for though I have the narrative, I've lost his name.

The Burmese have some marvelous legends, or folklore stories, one of the best being about a nat—spirit—that came from a crocodile's egg; but it is altogether too long for a place here. But they do say, however, that one can tell a crocodile's age by counting the stones in his stomach, for he swallows a stone on each birthday. I consider it devilish clever of the crock to keep tab on the date of his birth.

(Continued on Page 165)

The Buffalo of Burma and India is a Huge Lumbering Creature with Horns Like Giant Tulwars

The Warmest Welcome a Cadillac Ever Received

You know what interest and admiration the New Cadillac has inspired in your own community. You have heard the car commended in terms far more enthusiastic than any which Cadillac itself has employed.

You will not wonder, then, that this same eager welcoming, which you have observed locally, is manifest in the same degree throughout all America.

Everywhere, people speak of the enhanced beauty of line and finish, the comfort, the completeness of equipment and appointments of the New Cadillac, with a warmth which implies settled preference.

They comment with the same special approval on the safety of Cadillac 4-Wheel Brakes, distinguished by their scientific construction, their ease of application and positiveness of operation in all circumstances.

And those who own and drive the New V-63 dwell at length on its greatest feature—the harmonized and balanced V-Type eight-cylinder engine.

These owners tell of power almost fluid in its smoothness, speed that will seldom be fully employed, dependability so characteristic of Cadillac, and an ease of control which makes driving a real pleasure.

Wherever the car is discussed, the verdict is the same: that Cadillac has outdone itself and that never before was there a Cadillac like the new V-63.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

The General Motors Acceptance Plan makes it possible to buy your Cadillac car out of current income instead of capital

CADILLAC

V-63

When Salesmanship is Dumb

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE game is, to tie the salesman's tongue. Don't let him call on the prospective customer. Take away his chief tool, explanation. Then tell him, "Now go ahead and get that order." Not much chance, apparently—a queer field of selling! Yet some of the biggest orders in the world are landed under such conditions, and there is a real art in selling by bids—and also in buying that way.

Building and construction jobs are let on bids—highways, bridges, harbor improvements and public work generally, locomotives and ships, supplies and furnishings for institutions, machinery and machine work. The governments of the world and the biggest corporations as customers on one hand, and on the other individual John Smith, who is hunting the lowest price on 5000 letterheads or the bottom estimate on overhauling his car.

The buyer carefully specifies what he wants in writing, setting down quantity, kind, quality, and so on. A shrewd buyer like Uncle Sam, purchasing for the Navy, has printed specifications for everything from a gross of steel pens to a complete warship—for the latter a book of 500 pages. The salesman is invited to read, digest, figure, and submit his bid in writing. There is no chance to talk or show samples, demonstrating how his company's product or work may be better than that of any other bidder. It is a cold, curt, calculated proposition, with the order going to the fellow whose written figure is found lowest—if he is responsible.

As the late Theodore Starrett, a shrewd salesman in the contracting field, used to put it: "The architect designs a building, and then asks you to bet how much it is going to cost."

The philosophy of buying this way is that the buyer ties the salesman down to price alone. But, pshaw! Who ever saw a real salesman who would stay tied? As it actually works out in everyday bidding, there is more than one chance to say something if your stuff or your service is better than the other fellow's. And the buyer who sticks too rigidly to the rules of his own game won't get the lowest price!

The Lucky Lamp-Post

ANDREW CARNEGIE was a real salesman, and one of the best stories in his autobiography is that about bidding on a certain bridge:

"If you want a contract," he said, "be on the spot when it is let, and if possible stay on hand until you can take the written contract home in your pocket."

A big bridge was to be built across the Mississippi River at Dubuque, Iowa. The bridge company had received bids on a cast-iron bridge. Carnegie had been making cast-iron bridges, and good ones, but was now selling wrought-iron bridges, which were better and cost more. Learning that he was not the lowest bidder, he went to see the directors.

"We were competing for the building of the most important railway bridge that had been built up to that time, a bridge across the wide Mississippi at Dubuque, to span which was considered a great undertaking. I visited Dubuque with our engineer, Walter Katte. That visit proved how much success turns upon trifles. Our chief rival was a bridge-building concern in Chicago, to which the board had decided to award the contract. I lingered and talked with some of the directors. They were delightfully ignorant of the merits of cast and of wrought iron. We had always made the upper cord of the bridge of the latter, while our rival's was made of cast iron. This furnished my text.

"I pictured the result of a steamer striking against the one and against the other. In the case of the wrought-iron cord it would probably only bend, in the case of the cast iron it would certainly break, and down would come the bridge. One of the directors, the well-known Perry Smith, was fortunately able to enforce my argument by stating to the board that what I had said was undoubtedly the case about cast iron. The other night he had run his buggy in the dark against a lamp-post which was of cast iron, and the lamp-post had broken to pieces.

"'Ah, gentlemen,' I said, 'there is the point. A little more money and you could have had the indestructible wrought iron, and your bridge would stand against any steamboat. We never have built and we never will build a cheap bridge. Ours does not fall.'

"There was a pause; then the president of the bridge company, Mr. Allison, the great senator, asked if I would excuse them for a few moments. I retired. Soon they recalled me and offered the contract, provided we took the lower price, which was only a few thousand dollars less. I agreed to the concession. That cast-iron lamp-post so opportunely smashed gave us one of our most profitable contracts, and, what is more, obtained for us the reputation of having taken the Dubuque bridge against all competitors.

"The moral of that story lies on the surface: A smashed lamp-post or something equally unthought of may secure the prize if the bidder be on hand."

In other words, the lowest bid was too low—and here is the keynote of dumb salesmanship. The lowest bid may not be the lowest price at all. In buying this way both the buyer and the seller center all attention on the word "lowest," and overlook another word that is just as important—often more so. Under the legal rules that govern bidding for public work it is the lowest responsible bid that must be accepted, or all bids are rejected and new tenders asked. The salesman who is at home in this field of selling drives through that word "responsible" like a big barn door—and so does the buyer who knows how to purchase wisely.

It is chiefly government purchasing that is regulated by law, making it impossible to dicker. The architect, engineer and purchasing agent working for private business interests have more leeway.

"When the architect invites bids for a private job he really makes book on it, like the race-track bookmaker," was another of Mr. Starrett's illustrations. "He makes book so skillfully that bids are often within a few dollars of each other. Then he calls in one of the most responsible bidders, probably a contractor with whom he has worked before, the high man on that job, congratulates him on his ability, and wonders why his price is so high; but in the many different operations on a building job, from the excavation to the plumbing, he doesn't tell him just where it is high. Flushed with the prospect of success, that contractor goes over all his figures again, trims them down, and probably obliges his friend, the architect, by putting up his building at a loss!"

The lowest bid may be too low for the buyer. If it is, he will get a scamped job, be held up in deliveries or inconvenienced in some other way. And if it is too low for the bidder, below the fair cost of doing a real job or supplying the real thing, he will be put out of business.

In contracting, thousands of small bidders are constantly cropping up. The journeyman carpenter and bricklayer bid for small jobs and set up business for themselves, or become subcontractors on large jobs. Very often they succeed, growing into large contractors, like one in the Middle West, now well-to-do, who began driving a team on excavation work. He had a liking and an instinct for moving dirt; saved enough money to buy the team, hired out to his employer on the cubic-yard basis, put his profits into other teams, and in a few years was taking big excavation contracts.

Far more of these ambitious fellows, however, drop back into the ranks of wage earners because they lack ability or capital.

Men who constantly purchase by bids, and on a large scale, are careful not to get tangled up with those beginners and irresponsibles. They weigh the responsibility of the lowest bidder, and the purchasing agent buying supplies makes many a trip to factories to gauge productive capacity and ability to make deliveries on time. For a few dollars saved on some apparently insignificant material or apparatus may bring grievous loss on some big job if it isn't on the spot when it is needed.

And men who constantly bid on contracts learn to keep clear of competition with bidders whose tenders are too low because they do not know what the job is going to cost.

There is a German proverb, "A clock cannot strike less than one." It is recommended as a desk motto for everybody working on bids and estimates.

When a Yard's Not a Yard

APPLIED to bidding, it means that you cannot go below the cost of the job or the commodity and make money. But Jones can often do a good job cheaper than Smith, because he has had longer experience, or specializes in the particular kind of work upon which he is bidding, or has more skillful employes and knows how to get more or better work out of them by good management. Even in merchandise sold by bid there are such advantages in one's costs.

So it is highly important to know your costs—where your particular clock strikes one. And it is even more important to weigh correctly what you are bidding on. Probably more contracts are landed or lost, and more contractors succeed or fail, on knowledge of what they are bidding on or lack of it than on any other single detail in such business.

A hotel proprietor wanted carpet and rugs for a new hostelry of 1500 rooms. He advertised for bids. The bidders were asked to quote so much a yard for so many yards of carpet, with a separate price for cutting, sewing and laying. A department-store carpet man went after that contract. Before making his estimates and bid, however, he insisted on measuring the rooms and halls.

"Why go to all that trouble?" asked the hotel man. "Here are the architect's floor plans showing the size of each room and the length and breadth of each hall. So much floor space, and so many square yards of carpet—it's simple enough."

"Yes, it's simple enough on paper," agreed the carpet man. "But if you buy only as many square yards of carpet as you have square yards of floor space you will have a floor and a half left bare."

"How do you figure that?"

"You pick out one of these patterns," said the carpet man, producing some samples, "and tell me what room you want it to go in, and I'll soon show you."

A roll of carpet was brought to the hotel. A room was measured and found to be twelve by sixteen feet. The carpet was laid on the floor, and the prospective bidder let the hotel man see with his own eyes that in matching the

(Continued on Page 38)

The Good MAXWELL CLUB SEDAN

The New Club Sedan with its unusually broad doors is such a simple, sensible solution of an old problem that the wonder of it is, it was not accomplished before.

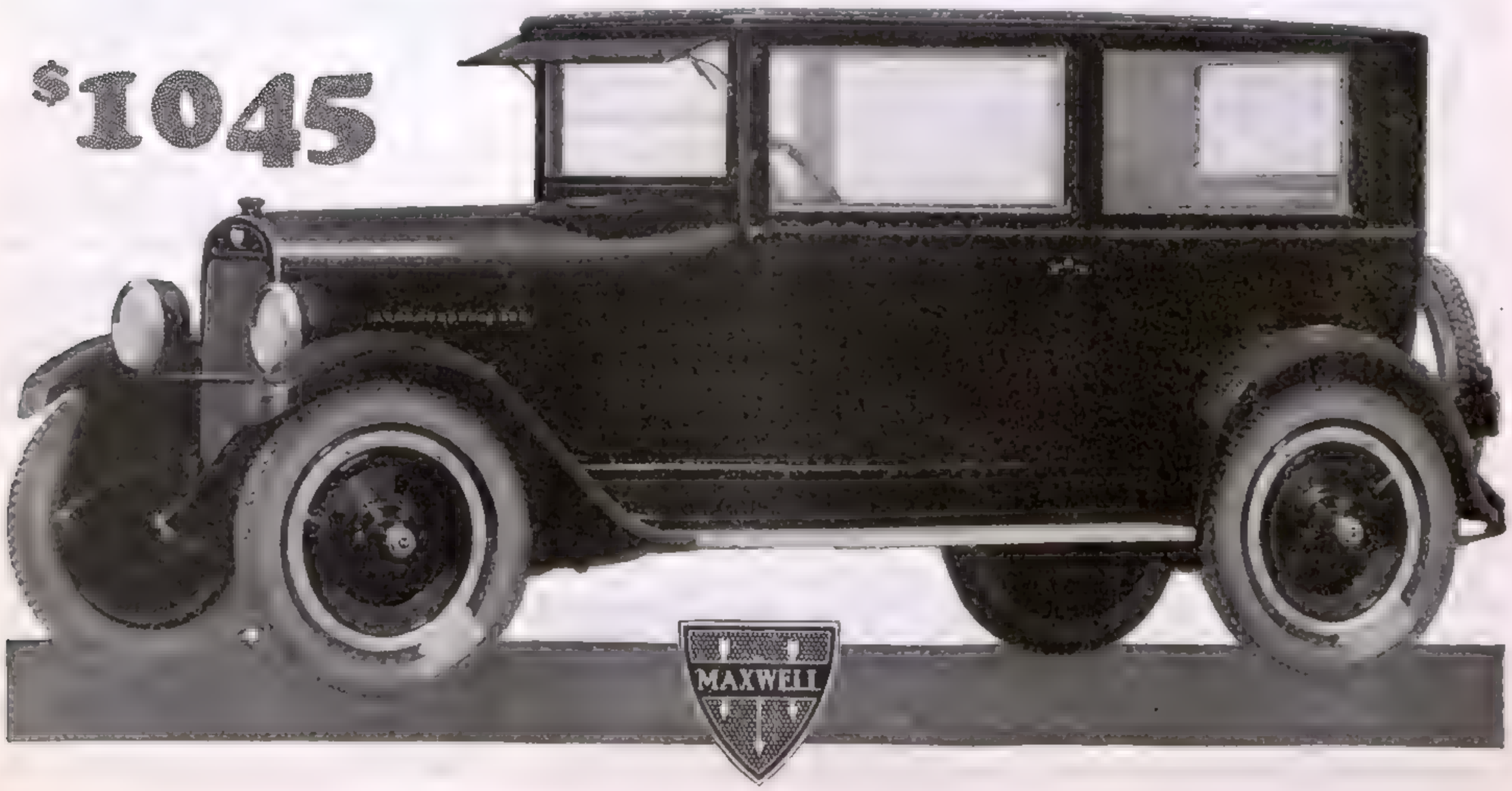
Here is every bit of the intimacy and convenience you look for in a sedan—all the space you can possibly need, with some to spare. No clash between passengers in front or rear, getting in or getting out.

Maxwell has shown the way again—developed a type so intensely practical that it is certain to become standard—and the crowning marvel of it all is the price!

Study the picture and the price. Upholstery and interior trim in granite cloth, the same as used in $2000 closed cars. With chair seats in front, built to tip forward, and three-foot doors, an absolutely clear passageway is presented at the threshold. All side windows are adjustable. Cowl ventilator and adjustable windshield. Disc wheels and non-skid cord tires. Windshield cleaner; windshield visor; rear vision mirror; heater; foot-rail in rear compartment. Price, $1045, F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL-CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

$1045



(Continued from Page 36)

pattern on each strip there was about 10 per cent waste cut off the ends. Even in cutting plain carpet there was waste, because rooms are not built to fit carpet widths, and it is often necessary to cut the last strip lengthwise to make the carpet fit the room. Sometimes these strips can be used, but not always, and they must be paid for and figured in any carpeting job.

By knowing just how much he was bidding for, the carpet man figured accurately on that contract and got it. He knew the value of a yardstick by grim experience, for some time previously he had landed another carpeting contract on a yardage basis, and had to negotiate a protested bill when the job was done. Something like 2000 yards more than the floor area of the building had been used, and the purchaser refused to pay the bill until shown why a yard of carpet will not cover a yard of floor space in a big building.

There is still a good deal of guesswork in selling by bids, and almost invariably it means trouble and loss for somebody. On construction projects contractors still estimate by roughly cubing the building and bidding so much a foot, according to the character of construction. Again, they will go over the specifications, roughly estimate the cost of the materials called for, add a lump sum for labor and profit, and enter that as their bid.

But they have learned to do the thing much better in England. In fact, correctly gauging what is to be bid on has become a profession over there—quantity surveying.

About sixty years ago English contractors in competition for building jobs made their own estimates for materials needed and the work to be done. Each man figured for himself the brick, lumber, hardware, digging, bricklaying, and so on. Besides the expense of maybe a dozen different contractors going over the same plans and making separate estimates, very often estimates were wrong—a good contractor might be a poor hand at plan reading and figures. They all included this cost of estimating in their bids, but it was money out of pocket to the unsuccessful bidders, of course.

To cut down this expense the contractors got together and agreed that in bidding on a given job they would appoint one of their number to go over the plans, figure out what was needed in material and work, and give a copy of his estimate to the others. Whoever got the job would pay for this taking off the quantities, and if all bids were rejected each paid his share.

Expert Quantity Surveying

IT WAS not long before the contractors discovered that men with a talent for figuring and estimating could do this work much better than themselves. Simultaneously the fellow with that sort of ability discovered a new field for his talent. Thus the independent estimates were much better—they were more skillfully made, and also impartial. Then architects saw the advantage of knowing what was to go into the building they designed, so they could check bids, rejecting those obviously too low as well as those too high, and it has become the custom for the architects to appoint the quantity surveyor.

"More contracts are lost by incorrect knowledge of quantities than bad judgment in figuring prices," says one big New York contractor. "Quantity surveying is slowly coming into use here. I have had considerable experience with it on the other side, and think the English system far better, avoiding ridiculously low bids and also high ones. It is particularly useful on large jobs."

With his feet on the ground in this matter of quantities, and a good working organization, the contractor has something definite to sell—the ability to figure close, do an honest job in a given time limit, and still make a profit. His organization is a big factor in close bidding. If he can keep his superintendents, foremen and mechanics together he has decided advantages over competitors who hire new men for each job, because his employes are accustomed to working with one another, and the delay and expense of breaking in a fresh work force on each job are avoided.

Salesmanship for an organization capable of making a profit on a close bid lands contracts to keep it steadily employed; and steady employment, in turn, strengthens the selling end. With that happy combination the contractor can go further in selling. Instead of betting with the owner how much the job is going to cost on a lump-sum contract, he can propose a partnership instead in the form of a cost-plus contract. Salesmanship of this kind is changing the whole basis of contracting.

The cost-plus contract was little used before the war. Adopted as an emergency expedient for much of the Government's war work, it got a great deal of unfavorable publicity. At the same time, however, its real merits were demonstrated in such degree that many private building projects were undertaken on the cost-plus basis. In some parts of the country the lump-sum contract is now used only for public work, and it is even becoming difficult to get bids on such work.

Under the lump-sum contract the owner is given an assurance that his building will cost so many dollars, and no more. To land the job, the successful bidder trims his price as low as he possibly can, and later trims the building if the price is too low to make a profit. With several thousand kinds of material, and several hundred different kinds of work and workmen, it is not difficult for the experienced contractor to scamp some parts of the job, no matter how closely the architect or owner may watch him

Under the cost-plus system, instead of pitting his experience and knowledge against the owner, the contractor says: "Let my ability work for instead of against you, and I'll put up your building honestly and as cheaply as I can, taking my profit in a percentage of the total cost."

"But how do I know that you'll keep the cost down to the minimum?" asks the owner. "The more my building costs, the more money you make. It doesn't seem human nature to sit on the lid of your own profit."

"You oversee the job from start to finish," is the contractor's answer.

In war work done on the cost-plus basis there was much waste and slacking unquestionably. But this form of contract was blamed for waste and slacking due to other causes. Materials were scarce, transportation in a tangle, large construction jobs were undertaken with green workmen. Yet a good deal of war work was carried out economically on this basis, and more than one government official declared cost-plus so far the best way of working that it ought to be adopted in private building.

Lump-Sum Contracts

SAID an officer of the Quartermaster Corps of the Army while war work was still being wound up: "In every cantonment and camp in the United States the Government maintains an officer in charge of construction. The cost-plus contract, as used by the Government, has three cardinal virtues—absolute fairness, flexibility and centralization of power. Certainly no fairer scheme was ever devised for both the contractor and owner. The profit is fixed in proportion to the expenditure. Additions to or subtractions from the work can be made at will. As unlimited power to direct the work is given to the constructing quartermaster, full and absolute responsibility for its proper execution rests with him. This point cannot be too strongly emphasized. There is no dodging responsibility. If the cost-plus contract has failed anywhere it is due to the incompetency and mismanagement of the directing head. No orders for material can be placed without his approval in writing. No equipment can be purchased or even rented without it. He has authority to order the discharge of any member of the contractor's organization, from the manager down. If the contractor pads the pay roll, if materials are ordered that are not needed, if wasteful methods are allowed, the responsibility can be nailed upon the directing head. I believe a monument should be erected to the memory of the genius who invented the cost-plus contract."

There is a strong seller's market in the building industry today. The whole country is short of dwellings, schools, hotels, business and public buildings. Contractors have more work in sight than they can handle, and the chief limiting factors are scarcity of materials and high cost of construction.

But the contractor who remembers conditions ten years ago is strengthening himself on the sales side for the times coming when the buyer will again go to bat.

Working under the lump-sum contract, in bitter competition, the contractor had brought bidding down to a level where, in 1913, his main chance to make a profit lay in taking advantage of mistakes in the plans and specifications. Architects and owners often specified material and construction methods upon which savings could be made by substituting something cheaper without any sacrifice of quality. A diligent reader of specifications by necessity, and having an intimate knowledge of building kinks, the contractor made his bid low, in anticipation of such changes. After the work began he suggested the changes to the architect or owner, and shared in the economies made possible by his advice. Cost-plus was seldom heard of. What incentive had the owner to build on that basis when a dozen contractors were eager to guarantee him a low price under a lump-sum contract?

But the war wrought a transformation. Materials and wages rose between the making of a bid and the letting of a contract. The builder could not tell what a given job would cost him before it was finished. He could not guarantee a minimum lump-sum price. It wasn't necessary anyway, even if he could have done so, for the war brought more work than he could handle.

Then and there the builder and the owner began to work together, instead of trying to see which could outguess the other. Together they took the increases, shortages, uncertainties and jolts in materials and labor, and the contractor got a chance to sell himself on a basis of ability and trustworthiness.

Today the farsighted construction concern is selling for the future in ways like this: Last year a New York real-estate man went to one of the best construction concerns in the city with plans for a coöperative apartment house.

"You folks may think this job picayune," he said. "It's only six stories, and should cost somewhere around $150,000 if you build it. I know your projects average more nearly a million. But I believe there is going to be a big development in coöperative apartments. People who want to live in New York must turn to that type of building to escape rising rents. This is the first enterprise of the kind I have undertaken. I have an option on the site, and know what my land will cost. Now I want a contract from you to guarantee the cost of the building when we are ready to put it up, which may not be until next year. Then I can go ahead and find the owners for the twenty-four apartments. I intend to put up five or six of these small coöperative apartment buildings every year. A first-rate architect designed this one, and we shall work together on others. If you'll build them for us it will make a team hard to beat and my little enterprises should run into three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of construction each year."

The construction company not only made a contract but figured the price down to $135,000. Six months later, when the real-estate man had sold all but two or three of the apartments and called the owners together for their first meeting, the cost of putting up such a building had risen $35,000. The construction company was not only ready to go ahead under the contract based on 1922 prices and wages but to do an exceptionally good job.

"We're paying bonuses for workmen and materials, but no matter," said the president of the construction company. "People who buy into other apartments that you build will want to know what they're getting for their money before they part with it. So we'll make this beginner so good that it can be used as a sample, and future customers be referred to the folks who have bought and are living there."

In other fields where purchasing is done by bids the same general principles hold true.

Bidding on a certain article or quantity when the purchaser is buying something entirely different is a mistake that occurs again and again. And the purchaser may be fooled as well as the bidder.

Winning Contracts and Losing Money

THE proprietor of a small machine shop grew ambitious. He had worked from a wage-earning job into a business of his own, was making pretty good money, thought he knew by experience what work cost to do, and went after a good-sized contract to build machines. His bid of $400 apiece on twenty-five machines landed the contract. But despite working hard himself and contriving several little devices to speed things up, he lost $100 on each machine. However, he did such a good job that several months later his customer came back and wanted twenty-five more of those machines.

"I lost money on that lot—they will cost you $525," said the machinist.

"You're a robber!" declared the other, and went away to seek lower bids. A second machinist offered to do the work for $450. He lost money, too, and demanded $575 for a third lot. Still another machinist was found willing to bid $485—and he demanded $600 for the next lot, having also lost money.

"All machinists are robbers!" decided the purchaser, and built a shop to make his own machines—only to find that they cost him nearly $700 apiece!

In another case several contractors figured on an electric-wiring job for a garage. The high bidder had the best reputation for quality work, so the garage proprietor called him in. "You're way up," he said, "but I'd rather have you do this work than any of the other bidders. Why can't you meet their prices?"

"Here's why," said the electrical man, spreading out the blue-print diagram of the work to be done. "You've got a plan here that violates the insurance code. It's dangerous. An accidental short circuit here or there in a garage would be pretty sure to cause a fire or an explosion. If you wire the place this way the insurance inspector will make you change it. I am probably not more than $200 or $300 high. Figure for yourself what it would cost to rip out those forbidden installations and do them right."

He got the contract and his customer's thanks.

Some years ago the purchasing department of a certain city saved several hundred thousand dollars a year by measuring and accurately describing the thing it wanted to buy under bids. This particular thing happened to be eggs for people in the city's institutions—the poorhouse, asylum, hospitals, and so on. The city couldn't feed its charges fresh-gathered white extra firsts, nor even near-by hennery browns, but bought a good grade of storage eggs ten to twenty cents a dozen cheaper. The purchase officer was dissatisfied with the egg situation—the large responsible produce dealers did not bid.

"What's wrong? I'll tell you," said the biggest dealer when asked for advice. "You buy eggs under your own specification and reserve the right to reject any eggs delivered. You are the umpire, and can rule any supplier out

(Continued on Page 60)

On the floor is Rug No. 570. The size is 9 ft. by 12 ft. Price [illegible] $47.00

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

"Nonsense, my dear! Bring your rubbers in, too! Mud and water won't hurt this rug!"

And wasn't she wise to put a waterproof, durable *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug in the hall? For that's where such heavy wear comes with callers and family tramping in and out—good weather and bad.

But water, mud and dust can be whisked from the firm, smooth "enamel" surface of a Congoleum Rug in just a twinkling. All the cleaning it ever needs is just a few strokes with a damp mop and the bright colors come up fresh and bright as new.

Made in a host of artistic patterns there's a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug for every room in the house from front hall to kitchen—upstairs and down. These seamless, sanitary rugs lie perfectly flat without fastening yet never curl or kick up at the edges or corners. And with all these advantages the very low prices of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs are the more amazing.

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	1½	x 3	ft.	$ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25	3	x 3	ft.	1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50	3	x 4½	ft.	1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75	3	x 6	ft.	2.50
9	x 12	ft.	18.00				

The pattern illustrated is made in the five larger sizes only. The small rugs are made in patterns to harmonize with it.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM Art-Rugs

Look for the Gold Seal

You will find it pasted on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. This *Gold-Seal* (printed in dark green on a gold background) guards you against imitations and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. Look for it when you buy!

Write our nearest office for free copy of our interesting folder showing faithful color reproductions of the complete line of beautiful patterns.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

NOT AS THE POET SAYS

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

A THIRTY-FOUR-BELOW zephyr sent the light powdered snow scurrying past the Box Elder stage station; but, undismayed, Red Raymond cracked his lash over the shaggy leaders and the Sidney coach rolled away at a restrained eight-mile clip, bound for Blueblanket and points north. The stock tender, after he had jumped back from the horses' heads, lingered not to wave farewells or greedily to inhale any unnecessary breaths of the sunlit air—frequently described as like draughts of new wine—but hastened back to the station's *salle à manger*—contiguous to the other mangers—and to his waiting guests.

Here the air was like draughts of tobacco flavored with recent pork chops and fried onions, with a subtang of harness leather and the mangers aforesaid; but although the caked snow was still unmelted on the sticks of pine a few feet away from the box stove, it was a fairly temperate, even warm air, close to the stove's cherry-red sides. The old bullwhacker, Sam Stegg, was sitting close; so was Tip Yoakum, the Hat Creek granger, and Lon Selby, the young district attorney of Minnekahta, who was tenderly fingering a newly frosted ear and regretting the blind passion for sport that had brought him to Box Elder after whitetail.

The stock tender went briskly to the stove and, kicking the door open, proceeded to rake forward the glowing coals preparatory to cramming in more wood. He did this with marked disregard of the occupants of the chairs, nearly overturning the one in which the old bullwhacker was seated. Then he spoke with an aggrieved air.

"Too trifling to keep up the fire even when the wood's cut and brung in for you!" he said reproachfully. "Not to mention washing up the dishes."

"A shrewd and nipping air, Hank," said Selby amiably. "But cheer up! Under the snowdrift the blossoms are sleeping, dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June, as the poet says. As to the dishes, *caveat actor;* we might break 'em; also, the act would be a sort of reflection on your hospitality. As the poet so feelingly remarks ——"

"You lawyers are sure loaded to the muzzle with mellifcrous poetry," the old bullwhacker interrupted, looking up from a two-weeks-old copy of the Sioux City Journal; "and here I see that a performance of The Banker's Daughter is to be presented by the auxiliary ladies of the A. O. O. F. L. in Hyderabad, Iowa. Now what do you think of that?"

Selby thought that it was no doubt an interesting item of news to an interested party, but opined that it lacked relevancy.

"In other words," he went on, "I submit that its application is obscure, or, so to speak, neither here nor there as pertaining to poetry or pot-walloping. Admitting, without prejudice, the authenticity of the report, rumor or canard, what in heck is that to Hecuba?"

The old bullwhacker turned his leathery visage, wrinkled with smiles, to his friend the stock tender.

How Come I Know So Much Was He Kept His Horse at My Livery and Most Always Took Time to Gas a While About This or That

"Do you tumble, Hank?" he asked. "Ain't my learned and long-winded brother the spit and double of Dolby Emerson Duff? Remember the Flower? What was that dad-blamed Flower?"

"Whatever it was, it's gone up a dollar and six bits a barrel," Tip Yoakum volunteered.

"Not that kind," said Mr. Stegg. "The Flower—the Flower of Smoky Hills! That's it, Hank. Dolby and Joe Simms; Charlotte Lessard, Susie Swott, Cal Biggins as Phillibert Phibley!" The old man chuckled provocatively.

The young attorney said that he would like to hear about Susie Swott, and particularly about Phillibert Phibley; and upon this slight encouragement the old bullwhacker proceeded, addressing himself to Selby.

"What reminded me was your getting off them beautiful lines about the sleeping blossoms," he said. "Like Dolby Duff. You're a heap like him, although he wasn't shaped as graceful, being thicker at the waistline and maybe not so thick in the head. Right pussy, for a young fellow, he was, and no prize beauty any way you took him. His nose was sharp and his popeyes was sharper, and he had a way when he was arguing with you of bringing his thumb and forefinger together in a sharp point and pushing 'em to'rds you as if he was going to drill a hole in your skull to let his ideas through. But he had ideas, you bet. He was the first legal luminary to light the darkness of Hermosilla and bring us to a sense of the wrongs we was unconsciously a-suffering at the hands of our fellow citizens, besides showing us how to dodge the consequences of our own meanness. Up to that time we'd been struggling along, settling any noticeable differences with an inexpensive fist fight or whatever come handy. Sometimes a gun was handiest; but, even so, funeral expenses wasn't prohibitive Dolby soon got us out of them primitive paths of peace and led us onto the toll roads of habeas corpuses and replevins He uplifted us a heap. Some claimed that he held us up, but that depends on how you look at it."

"Still, Phillibert Phibley remains a mystery," Selby reminded him. "Likewise Susie Swott."

We'll get to them later. If there hadn't been no Dolby Emerson Duff, there wouldn't have been no Phillibert Phibley or Susie Swott, because folks with names like them don't commonly occur in real life. I did know a person name of Gideon Gumlatch one time, but they hung him as soon as they found it out. He'd been going around calling himself Bill Jones and had shaved off his whiskers since he'd left Texas. But all that's irreverent and slim material, as you lawyers say when it looks like a witness was going to spill the beans.

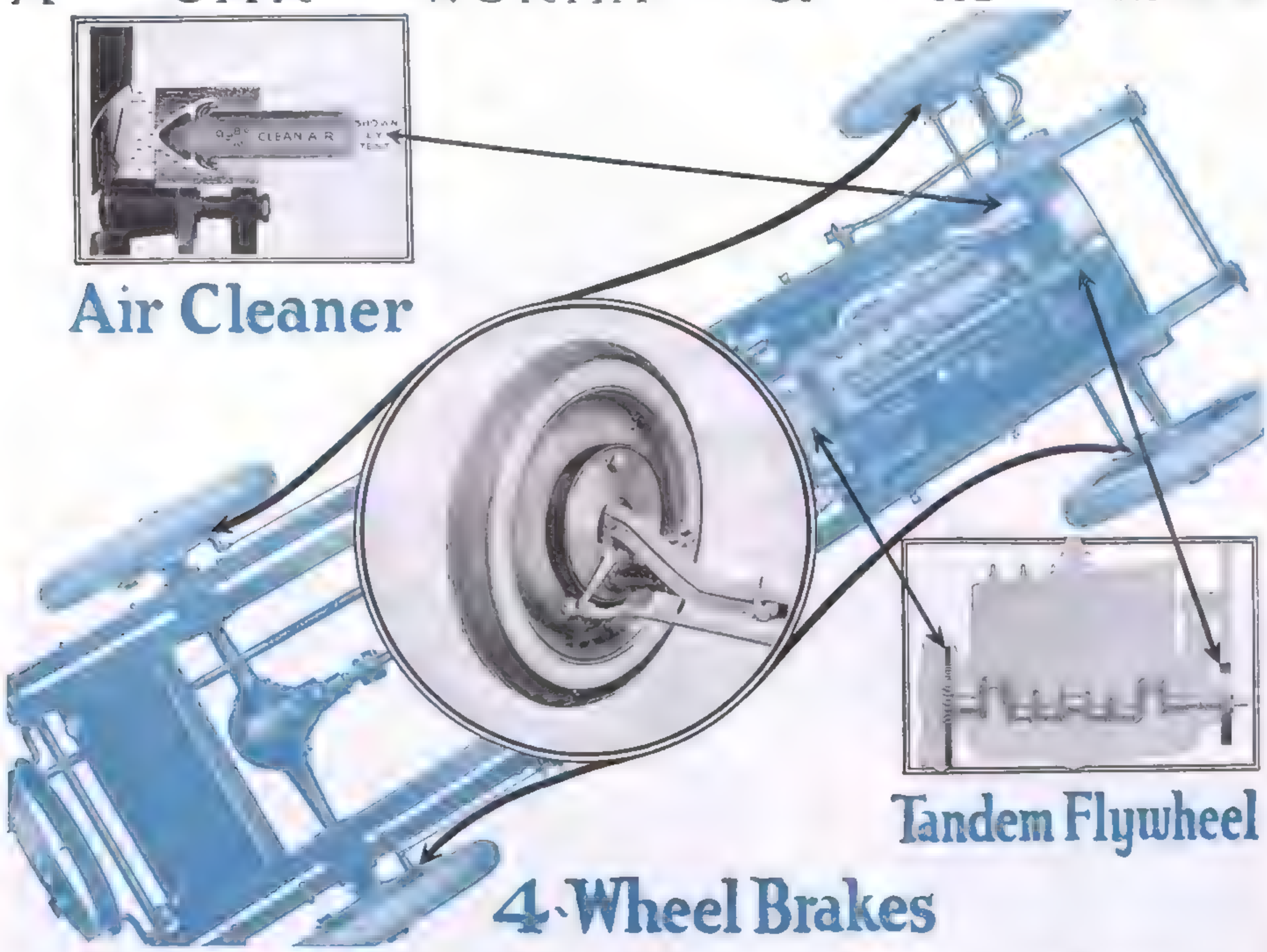
First off, I'll have to tell you about Charlotte Lessard. Charlotte came down with her daddy from the British possessions, of which I reckon they was a part. Anyway, the British got careless and lost 'em. Old Victor Lessard couldn't have mattered so much, although he was a right nice, well-meaning old man, when you got his meaning, which wasn't so easy as it might have been if he had spoke better English. But Charlotte must have been a considerable of a loss. She was seventeen or eighteen when old Victor hit Hermosilla and started up his harness shop. A fine, big girl, bigger than most; but not the bony kind; not what you'd call fleshy, either, although you'd guess that she might be tending that way in five or ten years. As it was, she was just about right, and as light on her feet as if she hadn't weighed more'n ninety or a hundred pounds. There was one special point about her, and that was her complexion; a skin as smooth as satin, and on her forehead and neck as white as milk, with a sort of fresh look about it. Another special point was her hair. It was sort of yellowish and silky; and when you looked at it the first thing you wondered was how close to the ground it would come if she let it down. You'd ask her when you got well acquainted and you'd offer her all kinds of easy bets to get her to prove you guessed wrong; but you'd never reach to try to take the pins out yourself. You'd know better without being told, no matter how your fingers itched, and she'd never tell you. She had other special points, amongst which was her eyes and her teeth when she smiled, and her voice when she spoke. She was mighty slow spoken. What she said come out of her mouth a word at a time. She moved slow, too, or seemed to; but every move counted, whether she was sweeping the floor or raising up her eyelids to let her blue eyes shine on you. She took her time and got results in both cases. That was Charlotte.

(Continued on Page 43)

Rickenbacker Six

A · CAR · WORTHY · OF · ITS · NAME

Air Cleaner



Tandem Flywheel

4-Wheel Brakes

Features All Cars Must Have—Sooner or Later

Many unbiased authorities state that Rickenbacker has contributed more engineering refinements to the industry in three years than have been developed by all other makers combined in the past ten.

It is impossible to enumerate in one page all of the Rickenbacker features referred to in the above paragraph.

However, the trio pictured above is indicative.

Incidentally, this combination of refinements is found only in this Rickenbacker Six—one of the reasons this car has met with such a signal success.

In your selection of a car, we would call your attention to the cardinal importance of the following:—

We earnestly advise you to buy only a car that is equipped with 4-Wheel Brakes.

Rickenbacker has brakes on all four wheels of course—pioneered in this engineering feature which others are now hastily adopting.

4-Wheel Brakes will prove to be the greatest improvement in automobiles since the introduction of the self-starter—13 years ago. Mark that prediction—and see.

We prophesy that in six months or less every automobile selling for $1,000 or over will have 4-Wheel Brakes. Watch and see.

4-Wheel Brakes permit you to stop in half the distance you can with ordinary 2-Wheel Brakes—and with less foot pressure. Your daughter can operate them with ease.

4-Wheel Brakes are epochal—from the date of their introduction traffic accidents in all localities were greatly reduced. Ask any Chief of Police—he will tell you.

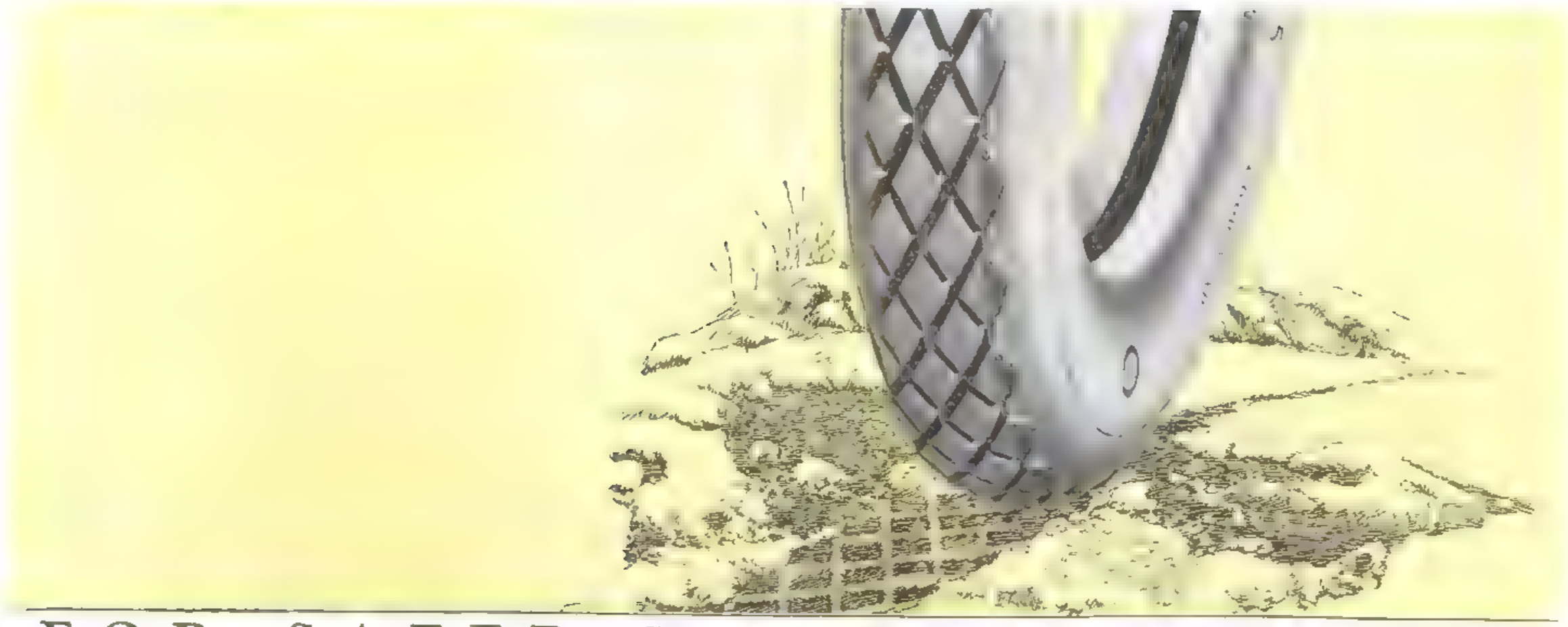
Then, there is the famous Rickenbacker motor which has no annoying Periods of Vibration. The tandem flywheel smooths out the motor at all speeds.

Also the "Carbonless Motor"—accomplished by the automatic air cleaner. The illustration above explains precisely how this works.

The Rickenbacker line includes handsome Touring Phaetons, graceful Coupes and superb Sedans. All are harmoniously fashioned. The closed cars have exquisite interiors.

Your Rickenbacker dealer will be glad to demonstrate—today. But don't delay. Demand is tremendous.

Rickenbacker Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan



FOR SAFER WINTER DRIVING

Over a great part of this country, winter driving means slippery streets and frozen rutted roads.

The tires you buy now should be chosen with these service conditions clearly in mind.

If they are Goodyear Cord Tires with the All-Weather Tread they are the finest and safest equipment for winter use you can put on your car.

Every motorist who has used Goodyears knows this to be true.

On the *new* Goodyear Cord Tire the famous All-Weather Tread is beveled for smoother running and made from an improved rubber compound that gives even longer wear.

Its big tough keen-edged blocks clutch and cling on any highway surface, digging through to solid footing and a safe stop.

Against skidding, spinning, side-slip or loss of traction they oppose a powerful wedgelike grip that holds firm and true.

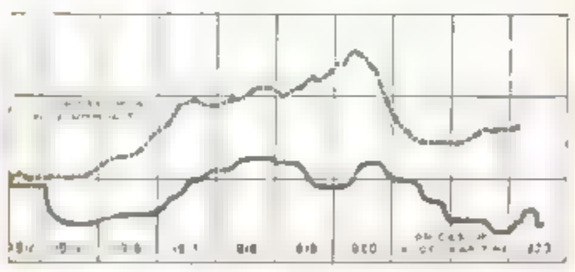
Into every turn of the wheels they put the full power of your engine, as in every halt they apply the whole force of your brakes.

No other tires but Goodyears have the sure-footed long-wearing All-Weather Tread.

No other tires so reliably safeguard yourself and your family against the everyday hazards of winter driving.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

A GOOD TIME TO BUY GOODYEARS



Over the past ten years Goodyear Tires have been steadily improved. Despite this, prices on Goodyear Tires have consistently been kept below the average price level for all commodities, as the above chart shows. Although Goodyear Tires today are better than ever before, Goodyear prices are 37% below those of 1920, and 30% below those even of 1914. This is a good time to buy Goodyears.

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 40)

Naturally old Victor done a land-office business right from the start, although he was about as poor a workman as I ever seen. The boys around town just everlastingly swamped him with repairs, and there was a right smart of custom from the ranches. You'd have thought that none of them fellows had ever owned or used such things as awls and waxed ends in their lives. Victor would have got rich if he could have kept up with his trade; but there was so dad-blamed much of it, it discouraged him. Another thing, most all of his customers wasn't in no hurry, and would just as soon wait a while and chat; and Victor couldn't chat without using his hands, so he couldn't get much stitching done. Just about enough to keep him and Charlotte going, I reckon.

After a while the rush slowed down some owing to Charlotte hopelessly discouraging a large number that wouldn't be satisfied with nothing less. There wasn't no time that she was lonesome when she wanted company, even so, and the guessers around town allowed, some of them, that Joe Simms stood about the best show with her. Joe was the enterprising editor of the Hermosilla Hatchet. He didn't have no harness to mend; but he'd look into the shop two or three times a day to see if Victor or Charlotte hadn't got an item for him, or he'd josh Victor about needing an ad in his paper. He was a handsome little devil, too, Joe was; slim built and wiry, with a cute black mustache and curly black hair, and he sure did get out a newsy and spicy little sheet. There was always a pot of gall and vinegar mixed with corrosive sublimate and black coloring matter on Joe's desk; and when he dipped his pen into it, what he wrote was mighty interesting reading to all concerned and all that wasn't.

Then there was some that thought Cal Biggins, our one and only and popular barber, had a little the aidge. Cal wasn't more than thirty, according to his tell; and while his hair wasn't curly he had a plenty of it, which he claimed was due to a dope he made out of herbs that a Piegan squaw told him about after he had saved her life by cutting a cinnamon bear's throat with his pocket razor. He claimed it would raise hair on a pool ball; but them that used it, their heads couldn't have been pool-ball material as was generally supposed, or maybe they didn't persevere long enough.

But Cal had a kind of a way with him with the ladies, and he certainly could make a guitar talk; to say nothing of his shop, which had a chair in it that was worth the price of a shave just to sit in, let alone the other fixings. Charlotte was real fond of music, too, and Cal undertook to teach her some chords on the guitar, and that brought them tolerable close together.

Ray Shane, the next on the list, was one of them red-headed roosters, a rustler and a money-maker; and being as he had the only store in town to amount to anything, dry goods and notions as well as groceries, and being as Charlotte done all the trading for the family, he had all the chance in the world to make himself solid. Charlotte didn't have no reason to complain of a lack of personal attention when she went into the store, or that he gave her short weight or skimped in measuring out dry goods; and if old Victor got a little behind with his bill, why, Ray wasn't in no rush for the money. Money wasn't nothing to him, no more than food or clothes and a night's sleep. And then the candy stock was another advantage he'd got.

Well, there was them three that Charlotte didn't discourage. Maybe she didn't exactly encourage 'em, but there was times when they thought she did. She kept hope springing eternal, as the poet says, friendly and smiling and glad to see 'em, and interested in what they was interested in, and sorry for their little troubles and all that. But there was a dead line that they could toe up to now and then and did toe up to now and then; but they never felt like it was a good time to step acrost it. Later on they might—tomorrow or next day or the next time—but not right then.

Finally Dolby Duff come along. Dolby met her at a sociable at the Reverend Spotkin's house about a week after he opened his office. The reverend had come from somewheres around Boston himself, and he met Dolby at the door with warm words of welcome and led him into the parlor. There was a considerable gabbing going on by that time, the company having got a trifle limbered up; but when the parlor door opened, and Dolby and the reverend come in, it stopped so's all you could hear was a snort or a giggle here and there from the young and unthinking and them that didn't have no better sense nor manners.

Now I claim it ain't an easy thing for a sawed-off, pasty-faced, pudgy-fronted young man with a nose shaped like a hen's beak to look real dignified; but I'll be switched if Dolby didn't come mighty close to it. He looked around the room's if he was inspecting a mixed bunch of livestock and let his eyes rest for a second or two on them that was showing hilariousness like he doubted whether they'd pull through the winter without more feed than they was worth, pushing his lip out a trifle; and one of them he looked at thataway was Charlotte Lessard, and another was Cal Biggins. I took notice that the giggling and snorting stopped and the faces all straightened out.

Then Dolby smiled and turned to the reverend. "They'll get used to the sight of me pretty soon," he whispered.

The reverend, still holding onto his arm, spoke up and said he had the pleasure and privilege of introducing a gentleman who'd come among us from afar as an apostle, you might say, of law and order, to throw in his lot with us and aid in the upbuilding of our community, the development of our resources and the realization and fruition, if he might so express it, of civic ideals—Mr. Dolby Duff. Then he took Dolby around and introduced him to each of them assembled.

"Last but not least," he says, when he come to Charlotte. "Miss Lessard is one of our most amiable and accomplished young ladies, ever among the foremost in good works and indispensable upon all social occasions. Miss Lessard, may I have the honor of presenting Mr. Duff?"

Dolby laid a hand on his left side, just above the convexest part of his vest, and bowed almost double.

"When I first had the happiness of beholding you, Miss Lessard," says he, "the words of the poet come into my mind: 'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair.' May I sit here? I thank you. I consider,

Cal Undertook to Teach Her Some Chords on the Guitar, and That Brought Them Tolerable Close Together

Style 23 A
Cherry Russia
Calfskin
Lace Shoe

THE
Hanover
Shoe

Styled for Comfort
Built for Wear

Men marvel how it is possible to sell men's shoes for $5 and boys' shoes for $2.50, $3 and $3.50—and yet maintain the extraordinary quality of Hanover Shoes.

Here's the answer:—We make Hanover Shoes at the Hanover factory and sell them direct to you, through our own Hanover Stores—and only through Hanover Stores. You pay only one profit.

It is because of this policy and the efficient manufacturing methods in our own factories, that the public has been enabled, for 23 years, to buy such high quality shoes for

FIVE DOLLARS

in Hanover Stores
in 62 cities

We will fit you from Hanover—if there is no Hanover store near you, Write for style catalog.

THE HANOVER SHOE, Hanover, Pa.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

For active boys

For school and after school, your boys need stout, rugged Hanover Shoes that stand the gaff—comfortable shoes that let the feet grow $2.50, $3 and $3.50

Style
L-Mo-1
Little Men's Tan
Army Grain Bal-
anced Lace Shoe

Miss Lessard, that Mr. Spotkin has laid me under an everlasting obligation."

Charlotte turned her head slowly towards him and her eyes widened gradual to their very widest.

"Has he?" she says, real serious. "He's always doing something like that. Sometimes it gets him into a heap of trouble."

Cal Biggins, who was sitting on the other side of her, haw-hawed right out.

"'The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,'" says Dolby calmly. "'Filling the pause the nightingale had made,'" he goes on, smiling at her. "Do you like Goldsmith, Miss Lessard?"

"Who is he?" asks Charlotte. "I don't ever recollect meeting anybody of that name," she says. "There's Mr. Brunsmith, in partners with Mr. Brooks over at Buffalo Gap. You don't mean him, do you?"

"No," says Dolby. "Goldsmith. He worked with golden phrases and jewels of speech. I'll bring him to you some day if you'll let me."

"Is he from Boston too?" Cal asks. "If he is I'd sure like to meet him myself. Especially if he's going to cast in his lot with us and boost our civic fruitions and realizations, if I may be p'mitted to use the expression."

"Tate wah, amby seel," says Charlotte, meaning, as Victor told me later, that Cal was an idiot and had better keep his mouth closed. "I remind myself," she says to Dolby, "that the poet, playwright and novelist, Goldsmith, was in our literature course in the convent in Quebec; but I don't like him. He made me tired, to tell the truth, so don't bring him, please, Mr. Duff. I have no taste for poetry, I assure you, and people who talk poetry to me displease me. Excuse me if I leave you. I wish to speak to Mrs. Spotkin."

Saying which, she got up slowly and moved at her easy gait over to where Mrs. Spotkin was standing.

"If I wasn't afraid of exposing my vacant mind I'd laugh right loud," says Cal.

"You might just as well," Dolby told him. "If you don't show it one way you will another."

So, you see, Dolby made a bad start. That didn't prevent him from calling at the harness shop the next afternoon and buying a buggy whip from Victor and making himself agreeable to the old man. He knew that Charlotte was in the little sitting room back of the shop, but she didn't come out; so finally he asked to see her, and Victor raised his eyebrows, letting on he was surprised, which he always made a point of doing with the boys, and then shrugged his shoulders and went and got her.

Dolby explained to her that he came to apologize for Goldsmith, and she smiled and said there wasn't no apology necessary. Then he said he wasn't going to talk poetry to her no more, and she allowed that she was sincerely grateful. He seen she was looking at the buggy whip.

"I ain't got no horse nor buggy right at the present time," he explained; "but I figure it won't be long before I have, and then I'll need the whip. I can afford that part of the outfit right now," he said, "and I always believe in looking ahead and providing myself beforehand, as far as I'm able, with what I'm going to want."

"That's all right if you know what you're going to want," says Charlotte. "You might be sorry you didn't spend the money for shoe strings though."

"I know what I want now," Dolby says, looking hard at her, "and I propose to get it."

"If you can," she answered him, with her slow smile.

"If I can't it will be because the hook don't catch and the crook breaks," he replies. "As the poet says, '"Tis not in mortals to command success'; but, on the other hand, when I go courting I ain't going to court failure by anticipating it."

"You'll probably buy an engagement ring as soon as you get the girl picked," Charlotte suggests.

"I was looking over a jewelry catalogue this morning," says Dolby as she turned to go. "Fare thee well for the present. Parting is such sweet sorrow that I could say farewell until tomorrow. Good day, Mr. Lessard. I'm glad to have met you, and look forward to the pleasure of improving our acquaintance."

Saying which, he picked up his whip and his hat and left, turning at the door to make another bow.

"Holy blue!" says Victor, getting off his straddle bench and hurrying to the door to look after him. "He is crazee, that one. Ba gosh, he go along ze sidewalk and cr-rack ze w'eep r-right en lef'. Come see, Charlotte."

"Excuse me, papa," says Charlotte; "he is not pretty to look at. He makes me shudder. He resembles a bad dream. I want to laugh and I want to close my eyes when he speaks to me. He would be frightful if he were not ridiculous."

"He is lak ze Ponch in ze leetl' show, only vizout ze homp on ze back," says Victor; "but he spick fine beeg word—only crazee. Me, I'm no onderstan' beem what he say."

"He go courting!" says Charlotte with a giggle. "I'd like to see the girl!"

Well, after that, Dolby didn't get to see Charlotte often, although he called right along; and when he did see her, that was all the good it done him; but outside of that, he begun to do mighty well. We got used to the sight of him, like he told the Reverend Spotkin that we would, and he showed himself tolerable sociable. We found out that he could pitch horseshoes with anybody in town, play a good game of poker, wrastle collar 'n' elbow a little something extra, and jump six inches farther than Wes Himsel, who had held the record up to then. Not that he frittered away all his time in athletic sports. Most generally you'd find him at his office, and it wasn't but a little while after his first jury case in Judge Kanable's court that he had plenty of business to attend to there. Some of it was law business and some of it was politics.

Up to that time Hermosilla was pitch-black Republican and the Democrats not skassly noticeable to the naked eye. Dolby started right in on a campaign that give the Republicans all the constables and dog pelters and probate judges and road supervisors in exchange for the sheriff and treasurer and district attorney and a majority of the county commissioners for the Democrats the next election. The first part of his tour of the precincts he started in an old road cart dragged by a fleabit roan pony that he'd bought from an Injun for eight dollars and a plug of tobacco, and the last part of the trip he was popping the Lessard whip over a fine, rangy Morgan colt hitched to a side-bar buggy. I don't know how many trades it took to do it; but, offices or horses, Dolby was a little the best of any trader I ever seen.

How come I know so much was he kept his horse at my livery and most always took time to gas a while about this or that when he come to the barn, so we got real well acquainted. He didn't make no bones of admitting, strictly between us two, that he was entertaining the tenderest kind of feelings toward Charlotte Lessard. When a man gets full up with unrequired affections, I don't care who he is, he's got to slop his sacred confidences on some innocent bystander. Me being sympathetic and understanding and experienced and judgmatical and close-mouthed, I get a heap of sech. But what was out of the common run was the hopeful way Dolby looked at the matter.

"I'm getting along fine, Stegg," he'd say to me. "She told me today quite plainly and frankly that my room was preferable to my company. She said that as I didn't seem able to take a hint, she thought plain speaking was best."

"I congratulate you," I says. "It looks like, if you go on a-making progress thataway, you'll soon get to the point where she'll throw a dipper of scalding water on you."

"Cuddie Headrigg got the hot brose," he says, whatever he meant by it. "That wouldn't altogether discourage me," he says. "Not like some things. It's a pity she doesn't like poetry, though, a being so beautiful that she inspires poetry in all who behold her. 'Blue are her eyes as the fairy flax, her cheek like the dawn of day,'" he says, rolling his eyes up at the pot of harness dressing on the shelf. "I reckon Longfellow must have seen somebody like her. Well, I told her that she was 'fairer than the evening air clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,' and she seemed actually to resent it. But she won't," he says, "when she gets more familiar with my face."

I told him he certainly gave her all the chance in the world to get accustomed to it.

"You'd ought to have gave her time to recover from the first shock," I says. "Absence might make the heart grow fonder, as the poet remarks."

"My face might be near her in her dreams, as the song doesn't say, but my voice she ne'er would hear. I've got a tongue, Steggy, and as the Swan of Avon truthfully observes, 'That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, if with his tongue he cannot win a woman.'"

The idee of a play come one evening at supper at Willer's. Dolby Duff and Miss Belinda McCartney, our schoolma'am, was a-discussing culture; and Cal Biggins and Joe Simms and Ray Shane was amongst them present, besides little Minna Beall, the dressmaker and milliner of River Avenue, and Dick Ames, one of the W. G. waddies, who was a frequent visitor in our midst since Victor Lessard opened his shop. The boys was looking at each other much as they felt, and particularly at Dolby. Cal spoke up, defending Hermosilla as a culture center, mentioning his sanitary barber shop as an instance, and why, if we was sech a jay community, didn't Dolby stay in Boston? There was a considerable heated talk back and forth, Dolby, polite and sarcastic, getting about the best of the bunch until Miss McCartney tried to oil the troubled waters by suggesting a lyceum to while away the winter months.

That didn't go. Cal objected that it would give certain silver-tongued smart Alecks a chance to spread theirselves and nothing much more, while the mute and glorious Miltons got the razzle-dazzle. To his surprise, Dolby agreed with him. What we wanted, Dolby allowed, was something combining the educational and the social with a wide artistic scope that, with the aid of our fearless and disinterested press, would boost the town.

"Fine and dandy!" says Joe Simms. "Providing," says he, "that you keep in mind that the fearless and able press ain't a free press in the sense of being gratis. What's the scheme, Dolby?"

"A dramatic production by local talent, of which we have scads and oodles," says Dolby. "As the poet says, 'The play's the thing.' In the drama, or more particularly the melodrama, we have the noblest sentiments of great minds blended with song and dance, the triumph of virtue and the defeat of villainy, which, as the poet says, holds, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature. In the words of him who was not for an age but for all time, 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. First the infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms, and then ——'"

Cal stopped him right there.

"I ain't from Boston and I don't claim to be high-toned and mealy-mouthed," he says; "but before you go any farther with that infant," he says, "I want you to remember there's ladies present. If them was the words of the bard, all is, they ain't what was taught me was manners."

"I guess we know what manners is, Mr. Biggins," says Miss McCartney, shutting him up. "Go on, Mr. Duff."

"Well, that's my idea," says Dolby. "It came to me at your graduation exercises last Monday night when Miss Beatrice Cole was delivering her remarkably thoughtful and brilliant valedictory with so much elocutionary charm and dramatic force. Later I thought of others among us equally gifted, and of an amateur theatrical performance that I once directed back East, where the material I had to work with was distinctly inferior to ours and which was, nevertheless, a pronounced success. I thought of Mr. Shane's inimitable low comedy as exemplified in the relation of Swedish, Hibernian and Dutch anecdotes; I thought of Mr. Biggins' altogether unusual musical gifts, of Mr. Simms' attractive stage presence and graceful bearing. It didn't occur to me at the time to consider the picturesque personality of Mr. Ames, on account of his preoccupation with the bounding bovines at the ranch; but we could use him. And among the ladies, I thought of Miss McCartney, of course, and of Miss Beall and Miss Cole—and there's Miss Charlotte Lessard we might get. In fact I have mentioned the matter to Miss Lessard and she has kindly consented to take a part."

That was what you might call a bombshell, the way the boys looked. There was a lull in the conversation, and then Shane wanted to know if Miss Lessard was a-going to be the hero-ine. Dolby allowed that the part would sure fit her. Then Cal spoke up.

"Seems like the hero would have to be sort of good-looking," he says, a-gazing at Dolby real thoughtful. "That would let you out," he says.

"That's undeniable," says Dolby, real pleasant. "I might assign you the part—and then again I might not. But, if everybody is agreeable we might have a meeting

(Continued on Page 46)

No American motor car, regardless of price, excels the New Peerless Eight in performance, dependability, beauty and comfort.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

One year ago, I'll admit that I expected something extraordinary in the way of performance and service from my New Peerless. I have driven automobiles for twenty-two years, and many good cars succumbed in less than a year to hard driving and abuse.

Perhaps the finest tribute I can pay to my Peerless is that, after more than 12,000 miles of the severest use, I still refer to it as my new Peerless. It is still the finest looking automobile in the city, and its many good qualities have improved with use.

Each car I have owned excelled in one or a few elements of motoring satisfaction, but I cannot think of a single phase of performance in which the New Peerless does not excel—*and I have spent not a single cent for repairs.*

R. A. GROCH,
Groch, Wyman Coal Company, Cleveland

New Prices

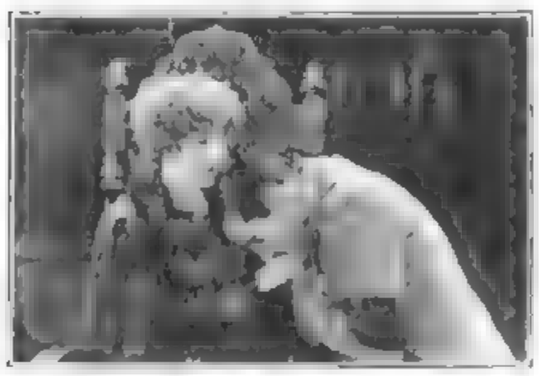
$2690 to $4090, f. o. b. Cleveland, dependent on the style of body you select. The Peerless line of bodies includes touring cars, coupes, sedans and limousines.

PEERLESS

Watch This Column

For pleasing plays and players

Acquittal by a jury doesn't always prove innocence. And Fate has a way of stepping in occasionally and upsetting the deliberations of men. Both of these facts are powerfully emphasized in UNIVERSAL'S pictured version of Rita Weiman's great stage-play, ***"The Acquittal,"*** as produced in New York by Cohan and Harris. It is highly dramatic and splendidly acted by Claire Windsor, Norman Kerry, Barbara Bedford and Richard Travers and directed by Clarence Brown.



CLAIRE WINDSOR and NORMAN KERRY in "THE ACQUITTAL"

These are all very pleasing players and they have the attractive personality which the story calls for. I always hate to see a good play spoiled by a hero who looks and acts like a clothing-store dummy, and by a heroine who ought to be anything but an actress. I am insistent, therefore, that our plays be cast with people of unquestioned acting ability, and good looks. I want manly heroes and sweet, womanly heroines. You will find them in this play.

* * *

This rule holds good in ***"Merry Go Round"*** with beautiful MARY PHILBIN and the good-looking NORMAN KERRY, both proved artists. It holds good in ***"Drifting,"*** PRISCILLA DEAN with MAT MOORE and WALLACE BEERY. And I want you to note the singularly fine cast in ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** which exploits LON CHANEY PATSY RUTH MILLER, ERNEST TORRANCE, TULLY MARSHALL, NORMAN KERRY and fully a score of others of unusual capability.

* * *

I judge from great numbers of fine letters I am receiving that UNIVERSAL is pleasing the people—making picture-plays that are well chosen, human, clean, spirited, superbly acted and wholly desirable. The people of this country themselves have convinced me that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS.

* * *

Drop me a line once in a while. You are as deeply interested as I am.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 44)

here tomorrow evening about this time and look at the play, The Flower of Smoky Mountain, and talk the thing over. I'll speak to the people I have on my list. What do you think, Miss McCartney and Miss Beall?"

Miss McCartney and Miss Beall allowed it would be perfectly elegant and lovely. Joe Simms smiled and twisted the ends of his mustache.

"You seem to have this all cut and dried, Dolby," he observes. "Sort of running it, eh?"

Dolby smiled back, and leaning over the table brought his thumb and forefinger to a point and jabbed them to'rds him in the air.

"You get out your indelible pencil and make a note of it," he says. "I sure am and will be."

I walked with Cal and Ray on the way home and I seen that they was sure a heap sore and uneasy about this here play and Dolby. They didn't make no bones of talking about it either. Finally they come near getting into a scrap about Cal using Charlotte's Christian name. Ray wanted to know where he got any license for it. Seemed to him Cal was a-starting to shave before he lathered. Cal told him that when he needed a license he'd go to the county clerk for it, and he was equal, anyway, to lathering Mr. Shane, if Mr. Shane had enough sand left over from what he put in his sugar. They was disrobing for the fray when I got in between 'em and stopped the proceedings, pointing out that they would only be a-throwing business in Dolby's way.

After Shane had unlocked his store and left us Cal told me he was sorry he had let his angry passions rise with pore Ray, because the boy was sure going to have grief aplenty when he heard the news about Charlotte and him.

"What news is that?" I asked him.

"Well," he says, "it ain't exactly ripe to give to the public yet; but, in a way, it's going to be unpleasant to Duff and Joe Simms, and it's going to break mighty soon; but I won't set no definite date until I've had a little further talk with Charlotte. Well, here's where I leave you."

"How is it going to affect Dolby Duff?" I inquired as he got out his key to let himself into his shop.

"My gosh, man!" says Cal. "If you honestly think Dolby Duff counts don't ask me, ask Charlotte."

"What does she say?" I wanted to know.

"She don't say nothing," says Cal, with a grin that split his face. "She just laughs."

Well, to go back to The Flower of Smoky Mountain, the meeting took place the next evening in Fred Willer's parlor as per schedule, all being present that Dolby had got down on his list, including Charlotte and a tolerable sprinkling of them that wasn't invited or required. First thing, Dolby cut out them goats from the sheep and threw 'em back on the range, which wasn't done without considerable blatting; then he addressed the meeting. He said that he wouldn't take up no time repeating what he had already said to each and all respecting the object of the meeting. That was understood, and he took it for granted that it was approved, them being there; but he wanted it understood that he was activated by no vainglorious desire to push forward and make himself prominent. He had merely made the suggestion and having done so, he preferred to retire to umbrageous obscurity and let some person more qualified than what he was boss the job and run it to what he felt sure would be a successful conclusion. Such experience as he had had, what poor ability he was gifted with, he would gladly place at the service of the stage manager; and would give him or her the loyalest kind of support and the implicitest kind of obedience, reckernizing, as he did, that such was ne'ss'ry from each and every one of the company to the herein-before-mentioned manager.

"The qualifications of such a manager," says Dolby, "is few and simple. He or she must be a person with a strong sense of the dramatic unities and eternal verities, joined to a keen perception of historyonic capabilities and limitations, together with a firm confidence of his superior knowledge of stage technic; and, above all, he or she must have an unyielding intolerance of insubordination. He or she must be fearless and outspoken and forceful and ruthless and relentless in attaining his purpose, oblivious of the personal emotions of the objects of his critical censure. He or she must have other indispensable qualifications which I will not now enumerate; but these and them I have mentioned are, I am sure, possessed by most of you here present. It only remains then for us to choose this boss. And when I say boss I mean b-o-double-s, boss. To get the sense of the meeting I beg to propose my friend Ray Shane for the post of manager. All in favor will please signify by ——"

Ray got up, red in the face, and said he begged to decline. He nominated his friend, Mr. Cal Biggins. Cal declined and passed the buck to Joe Simms. Joe got up and grinned at Dolby and allowed that he was just about as much of a shrinking, modest, woodland violet as his bashful friend Mr. Duff was, and while he admitted having all of the qualifications that Mr. Duff had mentioned, except experience, he sort of shrunk from displaying them. He therefore urged Mr. Duff to overcome his well-known timidity and diffidence and love of the shade and not fool away any more time.

"I nominate Mr. Duff," he says. "That what you want, Dolby?"

Miss McCartney seconded the motion and it was carried unanimously.

"All right, then," says Dolby. "Since you all insist and agree, that's settled; and now if you'll give me your kind and earnest attention I'll give you a brief synopsis of the play; and then, if you approve of it, I'll read it to you."

I don't know as I can give you more'n a general idea of the piece; but, in a general way, this here Smoky Mountain was in the wilds of the Ozarks, and the flower of it was a be-yutiful girl, name of Arline, who had been kidnaped when she was a kid by Jared Sikes, who let on that he was her daddy, and run a moonshining outfit on Old Smoky, him being paid to do the kidnaping by Arline's uncle, Reginald Roydon, who had been made guardeen of her fortune by Arline's real daddy's will and was one old son of a gun. This here Jared has got a nephew, name of Ebenezer, described in the bill as "a malignant lout," and he figures on marrying Ebenezer to Arline and double-crossing Reginald by giving the snap away and then whacking up with Eb on the girl's fortune; but the only trouble with this scheme is that the uncle—this here Reginald Roydon—has got the papers proving that Jared had killed Arline's father; only he hadn't, because the old man had recovered from the dastard's murderous blow and was living in a cave on Old Smoky as a hermit, being drove out of his proper senses by what he allowed was the unfaithfulness of Arline's mother, who was as innocent as the new-fallen snow and the victim of a foul plot of the villain, Reginald. You get the idee, don't you?

Well, just as the plot's a-thickening, and Ebenezer is a-prosecuting Arline with his unwelcome attentions, Bertrand Boscovel, a rich young city feller with a heart of gold, comes to Luke Sokem's tavern with his dude friend, Phillibert Phibley. They've come down to fish and hunt, but Phillibert don't do much hunting, because Susie Swott, the coquettish and vivacious little chambermaid at the tavern, ain't got time to go with him; so Bertrand goes alone, and while he's a-rambling through the woods he sees Arline struggling in the unwelcome embraces of Ebenezer and he promptly knocks the everlasting stuffing out of the ruffian, who pulls his freight out of there, muttering curses and vows of vengeance. Bertrand falls in love with Arline, but she —— Eh? Oh, well, if you don't want to hear about it. But I was just a-getting to where it was good.

Anyway, the crowd thought it was a perfectly elegant and jim-dandy play, and Dolby started in and read it through; and I'll tell a man he sure showed right there that he was onto his job. If you'd shut your eyes you'd have thought all them different folks in the play was talking, except that he didn't have no woman's voice; but where he come out strong was in the Bertrand Boscovel part. He sure did get off the flowery, melting, goo-goo language to the queen's taste. He wasn't no slouch with any of the others, and he done the dude in elegant shape; but when he come to them soft spots of Bertrand's he just naturally warbled. I seen Cal Biggins look at Ray Shane and Ray look at Cal, and the both of them at Joe Simms and Joe at them, and the three at Charlotte Lessard. Once in a while Charlotte seemed to act's if she was sort of interested; but most of the time you could see she wished she was home in her nice little white bed, getting the sleep she was needing so bad. Other times she'd whisper to Joe Simms, who was sitting alongside her, and Joe would grin and whisper something back that made her put her handkerchief to her mouth in the meltingest parts.

Finally Dolby got through and bowed to the deefening applause, which kept up until he raised his hand to stop it.

"I think that will be about all we can do tonight," he says, looking at his watch. "I see it approaches what Shakspere calls 'the witching time of night when churchyards yawn,' and I notice that churchyards ain't peculiar in that respect," says he, looking over at Charlotte. "If there ain't no objection we will convene and assemble here again tomorrow night, when I shall announce the assignments of the parts—subject to discussion and approval—and distribute the books, which I fortunately have on hand, so that no time need be lost in memorizing. If there is not too much discussion—and I hope and believe that there won't be—we'll be able to read the play through together. I thank you for your kind attention."

The next night started out with trouble in the air outside the parlor door. Ray and Cal allowed that their suspicions that Dolby was a-going to play Bertrand was confirmed into a cinch, and they wasn't going to stand it—particularly Ray wasn't.

"Our respective parts is Mud, Dennis and Pants, if he does," says Ray.

"I reckon that's true," Cal agrees. "But I wouldn't be stuck on seeing you lally-gagging the hero-ine, either. Although it would sure be an amusing spectacle, you trying to resemble a city millionaire."

"Your idee of a hero is prob'ly a slim jim with his legs more'n slightly bowed and a mustache curled at the ends with hot tongs and his hair oiled and frizzed and stinking of bay rum," Ray sneers, rolling his eyes on them first-named characteristics and sniffing and puffing through his lips at Cal's odorousness, which was reely mostly the smell-um-good in his handkerchief.

"I'm too much of a gentleman to go into painful particulars about a person, however low and disgusting a speciment of the brute creation he may be," says Cal; "so I'll take the short cut and tell you you're a liar and dasn't take it up."

This time it was Joe Simms got in between 'em and argued 'em into postponing the mutual massacree.

"It may require our united efforts to foil Friend Duff," says Joe, "and we can't be united if you pull each other apart."

Well, there wasn't no united opposition needed that time, as it turned out. Not in Joe's opinion, anyway. Dolby didn't waste no time getting down to business, and the first parts he give out was Arline, Miss Charlotte Lessard; and Bertrand Boscovel, Mr. Joseph Simms. He stopped then for a moment, during which time if anybody had dropped a pin it would have sounded like a stove lid falling into a wash boiler.

"Before I proceed," he says, "I'll state my reasons, and I'll do that in each instance, so that if any objections is made I can settle them—or we can—and if there ain't none I shall expect every member of the company everlastingly to hold his peace. I propose Miss Lessard for the part of Arline account of her pulchritudinous endowments, her intuitive perceptions, which I undertake to revise, and a reasonable intellectual capacity susceptible of developments. Any objections?"

Charlotte squirmed a trifle with everybody looking at her, and opened her lovely mouth's if she was going to speak; but she closed it again and Dolby went on:

"A hero must be handsome. He may be more or less of a fool, and most heroes are; but manly beauty is a *sine qua non*. Grace, and an engaging personality is all essential, except in a rustic hero, and Bertrand Boscovel is a city man. Mr. Simms' former residence in Austin, of which he has occasionally told us, gives him the urban air necessary to the part; so unless some gentleman present honestly believes he is better looking, more graceful and of a more metropolitan deportment, and unless Mr Simms is unwilling, he takes the part."

"You'll never lose anything by them words of praise, Dolby," says Joe, smirking and twisting the ends of his mustache. "I presume, though, that brains won't be no handicap," he says.

"It depends on how you use 'em," says Dolby. "Now, when Mr. Shane and Mr. Biggins are through with their little conference we'll go on with our business."

Cal and Ray was whispering together, and by their faces it didn't look like they was telling each other funny stories. Ray

(Continued on Page 48)

Brand New **Oakland** True Blue

What is the Outstanding Feature of This Car?

Frankly—With its Four-Wheel Brakes, Brand New Engine New Fisher Body and New Low Price—It is Hard to Say!

Come—ride with us in this new Oakland Sedan! Throw open its wide doors, and so much of beauty, comfort and convenience will meet your gaze, that you, too, will be at a loss to name its outstanding feature.

Settle yourself in its deep-tufted, velours cushions and take the wheel. Don't grope blindly at the dash, for all controls are at your finger tips on the steering wheel—ignition, choke, horn, throttle and light-dimming lever.

Touch the starter and feel the instant response of the smooth and obedient brand new six-cylinder engine. A glance at the instruments, plainly visible in a neat panel on the dash, indirectly lighted—a quick, noiseless and effortless change of gears—and you're off!

The smooth and quiet power tempts you to greater speed. You open the throttle wider. And then—a careless pedestrian dashes in front of you! *Halt!* Instinctively you depress the four-wheel brake pedal and the car stops—quickly, smoothly and noiselessly as it started.

But this is only a mythical ride. Let an Oakland dealer give you a real one. Truly, it will provide a new thrill of motoring enjoyment and security. And a double surprise will be yours when you learn that the price of this wonderful Sedan is only $1395, at the factory.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Every Oakland Six carries the 15,000 mile engine performance guarantee and Mileage Basis gauge of value

Touring Car • $945	*Sport Touring* • $1095	*Business Coupe* • $1195	*Sedan* • • • • $1395
Roadster • • 945	*Sport Roadster* • 1095	*Coupe for Four* • 1345	*All prices f. o. b. factory*

DON'T GUESS
Buy the Coat with a Double Guarantee

Two Pocket Coat $7.50

Thermo
KNITTED
SPORT COAT

No Shoddy Here

THERMO is just the kind of a coat he needs for wearing around the house, in the office, at work, indoors or outdoors. It is knitted from virgin wool yarn, which makes Thermo a *better* looking coat, one that will give *longer* service and *greater* comfort. It is easily washed

For gifts
" *sports*
" *outings*
" *motoring*
" *football*
" *bowling*
" *office or*
" *homewear*
Worn all the year round

Look for the Thermo virgin wool hanger in the neck

Made in Scotch Grain and heather mixtures, $7.50 to $10 00; Vests $5 00. Write us if your dealer can't supply you.

Send for free copy of Booklet "Virgin Wool vs. Shoddy," an authoritative booklet.

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
Dept. M, 349 Broadway, New York

This double guarantee applies only to coats with this hanger in the neck

Thermo
HUDSON, N.Y.
VIRGIN WOOL

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 46)

started up, red as a beet, when Dolby spoke; but Cal pulled him down by the coat tails and whispered to him again.

"No remarks," Cal answers Dolby, out loud.

"None right now," Ray growls.

"If there's any at all I want them right now," says Dolby. "None? Then I now come to what I regard as one of the most important parts of the play; that of Jared Sikes. It will take far more than ordinary ability to portray this unscrupulous, cunning and determined ruffian who has yet in his degraded nature the divine sparks of nobility which lead to his final repentance and atonement. The scenes between him and his supposed daughter, Arline, afford an unusual opportunity for the display of the higher forms of dramatic art. In this gathering I know of but one man who would be equal to it, artistically and physically. For Jared Sikes, then, I name Mr. Ray Shane, whose well-known private virtues, sterling integrity and polished demeanor will make his impersonation of a rough, even brutal, scoundrel a more brilliant achievement."

Shane looked at him, red-eyed and yet sort of dubersome; but Charlotte nodded and smiled at him and some of the others started clapping, so he nodded too.

"All right," he says, "I'll take a whirl at it and see how it goes."

"It will go," says Dolby. "You can bank on that. Another important part, and one that—properly played—will contribute to the success of the play as much or more than any other, is that of Phillibert Phibley, a creation that in my opinion is hardly inferior to that of the immortal Dundreary. We are particularly fortunate in having among us a gentleman with a positive genius for exciting mirth, whose wit and gayety endear him to us all, whose gift in respect of the art which the poet says 'hath charms to soothe the savage breast' are known to us all and could be utilized by putting a song or two into his part, say—er—The Dandy Copper of the Broadway Squad—and maybe a little dance. How about it, Mr. Biggins?"

"Me?" says Cal. Everybody began to clap again, so he says, "Oh, all right. If you say so, it goes. Anything to oblige. Don't mention it; the pleasure's all mine—so far."

"We're getting along fine and dandy," says Dolby. "Now comes a part that will call for some fine work from a real artist—the injured wife and bereaved mother, Mrs. Somerville. I'm going to ask Miss McCartney to take this rôle, upon the sympathetic rendering of which so much depends. The truthful delicacy of Miss McCartney's interpretation of the masters of literature, as exemplified in the school readers, leaves no doubt in my mind that her Mrs. Somerville will be an inspiration and a delight."

As soon as all the parts was give out we started to read the play through. Dolby listened real attentive, making a little suggestion here and there, and now and then nodding kind of approving and bringing us to order when we got to delaying the game with untimely snickers.

"Now," says he, when we got through, "that's very good for a beginning; but from now on we're going to work. I'm going to tell you just what's wrong with your work too. If any lady or gentleman wants to argue with me they can wait until after we've had our first public performance. Do you think your skins are thick enough to stand it?"

He smiled at us real sweet as he said this and we all laughed. It was a pretty good joke.

The next day I went to Cal's shop to get a haircut and my whiskers trimmed; which Jones' Percheron mare had stepped on my horse clippers about a month before and put 'em out of commission, so's I was getting the general aspects of a new-arrived native of the wilds of Borneo. Cal looked up from stropping a razor as I came in.

"Mistah Luke Sokem, I believe," he says. "A chawming morning, Mistah Sokem. Did you wemark the sunwise this morning? A most wemarkable sunwise, don'tcherknow. And what, may I awsk, did you think of the doings lawst night?"

I took my seat in the chair.

"I seen one thing," I told him, "and that was that Duff picked the right man for the dude. You're sure going to be the hit of the show, Cal."

"Hit or hit at?" he says, tucking a towel into my neck. Looking at the mirror, I seen that he believed what I said and wasn't mad about it. "Tell you," he goes on, "I don't know but what I got Duff sized up wrong. He ain't no fool, and if he was mashed on Charlotte he wouldn't have give me a part like Phillibert. He'd 'a' tried to stave me off with a shouting membership in Jared Sikes' band of moonshiners. He knows I'm solider than any of the rest with Charlotte and it don't stand to reason he'd want to boost my game."

"That's so," I agrees. "Still and all, he might have give you the hero part instead of letting Joe Simms have it."

"You're off your base," he says. "Bertrand Boscovel is one prize chump, like Duff said. Duff just fooled Joe; and say, it was pretty slick the way he got Ray Shane to take Jared. I couldn't hardly keep my face straight to see Ray swallowing that guff about it taking real ability. No, sir. Friend Dolby's got it in for Ray and he's getting even pretty slick. If I have any law business he gets it. I certainly like the way he's handling this here show."

He went babbling along thataway all the time he was working on me, and I allowed he had the right spirit. When I got through I went over to the store and found Ray Shane had the right spirit too. I found him sitting on a nail keg studying his part real earnest, and he told me the more he studied it the more he seen that it afforded the unusualest kind of an opportunity for the display of the higher forms of the dramatic art and he was beginning to think he'd been mistaken in Dolby. That smart Aleck, Cal Biggins, didn't seem to catch on that Duff was making a monkey of him, a-holding of him up to reticule. Right smooth, Dolby was; and one thing was sure, he hadn't got no personal ax to grind unless maybe he was trying to get a stand-in with the schoolma'am. All the trouble with Duff was his po'try, which, when he got to spouting it to ladies that a person was interested in, he was apt to get misunderstood. Anyway, when it come to play-acting Dolby sure held ace, king, queen, jack and ten-spot of that suit.

I got my tobacco and left him. Later on I dropped in at the Hatchet office, where Joe Simms was washing off a mess of type. He asked me had I ever seen type lice. I was sorry to disappoint him, but I had. It had cost the printer that showed 'em to me a heap of work straightening the office out afterwards, not to mention his doctor's bill. I told Joe that, and then I asked him what he thought of the cast of The Flower of Smoky Mountain.

"It's a right good cast," says Joe. "The two principal characters is well chosen and it doesn't much matter about the support. I reckon Dolby will lick you all into some sort of shape, though. I've got a heap of confidence in Mr. Duff—as long as I got my eye right straight on him. I trust him implicitly—almost as far as I can throw a bull by the tail."

"You think he's got an ax to grind?" I asked him.

"The Hon. Dolby Duff has always got an ax to grind," says Joe. "He's a collector and connysure of axes, which he uses for sundry and various purposes, and he likes to have 'em with a fine razor edge against the time that he needs 'em. I've got a slight pain in the small of my back right now which leads me to believe I must have been turning the crank for him last night some way. I haven't figured out how I done it, though, and that's what's gnawing at my soul."

I told him maybe it was a touch of sciatica, and he said maybe it was, but he'd watch the symptoms close and make sure. Then some folks come into the office and I strolled down the street to Victor Lessard's harness shop. Old Victor was astraddle of his bench stitching a broken headstall and his face was puckered in a frown that didn't come off when I passed him the time o' day. I asked him where was Charlotte and he told me she was occupy.

"She's think of ze long past when she was leetle babee, by dam," he says. "She has memory lak ze dream of beautiful lady who embrace her wiz tenderness, and of grand house and many servant and carriage. But it is lak dream. Onlee she sometimes riccolec' zis. Maybe some time she riccolec' more. Maybe she riccolec' ze morning is time to get up and mek coffee, by dam! And night is ze time for sleep, name of a dog!"

"What's this I hear?" says Charlotte, coming in from the other room with one of her lovely smiles. "Somebody grumbles? Well, there is some more fresh coffee made, and an omelet, if angry bears like omelets. Good morning, Mr. Stegg. Will you stay and talk to me while papa goes and eats some more breakfast? I was lazy this morning and he had to get his own, and so he does not love his daughter any more."

Old Victor got up and kissed her, smick-smack, one on each cheek, reaching up to do it. Then he pulled her ear and went into the little back room. I noticed that Charlotte had her book of the play in her hand.

"Got your part memorized?" I asked her.

"Very nearly the first act," she said. "Isn't it going to be lovely!"

"Some of it is," I says. "Arline, for instance. How do you think you're going to like play-acting?"

"I adore it," says she. "I shall make it my profession. I always said I would give anything in the world to be a great actress."

"Most of you girls are," I says. "But it was sure a great idea of Duff's. He's a smart man, Duff is. Got mighty winning ways."

She raised her evebrows.

"Is it possible that you think so?" she says. "Me, I find him detestable. Ugh! And ridiculous!"

"Right magnanimous, too," I says. "If I thought as much of you as he does—and I don't say I don't—I wouldn't give a handsome, slick-tongued young editor like Joe Simms no chance to make love to you more'n I could help."

"Mr. Simms is handsome, isn't it?" she said, her face slowly clearing up and dimpling. "Have you ever noticed what lovely curling eyelashes he's got? And he's very entertaining and writes so interestingly. He is not afraid, and I like a man to be like that. Some day, perhaps, he will become famous."

"I feel sorry for Cal Biggins when I hear you talk like that about Joe," says I, shaking my head.

"But why are you sorry for that dear Mr. Biggins?" she says. "He is not sorry for himself. He has a good business and makes money. He is always happy; he loves everybody and everybody loves him; he is so comical and so good and wears such pretty neckties. And he is handsome, too, in a way."

"I know one person Cal doesn't love and that's Ray Shane," I told her. "I get nervous every time I see Ray a-sitting in the chair with his throat stretched out and Cal flourishing a razor over him. I wouldn't take no such risks if I was Ray."

"What horror!" she cries. "But why? Such an elegant gentleman as Mr. Shane is! So polite, so obliging always. And he has character. One could always depend on him, one feels." She leaned her chin on her hand and looked thoughtful. "Some day he will be very rich, I think," she says.

"I reckon Dolby Duff is going to get along in the world tolerably well," I says.

"It is a sad thing to have to admit that it is possible, if not probable," says Charlotte. "He is the one cloud over Smoky Mountain. But for him, this would be the loveliest thing in my life; and yet I see that he is necessary." She heaved a deep sigh, and then laughed. "Perhaps I am ungrateful to your Mr. Duff," she says. "He might be opening to me my career. Who knows?"

"That's whatever," I assents with her. "*Quién sabe?* Who knows?"

This was on a Saturday, and the next meeting of the Hermosilla Dramatic Society wasn't until the Tuesday after; and on the Monday night I seen a light in Dolby's office and concluded to go in. I found him tilted back in his chair with his feet on the desk and the stem of an empty corncob gripped in his teeth and not a sign of a law book outside of the shelves, nor yet a paper. He gave me the glad and hearty welcome I meet with everywhere, and I sat down.

"Your brains will all run into your head if you put up your feet thataway," I remarked, filling my pipe out of his cigar box and striking a match on the sole of his shoe.

"I hear you won your case," I says.

He nodded, but still kept his popeyes staring at Alaska on the map of North America that was hanging on the wall.

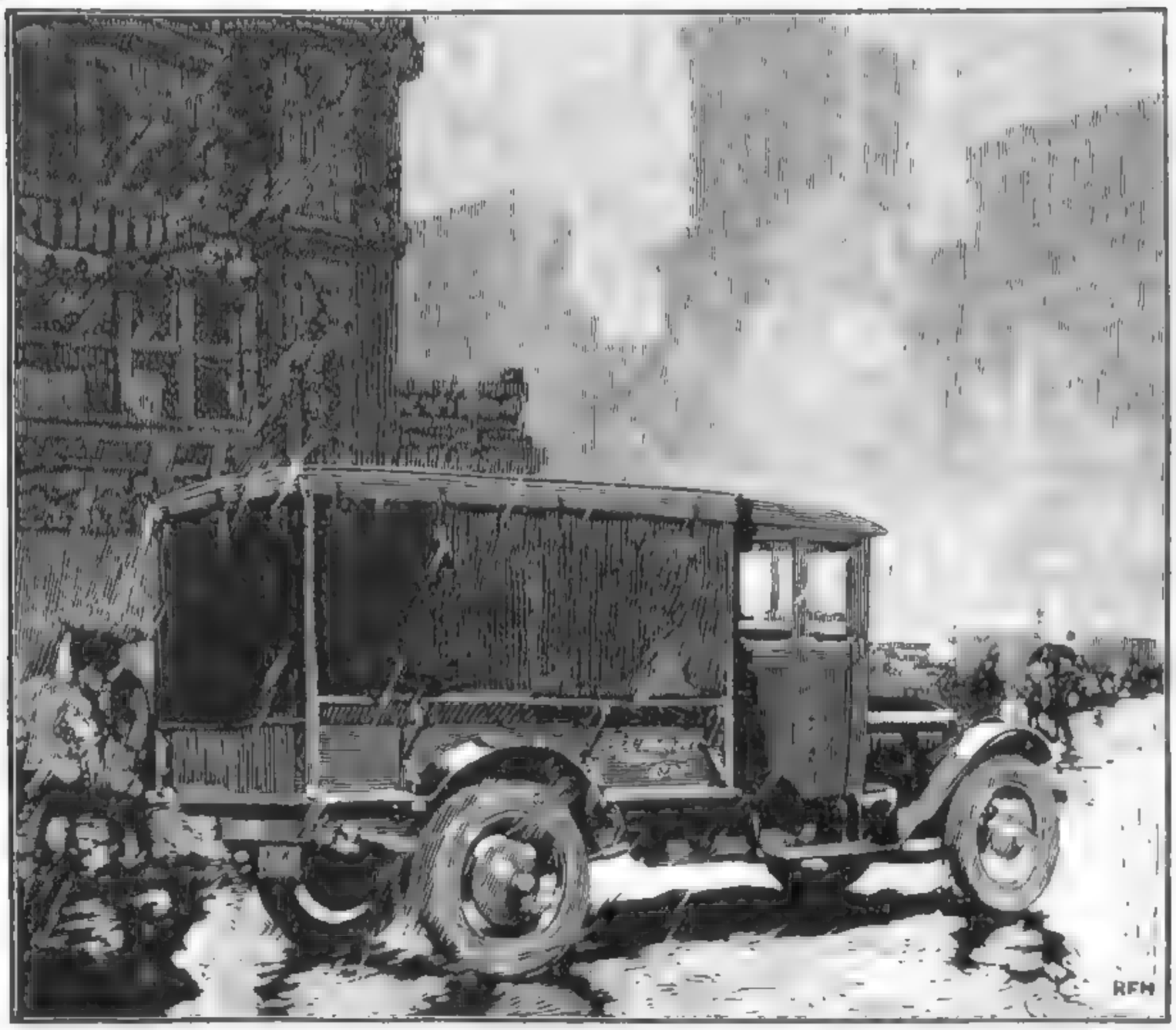
"I aimed to win it," he says.

"A good many aim and miss," I observes. "What are you doing? Figuring some hellish scheme?"

"'Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,' as the poet says," he replies. "I've been wondering how this play of ours is going to come out too."

"You can make your mind easy," I told him. "Every last one of us true artists

(Continued on Page 50)



"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"

GMC Builds Business for Users

There is definite reason for the marked success of truck users who operate the Model K 16 one-ton truck.

More hours of continuous and uninterrupted hauling are produced by this sturdy one-ton chassis because of the surplus strength built into every part. Consequently its earning capacity is considerably greater.

Less time is needed to renew its wearing parts because every point of wear has a bearing or bushing that is quickly and easily replaceable. Here is another economy that spells profits to a hauler.

And besides, Model K 16 one-ton truck is a complete motor truck, built of truck units only and fitted with refinements found usually only in high grade passenger cars.

The Model K 16 is now sold complete, ready for use in the following combinations of body and cab:

Open Express Body with Open Cab; Open Express Body with Closed Cab; Express Body with Six Post Top and Open Cab; Express Body with Six Post Top and Closed Cab; Platform Body with Stake Sides and Open Cab; Platform Body with Stake Sides and Closed Cab.

Send for catalog describing Body Styles.

GMC

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY—*Pontiac, Michigan*
Division of General Motors Corporation

In the Dominion of Canada
General Motors Truck Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario

GMC Truck chassis list at the factory as follows: 1-Ton, $1295; 2-Ton, $2375; 3½-Ton, $3600; 5-Ton, $3950: Tax to be added.

General Motors Trucks

An attractive opportunity awaits the right man in our Advertising Department

Whose ability, training, record, and ambitions show that he needs a better opportunity for the years ahead than he now has.

Whose experience proves that he has practical sales instinct and ability, and that he is well grounded in the fundamentals of modern selling and merchandising.

Who has had experience both as a personal salesman and as a sales executive in directing others.

Whose qualifications fit him to deal with business executives.

Experience in advertising would be desirable but is not essential.

Who is between 30 and 35 years of age; of good personality and sound character.

There is a vacancy in each of our branch offices, in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and in Boston.

Write us in detail about yourself. Your letter will be held in confidence, and if your reply is considered favorably an interview will be arranged. Address your letter to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Advertising Department
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 48)

that you've give the best parts to is a-going to show their gratitude by proving you didn't make no mistake. I've talked with them all, and one and all think Dolby Duff, Esquire, is the full-cream cheese. You're popular, Dolby."

He smiled sort of contemptuous.

"I don't aim to be," he says.

"No words but words of praise for you," I went on, "except them that come from the ruby lips of Charlotte Lessard. I hate to have to tell you this," I says; "but that girl don't come anywheres near appreciating you. She's got a large, roomy heart, but the space is all took up by the rest of her fellow creatures. Even Ray Shane's only just made out to wedge in, and, seems to me, a part of his coat tail is hanging out over the threshold."

"Oh, I've give up any ideas or notions about Miss Lessard!" says Dolby as cool as you please.

"You have?" I says.

"Certainly," says he. "'Shall I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair? What care I how fair she be if she be not fair for me?'"

"Oh!" says I.

"That's whatever," says he. "You think we can get Gus Kenefick to paint us a drop curtain?"

Well, it wasn't long before all Hermosilla was a-buzzing with excitement about this here play. We got the use of the schoolhouse from the trustees and Miss McCartney moved her desk so's to give room for the stage, for which the lumber was donated by Old Man Silkeson and the carpenter work by Limpy Jones and the saw-and-hatchet amateur talent amongst our members. Gus Kenefick, the painter, started to work on the drop curtain for and in consideration of a border of advertisements around the Eyetalian castle on the seashore in the center. He soaked the commercial institutions ten dollars per ad, but he turned over five to our committee; and Joe Simms gave us a 25 per cent discount for cash for the locals he began to run to keep public interest at fever heat. Altogether our business committee allowed we'd clear a hundred and fifty dollars or more to start the fifty-thousand-dollar fund for the opera house we was going to build. Everything sure looked rosy.

The rehearsals went on regular, and, at first, as smooth as silk. If Dolby was the cloud over Smoky Mountain he didn't burst none at the start; he jest let down a mild sprinkle now and then to damp them as seemed to need their dust settled, with a little flurry of Hail Columbia to sting the more obstropolous, but nothing to take any particular exceptions to. Firm, but pleasant as a basket of chips most of the time, and giving particular attention to Minna Beall as Susie Swott, and Luke Sokem, which was me, and Ebenezer, the malignant lout, which was wished onto Dick Ames, and Beatrice Cole, who was Ebenezer's deserted sweetheart who gave the location of the still away to Lem Rogers, the revenoo officer. He got the moonshiners to uttering their yells of execration and their loud shouts of savage triumph the way he wanted them, but he didn't seem to have to use no club. He made a few little suggestions to Joe Simms, which Joe didn't pay no attention to; and the same to Charlotte, which she followed out; but they wasn't important ones. He was extry polite with Charlotte, and never hauled her around by the arm to place her right like he done even with Miss McCartney; and while he smiled at her sometimes when he spoke, it was mainly with his teeth.

I reckon she must have been some surprised. Now and then I'd catch her looking at him with a sort of a frown when he was lambasting the hermit or Ebenezer or some of them, or a-pouring oil and frankincense on their sore spots, but it wasn't as if she was mad—it was more like she was a-trying to figure out a puzzle. Once or twice she asked him right out how she ought to say this or that, and was she doing it right; but Dolby always staved her off. She certainly didn't have no reason to complain of him pestering her, and one day when I met her on the street I told her so.

"No," she admits, "but I wish he would pester Bertrand a little; Bertrand needs it, and I've told him so; but he is a little—what do you call?—high in the head, perhaps. Yet Mr. Duff lets him take his own way with the part, and that is curious. Me, I would like to be told when I am at fault if it is a question of art and not personal."

Well, it was curious that Cal Biggins thought much about the same. He allowed that Joe acted like a wooden man and wondered why Dolby didn't jack him up. But no, he let him and Ray Shane ball up their lines without a word, and it was just about going to spoil the whole show. He had s'posed from the way Dolby spoke at the start that he was just a-going to raise hell, regardless, but seemed like he couldn't be too milk-and-watery with them lunkheads.

Shane had the same general idee, that Dolby was too easy on them that hadn't ought to have been give speaking parts at all—take Joe Simms, f'r instance, and that silly clown, Cal Biggins. A half-trained chimpanzee would do better work than them two.

"If I wasn't playing my part just exactly the way it ought to be played," he says, "I'd thank somebody to tell me. I'd be good and grateful. Well, why don't Dolby tell 'em—or bounce 'em?"

Maybe there's something in this here thought transferring. Anyway, the very next meeting the cloud that hadn't been no bigger'n a man's hand spread over the horryzon and took the beefers in. He started on Joe.

"Now, Bertrand," he says, sharp and snappy, "your attention, please. You ought to know your cue by this time. 'Shall I ever, I wonder, see the glittering splendors of the gay outside world of which you speak?' Get a wiggle on! Arline isn't going to be able to hold her wistful look much longer without getting face ache. And, by the way, you ought to smile with an expression of chivalrous respect and restrained ardor, if you understand me; not grin like a pool-room loafer trying to mash a little hash slinger. You're supposed to be a gentleman. Now try that smile again. Great Scott! Is that the nearest you can come to specifications?"

"Suppose you show me," says Joe, redding up and giving him an ugly look.

Dolby showed him. I don't say that it was one of these here ravishing smiles. He hadn't quite the mouth for it, although his teeth was good. But he got something into the smile and into those popeyes of his that come nigh being what he'd said. Arline looked real wistful while he done it.

"'If I dared tell you what I think!'" he says, speaking Bertrand's part. "'If I dared tell you what I hope!' Let your eyes droop under my gaze now, Miss Lessard, if you please, and when you say 'Why should you not dare to tell me?' hesitate a little and avert your eyes in maidenly confusion. Don't say it as if you were asking a conundrum. You overdo the unsophisticated business. You're innocent, but you've had your hair up and your skirts down for some time and the youth of Smoky have been chasing you, more or less. Anyway, your womanly intuition tells you that I'm liable to declare myself with a little encouragement and you don't quite know your own heart. I should think that you would realize that. Now try it again, both of you. Bertrand, 'The gay outside world of which you speak.' Now!"

They tried it again, but Dolby wasn't satisfied.

"You must pardon my persistence," he says to Joe; "but I must beg of you to revise that smile and to keep your fingers away from your mustache. Put a little expression into your voice—just a little, please—and when you take Arline's hand take it gently and reverentially; don't grab it. Like this."

He used Susie Swott to demonstrate. Then he straightened up and turned to Charlotte, who was watching him, sort of amused, seemed like.

"Once more from 'Like a dream it comes to me,'" he says. "And don't reel it off as if you had learned it by heart. Act as if you was a-groping in your mind for these here recollections of yours. Don't be glib."

"Am I glib?" she asks him, the color rising in her face.

"Far too much so," Dolby answers her, short and sharp. "And one other thing: You show a wrong conception of the part when you are coquettish. Be simple and dignified and don't make eyes at Bertrand. You love him, although you don't quite realize it until Ebenezer shoots him from ambush; and you know that he loves you, so you don't need to lure him. Now once more."

"Hold on, Duff," says Joe. "You must pardon me if I request you not to be so doggone arrogant. Other people may have their conception of the way a young lady might act under the circumstances; similarly, they might not agree with you as to the proper behavior of a gentleman. And, even so, they might be right. Did that ever occur to you?"

"I took it into consideration right from the start," says Dolby. "There can't be no two audible opinions about the way this play is going to be acted. I call you and I leave it to the company. It's too late to make any changes in the cast; but if you stay in and I stay in this is going to be the last peep out of you. You can quit and hust up the show if you feel like it, or you can take the joh of directing it in my place, or you can cork up your opinions and conceptions until we're all through, and follow my instructions. How about it, company? Do I get out?"

There was a unanimous holler of "No!" and then Cal Biggins steps forward.

"I'm with Mr. Duff," says he. "As the feller says, 'May he always be right; but, right or wrong, I'm with him until the cows come home' and anybody that quits is a quitter."

"I'm with Brother Biggins on that proposition," says Shane. "No sense in getting peevish because you're told how. If my head got swelled to that extent I'd go soak it."

"What do you think, Miss Lessard?" Dolby asks her.

"Me?" she answers, with that slow lift of her eyebrows. "Oh, I don't presume to think! It seems to be unnecessary when you can do it so much better for me. I follow your instructions, Mr. Duff."

Joe Simms laughed.

"The general sentiment seems to be agin me," he says. "Go on with the services, Duff. I'm a sport and you won't hear anything more out of me—until after the show, when I may have a word or two to say."

"That's good," replied Dolby, "and I'm glad to hear my good friends, Mr. Biggins and Mr. Shane, express themselves like they've done, because I shall have a few hints to give them in a little while. Now, Arline and Bertrand: 'Sometimes, like a dream ——'"

Well, they done it a couple of times more before he let them stop, and then Miss McCartney come in for a little out of the same jug, and Ray Shane went onto the operating table.

"What I can't believe, Jared," says Dolby, "is that you are the bloody-minded, blustering devil that the playwright makes you out to be. I can't believe, and nobody else will, that you ever committed arson, robbery and murder and forgery, and that you rule a wild, lawless band with a rod of iron. You roar like a sucking dove, as the poet aptly puts it, not like a hungry monarch of the jungle that smells fresh meat. Bristle up, Jared! Make the rocks and caves of Old Smoky resound. Try to make 'em hear you in the back benches anyway. 'Rash girl, do you defy me?' Like that. Scowl at her! Now seize her wrist and hold it in your viselike grasp. Ye immortal gods! I said seize it! Don't hold it as if you were feeling her pulse. Do that once more. 'Rash girl, do you defy me?' Bring it right up from your chest."

Ray come back to us looking as if he was good and ready to commit murder with mayhem trimmings. Miss McCartney was real sympathetic at the way he had been lambasted, and he seemed to appreciate it all the more because Charlotte laughed at him. By that time Dolby had given his skinning knife an extra whet and was removing large patches of hide from Cal Biggins.

"Mr Biggins," he says, "if you go through this scene the night of the show the way you are doing it now the toughest and sternest will be a-sobbing. I feel all the mother a-mounting to my eyes e'en now, as the poet says. Your funny business is worse than Jared's villainousness. You don't have to shoot your coughs and talk in falsetto to be a dude. Coarse work! Now go back and make your entrance again."

Cal opened his mouth to say something, and then shut it again and did what he was told. Dolby nagged him a spell longer and then turned his guns on Joe Simms again. By the time he had got to the bitter end the stage was covered with specks of foam from the men's mouths and there wasn't a dry handkerchief among the women. I looked to see a mob uprisin' any minute, but it didn't go no farther than muttered curses.

"Curtain!" says Dolby, clapping his hands. Then he looked around with a beaming smile. "Now, good people, before we

(Continued on Page 62)

A COMFORT IN TRAFFIC AND A JOY ON THE OPEN ROAD

Shown above is the Single-Six Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine. Single-Six furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed. Makers also of the famous Single-Eight

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Here is Rice

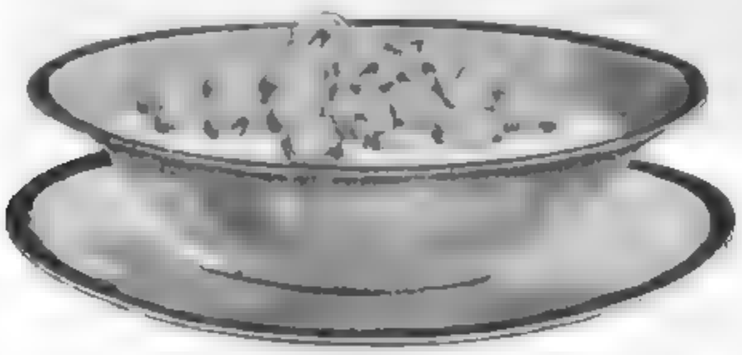
Puffed to airy, flaky morsels
The most welcome morning dainty

Quaker Puffed Rice, we think, brings to people more delights than any other cereal served. The grains are puffed to airy globules, crisp and flaky, ready to crush at a touch.

Fearful heat gives these fragile grains a flavor, much like toasted nuts.

So Puffed Rice is a food confection. It is used like nut meats in home candy making and as garnish on ice cream. Mothers crisp and serve with melted butter for after-school delights.

It is not only good, but good for you. The food cells are broken for easy digestion. What breakfast dainty do you know that's half so good as this?



Here is Wheat

Steam exploded—food cells broken
Puffed to 8 times normal size

Whole wheat fitted to digest. Whole wheat with its minerals and bran, so essential to young and old.

Serve in every bowl of milk, for luncheons and for suppers. That means supreme food in its ideal form. And these flaky morsels with a nut-like taste make whole wheat ever-welcome. Children revel in it.

Let every day bring this matchless dish.

Quaker
Puffed Rice

Quaker
Puffed Wheat

(Continued from Page 50)

disperse," says he, "I want to say I consider this the most successful rehearsal we've had, and I congratulate you, one and all, on the marked improvement you've made and the fine spirit of cheerful coöperation you have displayed. I must confess that the quick perception and admirable adaptability of this company, as shown tonight, has surprised as well as gratified me, although my estimate of your ability was high from the first. You might almost be professional actors. The next rehearsal will be Thursday night, and as the costumes are now ready, it will be a dress rehearsal. Once more I congratulate you, one and all, and thank you for your attention."

He was the first to leave, and when the doors closed behind him the company cheerfully coöperated in a hot roast. Joe Simms just listened and snickered, for the most part, until Cal and Ray turned loose; and then he allowed that it didn't show much sense a person getting peevish just because he was told how; and also that, right or wrong, the cows seemed to be a-coming home to roost, didn't they, Cal? and Cal said that was all right, but he didn't propose to be insulted and a time would come when a certain shyster would be filled with unavailing regrets and sore bones. Ray Shane expressed himself to the same intents and purposes, although he wouldn't deny that Joe and Cal had needed a jolt.

Charlotte spoke up.

"I think we all did," she says.

Everybody quit gabbing and looked at her, and she nodded slowly three times.

"I think Mr. Duff was quite right," she drawls out.

Miss McCartney and Minna Beall didn't think that he was right to talk to Mr. Shane and Mr. Biggins the way he had. They didn't mind for themselves, but ——

"I think this is all very stupid," says Charlotte, winding the ends of her fascinator around her neck. "Either we give this up or we go on. Which? After, I do not say. If then anybody desires to fill Mr. Duff with regret and bones, that is another affair."

There was another wrangle, but they come to the conclusion that it was go on, and the meeting broke up.

The regular night for the rehearsal would have been Wednesday. Dolby put it off until Thursday because the first session of district court we had had in Hermosilla was then being held. There was only a scattering of cases, and Dolby had only one jury trial, and that was on the docket for Wednesday. I disremember most of the particulars, exceptin' that it was a couple of sheep that the plaintiff, which was Miss Loveday, a lady over on Pleasant Valley, claimed was stole from her and her boy, Bill, by Dunc McPherson, a Witch Creek sheepman, together with assault and battery and intent to kill. Col. James G. Epps, of the Deadwood bar, was defending old Dunc, and nobody allowed that Dolby had any show. I went over to the court room because I wanted to see Dolby in action, and on the way I met Charlotte Lessard and passed the time of day; and she wanted to know where I was going, and I told her.

"I've never seen a law trial," she says, sort of thoughtful. "Are ladies allowed to hear them? Would it be proper for me to attend?"

"If you was escorted by a gentleman about my age and size and standing in the community, and was willing to overlook his being in his shirt sleeves, it would be quite all right," I told her.

"Then we will go," says she, smiling. "I shall like to see what a figure your dear friend, the wonderful Mr. Duff, will present when he is opposed by a man acute and informed and with skill in argument. It will be of interest."

"Don't look to see him a-blushing with hot shame and confusion," I told her.

"Never in life," says she. "People with conscience, with modesty, with good heart do so. Still he will, perhaps, remind us of what the poet says. That will be entertaining."

Well, Dolby done so more than once, and Charlotte smiled at me every time he done it; and then went on watching him with the smile half faded out, and what there was of it, kind of unpleasant. But Dolby didn't only tell what the poet said; he told what Section Six of Chapter Forty-two, Revised Statutes, said; and what the court allowed in Jimpson versus Spoopendyck in Massachusetts Supreme Court, and so on and similar; and he drilled them precedents into Judge Gardner's head with his pickax finger and thumb with tolerable good effect; also he pointed out to his friend, Colonel Epps, that the decisions the colonel had quoted was reversed on appeal—as the court would see by Page Eighty-two, your honor, Section Twenty, et cetery.

He had Colonel Epps yanking his big black mustache and wrinkling his forehead a whole lot as he went on, and every now and then Charlotte quit her smiling and looked real interested. Dolby put Miss Loveday on the stand first. I hate to say anything about a lady that ain't complimentary, but there was some that went as far as to say she was one old hellion, and there wasn't nothing in her face nor her talk nor in the evidence—when you thought it over afterwards—that showed to the contrary. But then, as Dolby pointed out to the jury, she was a woman—one of the sect that, as the poet says, when pain and anguish wrings our brow, she's a ministering angel, whatever she might be the rest of the time; and also she wasn't no six-foot, hundred-and-eighty-pound man like the defendant, McPherson, and nobody could blame her for protecting herself by means of the dipper of water—the scalding temperature of which the defense had not proved—or for her desperate resort to stove lids and a rolling pin. And was there a man on this here jury who didn't thrill with admiration, picturing the heroism of this here frail woman in her spirited resistance to a brutal invasion of her home?

"Yes, gentlemen of the jury," says he, "the plaintiff is a woman, and as sech claims the chivalrous respect of every true man. She is a mother, and that sacred title, the highest and noblest known to mankind, compels the reverence of every human being who has known a mother's love, a mother's care, a mother's divine tenderness, a mother's devotion, a mother's unselfish sacrifice. She is a widow, gentlemen," says he, "bereaved by Providence of her natural protector, left to encounter unaided the stern vicissitudes of life, to struggle singly with poverty, with hunger and with —with all the adverse conditions and circumstances of her lonely lot. Struggle, gentlemen, for herself and for her fatherless child, the victim of McPherson's brutal assault! Gentlemen, for what is law but for the protection of the weak against the strong and for the chastisement of the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless?"

It was a great speech, that of Dolby's, and he got it off in great shape. I couldn't begin to tell you all what he said, and if I could you wouldn't get no idea of the way he said it. It was slow, sad music, a-rising and a-swelling until the shivers ran up and down your spine, and then a-failing to a mellow whisper that made your nose prickle and started you to reaching to your handkerchief. There wasn't a dry eye on the jury. Charlotte tried to giggle, but it wasn't but a moment before the tears was a-running down her face; and when Dolby come to a pause she got up and slipped out of the front door. I followed after, quick enough to catch her mopping her eyes before she left the porch.

"But it is infamous!" she says. "That poor Mr. McPherson is a good man and a kind man, only of a little quick temper, perhaps; and that boy is a no-good and a thief, and he and his miserable old mother
Yet that unspeakable, he makes us all to weep for them. I hope McPherson kills him. He deserves it." She gave her eyes a final dab. "You see, I think of my own mother," she says, and makes out to smile.

I let her go and went back to the court room just in time to hear the jury bring in their verdict for the plaintiff without leaving the box. Poor old Dunc had to dig up full damages and costs. I saw Dolby for a few minutes that night. He was in mighty good spirits. Epps had been talking partnership to him, and the Custer and Rapid lawyers had been a little extra civil, to say nothing of a couple of good new clients that had come to him inside of an hour after the verdict.

"And I seen a lady in court that I wasn't sorry to have a-watching my good work," he says.

"The reason you ain't sorry is that you don't know how she felt about it," I told him. He laughed.

"But I'm told she took my part after I'd left the other evening," he says.

"That wasn't personal; it was professional," I informs him. "She's going on the stage, and she ain't going to have her career spoiled or set back account of you. You're

(Continued on Page 54)

New Beauty-New Comfort Old Dependability

Radiator, hood, cowl, body, fenders, lamps, running boards—all contribute their quota to the striking new beauty of Dodge Brothers Closed Car.

Its superior riding comfort will likewise reveal itself the instant you take the road. Deeper seats, low-swung body, more leg room and complete new spring equipment assure luxurious travel where going is most difficult.

But neither the new beauty nor the new ease and restfulness of the car can overshadow the time-tried *dependability* of its performance.

Dodge Brothers

The price of the Business Sedan is $1350 f. o. b. Detroit

© D. B.

Your Safety and ATLAS

A GENERATION ago men worked with the threat of fire and unhealthy conditions constantly beside them. Modern building practice and laws have given the worker security from immediate danger, protection for his health

This change of the last thirty years has parallelled the development of Portland Cement. Practically no industrial construction is planned today of which it is not a major element. Yet Portland Cement is cheap—even in the average reinforced concrete building the cost of the Portland Cement used, is but 6½% of the total cost.

Atlas is a highly scientific product undergoing 85 intricate operations. In its raw state it looks like ordinary rock, but it contains ingredients that build into factories, skyscrapers, schools, homes —permanent safety. The excellence of Atlas over a period of thirty years has justified its being called "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

The Atlas Portland Cement Company will be glad to answer any questions regarding the cement industry or the use of Atlas. Its Technical and Service Departments, as well as its large assortment of informative literature, are at the public's disposal.

The ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO BIRMINGHAM

Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Des Moines
Dayton Omaha Buffalo Kansas City

(Continued from Page 52)

one step up in her career and you bet she'll step on you. Yes, she'll take a heap from you—until after the show."

"Wait till after the rehearsal tomorrow," he says. "You'll see how much she'll take."

Dress makes a heap of difference, seems like, to most people. When I get on my good clothes I feel I'm a different man sort of high-toned and fine-haired and extra polite and uncomfortable. I'm more careful about what language I use, and I get a sort of a notion that plug tobacco ain't skassly moral. I notice that women get thataway—take down a set of silk-and-satin manners off the peg in the closet alongside of their Sunday-go-to-meeting dress and hang them up again when they take the dress off. Makes a difference any time what you're wearing; but I never quite reelized how much it made until we got to rehearsing in the costumes of our parts. There wasn't no need to tell Ray Shane to act rough, because he didn't seem able to help it with Jared's old cowhide boots and hickory shirt. As for Minna Beall, in her short skirts and cute little apron with blue ribbons on the pockets, and her make-up and all —well, she wasn't Minna no longer. She was that little devil Susie Swott, and you couldn't blame Cal Biggins for the extra zip he put into his love-making. You'd never have thought Miss McCartney was an old maid neither. She was the noblest, injuredest wife and mother you ever seen, the way she had her hair fixed and in her black velvet. Same way with all of us. Old Dolby went around with a real grin on his face, but still a-suggesting p'ints, a-polishing and putting on the finishing touches.

Charlotte didn't even get that much. She had done her part the way he told her, and some places, she'd gone a-past what he'd told her; but you could see he thought it was all right. He nodded right along when Bertrand went through his scenes with Arline, approving, sort of, but not real enthusiastic; but finally we come to the last act and then the trouble broke loose.

I don't know to this day whether Dolby had planned it out or whether he took a sudden notion; but just before the general round-up in the hotel office when Bertrand was avowing his love for Arline and she went into a clinch with him, Dolby claps his hands sharp and loud.

"Stop right there!" he says, frowning. "That won't do at all. Nothing like it. It's you, Bertrand, I'm talking to. You been doing so well that I certainly expected something more than that tame, unemotional, unconvincing singsong. And the embrace! Holy smoke! I told you to be gentle and reverential in that first scene, and that was all right; you got the idea beautifully. But, man, don't you see it's different now? You been nobly restraining yourself right along out of regard for her sweet innocence and your fear of offending her delicacy; but now, emboldened by the artless half confession she has just made, and after her heroic defense against the maddened moonshiners who besieged the cabin, a-thirsting for your blood—after all that you cast convention to the winds, throw aside restraint and allow your pent emotions to pour forth in a flood of burning eloquence; and then, at the look of sweet surrender in her eyes, you clasp her in your strong embrace as if you meant it. Try that again, please. No, wait! I'll give you the idea."

He shoved Joe to one side and faced Charlotte, smiling something like the way he'd told Joe to smile and putting something more into his eyes than either him or Joe had ever put; something that brought a half-scared look into Charlotte's. Then he took both her hands. Not a grab nor yet tender and reverential, but like he wanted them hands and hadn't no intention of letting them go.

"Arline," says he, and right with that one word, the way he said it, the company was struck dumb and silent. "Arline, I love you," says he. "From the first moment that I saw your face I loved you; loved with all my heart and soul; a fervent love, a fond, enduring love filled me and thrilled me to my bosom's core. Sweet flower of the mountain, fairest bloom that ever graced a fairy dell or shed the fragrance of a spirit pure and fine, I feared to stretch my hand to pluck thee then; I feared thy scorn; I feared thine angry glance ——"

"That isn't right," whispered Miss McCartney to Shane. "He's making it up—that scorn part."

Shane nodded without looking at her.

"I know it," he says.

Dolby went on: "But now my passion will not be denied. It bids me speak and tell you of my love. Ah, raise your eyes to mine and let them give the sweet assurance that your maiden tongue refuses, yet for which I dare to hope."

Charlotte raises her eyes slow and timid.

"My tongue shall speak," she says, sort of trembly, but clear. "My heart is yours," she says, and leans towards him. He puts his right arm around her, but instead of making a quick dab at her cheek, the way Joe done, he bends her back and gets his left hand under her chin and over her right arm, holding her helpless, and then settles square down on her lips like a bumblebee on a honeysuckle.

Everybody let their breath go in a gasp; then, after a second or two Charlotte gave a great wrench and broke loose. Her face, that had been as red as a rose when Dolby kissed her, went almost as white as chalk. She stood straight as a string, though, looking at Dolby without a particle of sweet surrender in her eyes. Then, with the first real swift motion I'd ever seen her make, she hauled off and slapped him.

She was a tall, husky woman, and her arms—I'd seen 'em with the sleeves rolled up—full and round and pretty as they was, didn't give no idea of the muscles that was under the satiny skin; but I never guessed how much muscle there was until I heard the crack of her hand on Dolby's cheek and seen him stagger. It sounded like the pop of a bull whip, and it seemed to act like that on everybody. There was one simultaneous jump all around. Joe Simms jumped for Dolby at the same time as Cal and Ray, and I jumped for Joe and got him, while Miss McCartney caught Ray Shane on the fly and Minna Beall spoiled a pass that Cal made by hanging onto his arm. At the same time the moonshiners' band made a forward movement and Dick Ames jumped to head them off. Through it all, Dolby stood looking at Charlotte, with the prints of her fingers white on his cheek and her looking at him, while she rubbed her lips with her handkerchief.

For something less than a minute there was a considerable racket and a right smart chance of a ruckus. Suddenly Dolby whirled around and smacked his hands together twice.

"Order, if you please, ladies and gentlemen!" he shouted.

It's one thing to holler for order and another to get it. Depends on the person hollering, I reckon; but Dolby sure had the voice and aspects right then that got him what he asked for. There was silence, anyway.

"Turn them gentlemen loose while I say a word or two," says Dolby. Then he goes on. "I shall be leaving this place in a few minutes and they can follow me if they wish to."

He looked at me and I let go of Joe Simms. He looked at the two women, one after another, but they held on.

"Well," says he, "I infer that I have displeased Miss Lessard by my well-meant effort to instruct Mr. Simms, and that Mr. Simms and other members of the company feel that Miss Lessard's spirited rebuke of my zeal is inadequate and wish to supplement it by a little personal chastisement of their own."

"You bet!" says Cal, and Minna shook his arm and whispered to him. Shane nodded and started to say something and choked it back at a look from Miss McCartney.

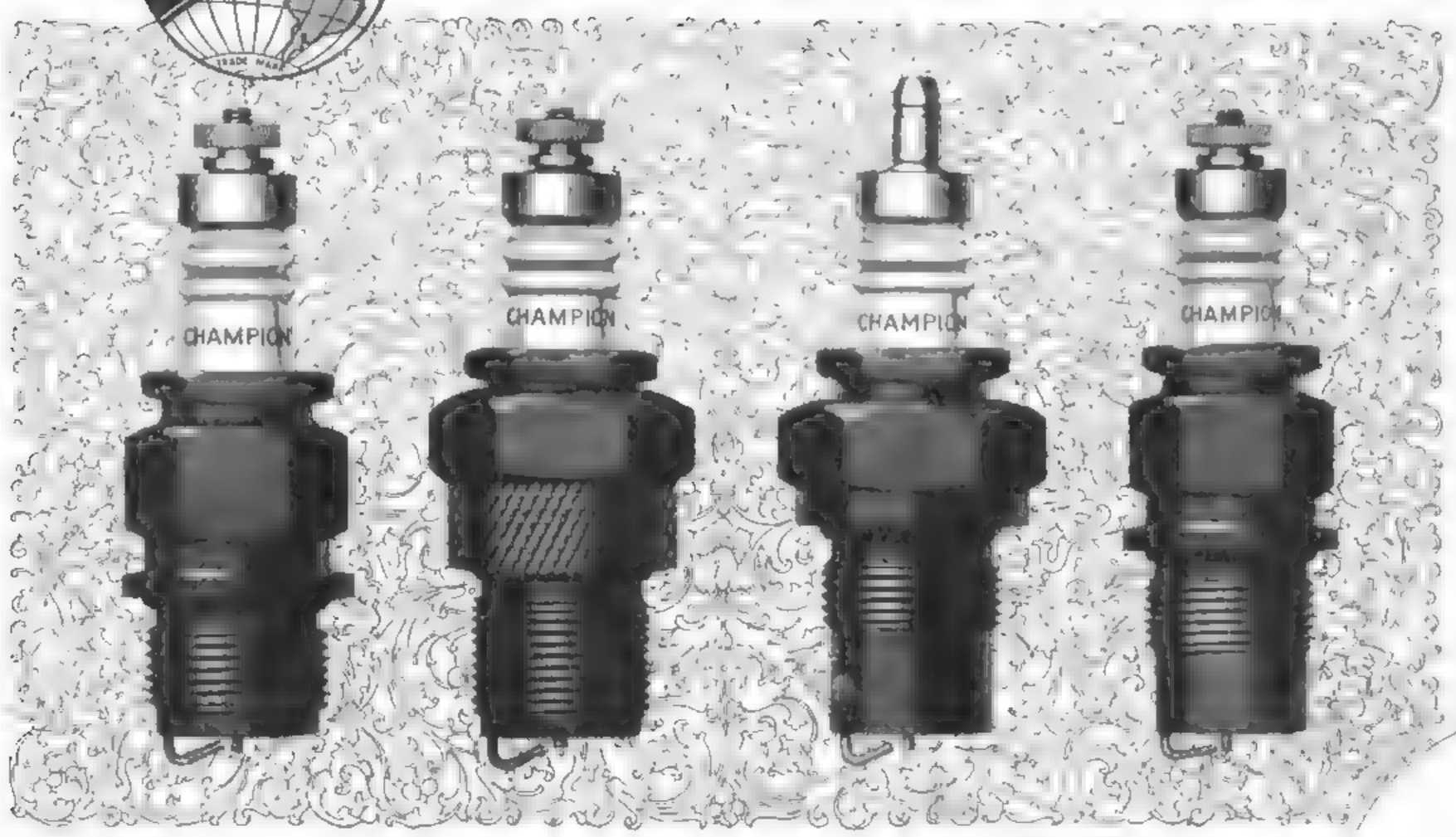
"You've stated my feelings exactly," says Joe, showing his teeth. "As soon as you leave I'll walk a piece of the way with you."

"Good!" says Dolby. "Now or later, you'll all find me more than willing to meet your views. The only suggestion that I have to make is that we conclude this 'last scene of all, ending this strange, eventful history,' as the poet says. I had in mind a few points ——"

Charlotte spoke up.

"I agree with Mr. Duff," says she. "I think it would be a pity after all the work that has been done, and the rudeness and insult that the members of the company have endured, to have the play fail, as it probably will unless we go on. I think Mr. Duff will not again carry his well-meant efforts to an extreme. We need one more rehearsal at least before the performance, and Mr. Duff will be needed more than ever at the performance itself. After that ——"

(Continued on Page 56)



Champion is Outselling Because it is a Better Spark Plug

Lift the hoods of the cars in any garage. You will find that six out of ten of them have dependable Champions in their cylinders.

Actually more than 65 per cent of all spark plugs made today are produced by Champion.

This universal preference for Champion—not only in this country but throughout the world—is due to the firmly held conviction of motorists that Champion is a better spark plug.

It is better because it will give better service in any engine. It is better because the Double-Ribbed Champion core of sillimanite is so superior to ordinary porcelains.

This core is the finest insulator ever produced. It marks a vast step forward in ceramic science. Nothing approaching it was ever produced until Champion scientists evolved and perfected it after years of laboratory toil.

Now more than 40,000,000 Champion spark plugs with this wonderful core are in daily use. They are rendering dependable service in every country of the world in which motor cars operate.

In Europe they enjoy an enthusiastic preference that well matches the regard in which they are held by motorists in this country.

No matter what make of car you drive you will find the installation of Champion spark plugs by the full set a real economy.

They save not only in first cost but they save in gasoline and oil. They improve performance. Power and pick-up are better. They many times save costly repairs.

So get Champions for your car today. It is particularly important in cold weather that your spark plugs should function perfectly. You will know genuine Champions by the Double-Ribbed core. Insist on Champions.

No. 1—For Dort, Durant 6, Gardner, Maxwell and Studebaker.

No. 3—For Cunningham, Dodge Brothers and Willys-Knight.

No. 5—For Buick, Chevrolet, Columbia, Durant 4, Haynes, Star and Stutz.

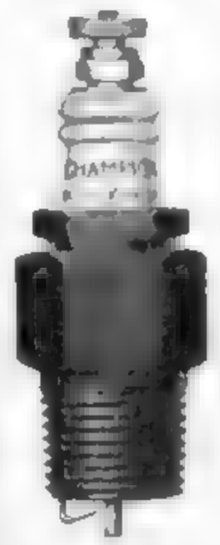
No. 6—For Gray, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Rickenbacker and Stearns-Knight.

Champion Blue Box Line sells for 75 cents. Champion X for 60 cents. (Canadian prices 85 and 75 cents.) Dealers everywhere have them. There is a type and size for every engine

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine



Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors. Recognized by dealers and owners for 10 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere

Ready to Serve
A new cooked food deliciously prepared

HEINZ
COOKED
Macaroni
WITH CHEESE AND MUSHROOM SAUCE

You do not have to cook Heinz Macaroni. Heinz makes it and then cooks it with Cheese and Mushroom Sauce. It is only necessary for you to heat it and serve.

Another Ready-to-Serve *Heinz food*
HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
in Tomato Sauce with Cheese
57

Continued from Page 54

She shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

"After that Mr. Duff can be killed or permanently injured without putting anybody else to inconvenience," says Dolby with a grin. "Now if we are to go on, Mr. Stegg will make his entrance. All others can leave the stage. Are you ready, Mr. Stegg?"

Finally come the big day. Long before noon I begun to see that the schoolhouse wasn't going to be none too large to hold the crowd, the way my barn and corral was a-filling up. Joe Simms had done some good advertising work in his paper; and, bad as the trails was, all the grangers from Horsehead and Beaver and Cascade and Red Cañon was a-coming in like it was circus day or election; and, along towards evening, the boys from the ranches begun showing up. Amongst the delegation from the Z Bell was Rufe Chilson and his gun. I wanted that lad to leave his artillery with me along with his horse and saddle and bridle and spurs and such superfluousness, like the rest of the boys, but he was real mulish about it.

"You'll be asking me to leave my pants and my pocket handkerchief with you next," says he. "What for should I denude myself in that undecent way? Suppose some waddy was to call me a bad name or drink my whisky. Beyond stomping him into the ground, I'd be practically helpless. No, sir-ee! Whithersoever I goest it goes, and it's a-going to take a jaunt over to the Eagle Bird right now. If you want to come I'll buy you something to put the bloom of youth upon your cheek and haze dull care clear off the reservation."

"You been to the Eagle Bird already," I says.

"Wrong," he replied. "What you detect is the hospitality extended by Carlos B. Green as I paused at his shack on the way here; but it was only a short half pint when he pulled the cork out, and I left him the cork. No, sir-ee, I'm not intossicated and don't aim to be. Just an abstemious snifter or maybe a modest snort at protracted intervals so's not to look peculiar and noticeable. That's all."

He lurched off in the general direction of the Eagle Bird, stopping now and then to get his landmarks and straighten out according. Pete Bryant, who was standing by, laughed and told me I didn't need to worry, Rufe being a perfect gentleman when he wasn't sober; but I'd a notion to sick the marshal on Rufe's trail right then. Still, Pat Clancy, who run the Eagle Bird then, had promised the dramatic association that there wouldn't be no disorder arising out of anything he sold and that he'd close up during the performance, anyway.

So I let it go, and after a busy day and supper I went over to the schoolhouse and found things looking like business. Half a dozen of the boys was busy unloading a fresh batch of folding chairs they'd borrowed from the Odd Fellows and fixing benches out of some planks. Limpy Jones, who was bossing the job, told me that all the tickets that had been printed had been sold and that Joe Simms was running off another batch. He allowed the crowd was likely to bust out the four walls of the shebang.

Then Dick Ames and Cal Biggins come in, and, one by one and by twos and threes, the rest of the company drifted along, the women all dressed under their wraps excepting the final touches of grease paint and powder. Charlotte had her hair done in braids and certainly did look as sweet as a peach. Minna looked real cunning, too, but sort of nervous about showing so much of her stockings. I reckon most all of us was a mite nervous, even Charlotte; reelizing, I reckon, that the whole thing was depending on them. Bimeby Dolby arrives, fresh shaved and smiling and affable, and gets busy going from one to another and fixing 'em up. I took notice that most of them was quite willing to have him do it. Cal Biggins even went up to him and asked him should he button his coat or leave it unbuttoned, and how about the necktie, because he had another in his pocket. Nobody seemed real hostile excepting Joe Simms. Shane just looked sort of sour and answered short when Dolby spoke to him, but that wasn't out of the common. Charlotte just acted as if he wasn't within a hundred miles of her and let it go at that, until finally Dolby caught her alone for a minute. I happened to be in hearing distance.

"Have you forgiven me, Flower of the World?" he asked.

"Is it necessary to ask that question, do you think?" she says to him; and the way she looked at him it sure didn't seem as if it was.

"'To err is human, to forgive divine,'" says Dolby.

"As the poet beautifully observes," says she, acornful.

"You look divine," he told her. "What makes you hate me?"

She gave him a long look, ca'm and cool.

"I dislike your appearance," she says; "also, I find your voice disagreeable and your conduct disgusts me. Otherwise, I am, I hope, too good a Christian to hate anybody."

"Of course, you know I love you," says Dolby.

"'From the first moment that you saw my face—a fervent love—a strong, enduring love,'" she says with a laugh. Then she shut the laugh off. "I know that you annoy me and I know that you shall annoy me no more."

With that, she walked away; and Dolby went over to the curtain and ran it up and down two or three times to make sure it was working.

By that time the audience begun arriving and Dolby went down in front to see that the ushers was onto their job. It wasn't but a few minutes before they had all they could handle, and the jam at the door got thicker and thicker. When Dolby got back to the stage he found the company had been peeking through the curtain and getting all worked up and panicky over the prospect of facing any such crowd, and he had to ca'm them down.

After a while the hand clapping and stomping begun, and Miss Elsie Walker sat down to the parlor organ, which was our orchestra, and begun a few choice selections. When she had finished them and the racket started again Dolby looked at his watch.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he says, "I want you, one and all, to take a brace and don't let them folks scare you. We're outnumbered, but we can die game if the worst comes to the worst. You don't need to worry about forgetting your parts, because I'm here to prompt you if needed, which I won't be. Now ready for Scene One, Act One. Take your places. Mr. Stegg opens. All set! Roll her up, Jimmy!"

We were off! It ain't necessary to say that we made a good start, being as I started it, and I don't say nothing myself on that head exceptin' that I was told by more than one that I was the hit of the piece and that it was too darned bad there wasn't more of me in it. I don't say the other artists wasn't well received, because they was. They was all a considerable shaky-voiced and knock-kneed and sweaty at first, exceptin' Charlotte, who you'd 'a' thought had been play-acting all her life. But they soon got their nerve back and went at it better than any rehearsal we'd had. As for the audience, I was a heap more scared they'd raise the roof than bust the walls. Charlotte—honest I thought they'd climb up on the stage and hug her to death—the men, anyway. If ever there was a flower of any dog-gone place she was it; a shy, sweet, lovely, smiling angel, and when she spunked up to old Jared and defied the moonshiners to touch a hair of Bertrand's head—well, by gosh, she was a queen! Phillibert Phibley done well and got so many laughs that he never come off the stage but he was one broad grin. When the curtain went down on the second act he come to me and says that Dolby was all right.

"I'm due to give him one first-class licking as soon as this is over," says he, "but I take my hat off to him and make him an elegant con-gee as a manager."

"You ain't due to give him nothing of the sort, Cal Biggins," says Susie Swott.

"Hello!" says I.

Cal grinned at me and looked foolish, but he didn't say nothing.

Susie was getting a heap of public approbation, too, and the things she done that took most was the ones Dolby had s'gested. I could see Dolby was getting more popular every minute as the play went on. I took a peek through the curtain. Everybody a-smiling as they buzzed; everybody telling everybody else how dog-gone good it was. Not all of them wasn't, though. Right in the front row one man was a-setting with his chin reposing on his own vest and his eyes shut—dead to the world. It was Rufe Chilson. Some of the boys

(Continued on Page 58)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON writes to Frank Lloyd: "It gives me great satisfaction to learn that you are to make the picturization of my novel, 'Black Oxen' and that it is to be released as a First National picture. I have not the least doubt that you will make a fine photoplay and get out of the book all there is in it."

"Yo—Ho—Ho!"

WITH "Black Oxen" practically completed, Frank Lloyd is preparing to screen Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk" as his second production Swashbuckling days return as pirate ships lead fighting frigates a merry chase, and galleons lumber from the Jolly Roger's threat, men walk the plank and cutlasses beat time to derring-do. . . . Can that spirit be captured for the screen? Remembering how Frank Lloyd brought back Charles Dickens' London for "Oliver Twist," and found Old France for "Ashes of Vengeance," the answer is unanimously—"Yes!"

The American Boy

BOOTH TARKINGTON admits that he never dreamed it possible to cast a real "Penrod" for his stories of the American boy. Being such and at the same time having obtained that training necessary for young boys to do movie or spoken drama is obviously a difficult background to possess. Either the boy is out on his corner lot with no thought of being an actor, or deep in dramatic study and forgetting to be a boy.

"Ben Alexander upsets my theory," says Mr. Tarkington. "He has been able to stay a true American boy—a regular feller—and also accomplish things in a dramatic way. The answer must be that Ben is naturally an actor; but whatever the reason, he is so much the 'Penrod' of my brain that I could not have written my stories differently even if I had met Ben first, and moulded after him."

Ben's career as a First National star looks doubly bright—because he's not likely to grow out of it. His personality "gets" equally grown-ups and juveniles—important, since the "child-with-a-new toy" influence affects little screen players whose work has appealed only to children. William Beaudine is now directing Ben in Booth Tarkington's "Misunderstood," produced by J. K. McDonald.

Sails for Sheikland

JOIN the movies and see the world. Edwin Carewe made "Mighty Lak' a Rose" in New York; "The Girl of the Golden West" in the High Sierras; "The Bad Man" along the border. Now he is sailing for Morocco to film "The Son of Sahara," Louise Gerard's new novel. Seems to me, though, that even over there he'll hear the echo of "The Bad Man" laughs he left behind him. Accompanying Carewe is a complete cast of players and full technical quota

"Thundergate" From the Orient

WHAT happens to a white man when China gets him? The Yellow River holds many secrets. Once it almost claimed Robert Wells, who went there to head a big engineering enterprise, but found whiskey cheap and Oriental life an easy downward drift. In America he left a girl, not the waiting type, however, but one who also found it easy to forget.

Thus Wells knew China for its dens and darkness while the pomp and silks were for Kong Sue, Lord of Thundergate.

Compare these two. Tilt Wells' eyes just a little; strip him of rags and garb him in mandarin splendor. The men are doubles. And when vengeance for a profligate life shadowed Kong Sue with a knife he met Wells in a coolie inn, robbed him of clothes and identity, and sent him unconscious to Thundergate to be the Lord, and to wed a wife slave newly chosen. And she was a white girl reared as Chinese

Few pictures have had so surprising a start as "Thundergate," adapted from Sidney Herschell Small's story, which Joseph de Grasse has directed. Right through to a climax of undeniable force has this plot originality been maintained. Picturesque scenes of Old China and New form the background for individual performances, each a gem. First there's Owen Moore, whose rôle calls for four distinct characterizations—engineer, derelict, mandarin and coolie; then Virginia Brown Faire, amazingly beautiful as the Chinese bride; and Sylvia Breamer, Tully Marshall and Robert McKim—all of them working in unison towards the goal of a production that is all entertainment.

Picture-goers everywhere will join with me in admitting happiness at the thrill and adventure of "Thundergate." It's a chance to forget skyscrapers and electric signs and slip into the incensy ease of mystic-land

Above: Owen Moore in Oriental garb of Kong Sue. Right: An action-flash from "The Lord of Thundergate."

Above: Owen Moore as the derelict of Yangtse-Kiang. Above Center: Sylvia Breamer, Robert McKim and Owen Moore—romance with a saffron shadow.

"Jealousy Not Love"

THAT JEALOUSY breeds considerably more than divorce has been proved to be by a correspondent who read the announcement that Maurice Tourneur was depicting the green-eyed monster in terms of celluloid. Said correspondent sent six newspaper clippings: shootings in Omaha, St. Paul and Los Angeles; acid-throwing in Pittsburgh; a slaying in Campo, Col.; a stabbing in Brooklyn—each affray with jealousy as its cause, and all within five days. Simultaneously there were editorials by Dr. Frank Crane and Dr. Charles Fleischer, who spiked jealousy thus:—"A madness, a sense of inferiority, always a lack of self-respect. Do not be one of those bromidiotic persons who say that it is well for husband and wife to be jealous of each other because jealousy is a proof of love. Yes, it is a proof of love, of self-love. . . . Love is a gift. It must not be demanded."

That crystallizes Maurice Tourneur's theme in "Jealous Husbands," a theme for which timely is hardly the word. More than that, it's everlasting. Word from Los Angeles predicts a production quite as distinctive as have been "The Isle of Lost Ships" and "The Brass Bottle," Tourneur previous best-sellers

Tully Buys "Flowing Gold"

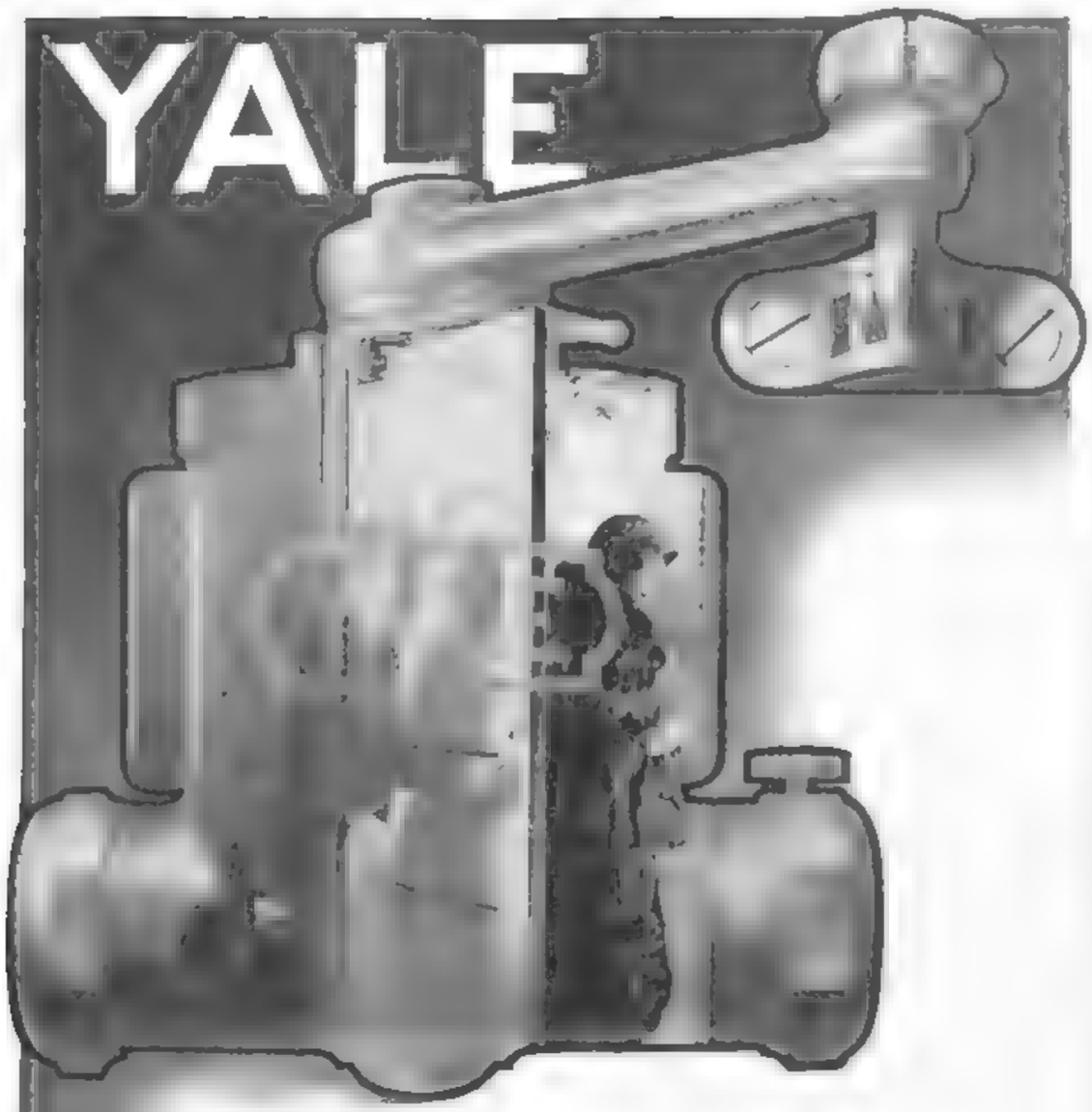
WHAT PROPORTION of submitted plays, stories and manuscripts are accepted for production? Figure it out from this. Richard Walton Tully read three hundred offerings before Rex Beach's latest novel, "Flowing Gold," arrived. Instantly he bought it; and now Tully forces are filming the oil-rush days of this century with all the vivid strokes of dramatic action and character drawing that ever went into a picture of the gold-rush days of last. This entails a temporary holdup in production of "The Bird of Paradise"; but that is assured for the early months of nineteen-twenty-four.

The Man From St. Louis

MET a man from St. Louis the other day. Didn't catch his name. Talk drifted to motion pictures. I did the talking; he stayed mum. Asked him what movies were most popular in his town. "First National pictures," he answered. "Pays to advertise," I thought; then enquired how he knew. "I ought to know"; he said. "I screen them in the New Grand Central, the West End Lyric, the Empress, the Capitol and about twenty other theatres." Recognized him then as Spyros P. Skouras, to whom St. Louis fans look for the latest in film entertainment, and who voices the screen desires of St. Louis when new First National pictures are planned. Do I get a raise for conscientious sales effort—or fired for forgetting Who's Who?

First glimpse of Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle in "Black Oxen." Right: Tumult and cheers through historic Rome in Geo. Fitzmaurice's production "The Eternal City."

"I am not crying because I am dying young. I am crying because I cannot continue life as I have lived it." How Mona Fentriss (Myrtle Stedman) bids farewell to her daughter (Colleen Moore) in "Flaming Youth"



Don't Heat All Outdoors

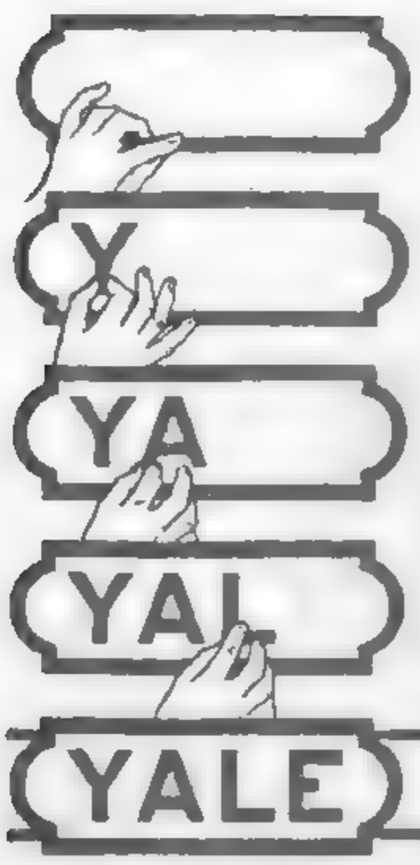
THE more quickly that entrance door is closed, the less you have to worry about the heating plant and the less you have to pay for coal.

Keep the heat indoors, and the coal in your bin. A Yale Door Closer takes full charge of your door, immediately closing it each time it is opened.

The Yale Door Closer is a faithful, mechanical doorman. It is designed to automatically close the opened door, keeping its movement under constant control.

A door equipped with a Yale Door Closer will need no further attention. You need give it no further thought. There is no other device which will give such unfailing service at so little cost.

Go to your hardware dealer and ask him to show you the proper size. Be sure to ask for YALE—insist on YALE. He has them in stock.



The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

Yale Made is Yale Marked

(Continued from Page 56)

was a-nudging each other and a-laughing, and one of them threw a peanut and hit him on the nose; but Rufe slumbered on sweet and peaceful.

Then Dolby run up the curtain for the last act and things went rushing on, the tangle of the plot straightening out strand by strand to the revenoo raid on the moonshiners' still and Jared's dying confession to me and Dick Ames. There was a regular Fourth of July of shooting before Jared fell and I kind of expected Rufe to wake up and make a break for the nearest window or something, but dog me if he so much as batted an eye. I spoke to Dolby and asked him if we hadn't better send Jim down to wake him up; but no; Dolby allowed sleeping dogs was best let lie.

"Let him dream on," says Dolby, with a sigh. "He may be having visions of happiness. He'll wake up soon enough."

Then the hermit of Old Smoky, who was Arline's long-lost daddy, comes on; and as soon as he sees Arline he begins rolling his eyes and slapping his forehead, and then he goes to her and asks her what is her name and how came that mole behind her left ear; and before Arline could tell him that Minna Beall painted it on for her there was a scream, and Arline's long-lost mother appeared at the door and reckernizes the hermit in spite of his whiskers.

"Marmaduke! My husband!" she cries, in the heartrendingest kind of accents.

It wasn't no place nor time for anybody to snicker, but there was a sure-enough snicker from the front row. Rufe Chilson had woke up and was looking around him wondering where in Halifax he was at. All of a sudden he seemed to recollect, and straightened up in his seat and blinked solemn as an owl at the wronged wife who was a-stretching out her arms imploring to the hermit, who had folded his arms and turned away stern and unforgiving.

"Do not spurn me, Marmaduke!" she begs. "Ah, do not spurn me! Speak to me, at least!"

Nothing doing. Marmaduke keeps his mouth tight shut under his whiskers and won't so much as look at her.

"Speak to me!" she cries again, and flops down on her knees and catches at his coat. "One word of kindness, Marmaduke! Speak, oh, speak to me!"

You know what that flinty-hearted old scoundrel done? Took hold of his coat, drawed it away from her clinging fingers, took a step back and folded his arms again. Like she was dirt! But he wasn't going to get away with it. Not while Rufus Chilson was around. Rufe stood up—with some difficulty and weaving some when he made it—but he stood up and his voice rung out clarion clear.

"Hey, Marmaduke," says he, "there's a lady addressing of you; do you know it? She wants you to speak to her and she's asked you twice. Now you speak, and speak dog-gone quick, you goat-whiskered old skeezicks! Speak!"

The barrel of his six-gun flashed in the lamplight.

There wasn't skassly time for anybody to sense what was happening before Dolby jerked the cord letting down the curtain. I just heard a yell and then the shot, and by the time I got around the curtain there was a considerable clear space around the front seats, and Rufe was on the floor inside of it with Pete Bryan and another W. G. boy on top of him, and Dolby stretched out across an overturned bench with the blood running from a hole in the top of his head.

I'm told that Miss McCartney stopped the stampede by sitting down and playing Onward, Christian Soldiers on the organ—the regular organist having quit her job by way of the window—and I have it by hearsay that Ray Shane stopped it by the speech he made from the stage. Well, I don't know. I just had a sort of a notion that Dolby's remains wasn't looking comfortable doubled over on that bench, and I was busy getting the carcass sort of straightened out, when all of a sudden it got light in my arms and I seen I had help. Charlotte Lessard had made another of them flying leaps from the stage—so I was told—and was down beside the body, you might say taking possession of it.

One heave, and Dolby's head was in her lap and she was bending over it with a face as white as his was, and a-wiping the blood from his forehead with motions as quick as they was light and as tender as they was quick, follering the trickle up to the roots of his hair and showing unbroke skin. She looked up at me fierce as a trapped bobcat.

"Get Doc Ammerman," she says. "Keep back, the rest of you. I think he's alive."

What she done then was just about the brazenest, immodestest thing ever anybody heard tell of, and how she had the blushing undecency to do it—and right afore everybody—just beat Mrs. Ed Harper's time. It was Mrs. Ed said that. Well—turn your heads away while I tell it—well, she ripped Dolby's vest and shirt open—she a girl, mind you, and supposed to be a lady tore 'em open and laid her hand on his bare stark-naked skin over his heart!

"It beats!" she cried. "Oh, it beats!"

Doc Ammerman kneeled beside her.

"Lemme look at him," he says. "Raise his head up a little higher."

Charlotte done so raised his head as high as her bosom and held it there in the hollow of her arm. Dolby's eyelids sort of fluttered and then opened wide for a second and closed again.

"The sweet—assurance that that fills me and thrills me ——"

His voice trailed off into a mumble and stopped. His mouth set smiling and I'd 'a' said right then that he died happy.

Well, of course, that busted up the show. Still, I reckon everybody got their money's worth; and Joe Simms, in the write-up of the play, told how the finish of it would have been. There was talk of giving the piece again the next winter, but Mrs. Ray Shane couldn't spare time away from the baby and Mrs. Cal Biggins told Mrs. Ed Harper her husband just naturally wouldn't hear to her perading in public in short skirts and Susie Swott wouldn't be Susie without the stockings.

Tip Yoakum here interrupted. "Then Shane got her, after all?" He seemed to be disappointed.

The old bullwhacker enlightened him.

He sure did. Miss McCartney sent in her resignation to the school trustees less'n a week after the show and got busy on her trousseau. Dolby Duff was up and around receiving the congratulations of his many friends by that time; but Doc Ammerman said if the bullet had gone a sixteenth of an inch lower it would have penetrated the skull. Charlotte? Sure! I went around to old Victor's as soon as I heard the news of her and Dolby being engaged and asked him if it was true.

"True?" says he. "Yes, by dam! Why not, eh? I am of a sof' 'art, me, and if she come to me and say, 'Papa, I weesh for pet crocodile; I die if I do not get pet crocodile,' by gar, I say, 'Eh, well, take your dam crocodile if you have tas'e for heem. Who am I? Onlee yo' fazzer, and zat make nossing, by dam!'"

There come the musicalest kind of a laugh from the half-open door, and Charlotte made her appearance. Some appearance too. No extra fixings or nothing, but her face seemed like the morning sun.

"Old grumbler!" says she. "Don't believe him. He is glad and proud and happy as I am—nearly."

Old Victor toddled over to a corner of the shop, growling like a terrier, and begun pottering around.

"You didn't use to like his looks," I insinuated. "He ain't no better-looking than he ever was."

"He is superb!" cries Charlotte. "He is not pretty like Mr. Simms, perhaps; but he should not be. His figure, I think, resembles Napoleon's. I adore Napoleon. He has qualities of Napoleon, also—the good ones; and he is romantic—truly!"

"How about your career?"

She laughed.

"I shall have the most wonderful career imaginable," she said. "Fame, riches, honors—oh, there is nothing that he cannot do!"

"Mighty cur'ous," I says. "Once you told me you found him sort of detestable."

"So I did, sometimes," says she. "Very particularly when he said to me things that other men—dead men—had said before to other women—no, not said, but written in cold blood, weighing words, picking words, setting words here and there to see if they are in proper place—to take this product—beautiful product, oh, yes, but not to speak to me with seriousness. That is like an embrace, a kiss that is set down in the book for stage direction. It is a bad habit of my Dolby. He should have spoken his own words from his own good heart."

She got this off real earnest, and when she spoke of the kiss she blushed.

"Not as the poet says," says I.

"Not as the poet says," says she.

Silk Hosiery Sold direct from our Mills at Mill Prices

Our Representative calls at your home with Samples

This man will greatly reduce your silk hosiery investment by selling you fine, perfect-fitting *silk hosiery direct from our mills at mill prices.*

He is the REAL SILK Representative in *your* neighborhood. He is not interested in selling you *once*—but in taking care of *all* your hosiery requirements *regularly.*

He is one of the great, national REAL SILK Service Organization.

The hosiery he brings you is *guaranteed*—and so is he.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS INDIANAPOLIS — REAL SILK — FROM MILL TO MILLIONS

This Gold Button Identifies the Real Silk Representative

TRADE MARK

REAL SILK
HOSIERY MILLS

INDIANAPOLIS · INDIANA

THERE IS A REAL SILK SERVICE OFFICE IN YOUR CITY

Electric Scrubbing!

Helps to Attract and Hold Good Tenants

The Peoples Gas Building of Chicago is but one of scores of America's office buildings where the value of CLEAN FLOORS is recognized. Landlords who give their tenants electrically cleaned floors, help those tenants attract and hold desirable patronage. Hence, building managers and owners find it pays to advertise that floors are FINNELL Scrubbed.

FINNELL SYSTEM

of ELECTRIC SCRUBBING

For seventeen years the FINNELL SYSTEM has pioneered the way in the development of power scrubbing devices.

The FINNELL SYSTEM does away with the drudgery, inefficiency and extravagance of hand and knee scrubbing. It does a cleaner, quicker job—using clean water for every square inch of space. It soon pays for itself in time and labor saved in most any public or business building. See list below

CLEAN FLOORS *Reflect Clean Business*

CLIP HERE

FINNELL Scrubbing Equipment is obtainable in various models to meet the need of any size or type of business

Check the kind of building or business in which you are interested

Department Stores	Factories	Schools
Auditoriums	Halls	Textile Mills
Bakeries	Hospitals	Y. M. C. A.'s
Banks	Hotels	and any other
Churches	Public Building	buildings
Clubs	Restaurants	of large
Colleges	Retail Stores	floor space

For free booklet, "Electrical Scrubbing," and full information on the FINNELL SYSTEM, clip above list, attach to your letterhead and mail to address below.

AMERICAN SCRUBBING EQUIPMENT SALES CO.
1011 N. Collier St., Hannibal, Mo.

Power Scrubbing Headquarters for Seventeen Years

WHEN SALESMANSHIP IS DUMB

Continued from Page 38

of the game. He has an even break, however, because you don't know eggs, and he may be able to put something over on you. But big dealers who would sell on a very small margin won't play that game, so you are buying eggs from the little fellows who have to figure in a wide margin to cover rejections."

On this dealer's advice a new specification was adopted—that of the local produce exchange, under which dealers themselves bought and sold eggs. This specification was official. The city no longer decided whether eggs met the specification—that was done by an exchange inspector. With no opportunity for misunderstanding on one side or deception on the other, the city got the same grade of eggs from large dealers at close prices.

In another city tenders were invited on steam coal, and two bids were received, one of $14.90 and the other $14.20 a ton. Before letting their contract the city fathers had a service test made to see which was the better coal, and it proved that the higher bidder in money was really the lower bidder in steam, for his grade of coal made two and a half times as much steam as the other fellow's.

Nine times in ten, the man who sells by bids lacks the bookkeeping habit as well as sales sense. Often an ambitious wage earner who begins business for himself on a shoe string concentrates on the technicalities of his line. The lowest price seems to be the thing that lands the contract. He bids in competition with other beginners and irresponsibles who are always bobbing up and disappearing again because they take work below the cost of doing it and go broke. If he lasts long enough in the game, however, he discovers that honest work done on time, and dependability and good performance, are just as important. Keeping close cost records, he learns from one job how to do another at a close price and still make a profit. Reputation and good will begin to work for him. He is listed as a desirable bidder by customers, and finds opportunity to sell himself to others on his reputation and completed contracts.

A Slate Man's Advice

A good deal of selling by bids must be done indirectly. A large manufacturing concern makes electrical equipment, heating apparatus, plumbing supplies or some other kind of building material. After it has been made as honestly as possible, advertised to the public, distributed by the manufacturer's salesmen, and backed by his reputation, it may be finally passed on to the public by small contractors who lack both sales and business ability. The small contractor is obsessed by price, and to land the contract may substitute something shoddy that will save his customer a few dollars, but later give trouble. To overcome this sales handicap more than one manufacturer talks turkey to the small contractor, showing him how good work and good business methods count more than a low bid based on deception, and stiffening his backbone with sound sales and business counsel.

"Don't be hypnotized by the lowest bid," is the advice of a roof-slate manufacturer to the small contractor who handles his product last. "You will always find the fellow who sells his goods or his services cheaper than you. When you try to meet his figures he will underbid again and again. The business that is worth while does not depend upon the cheapest, but the best—the most reliable goods or services. When you look around your community you will find that the most prosperous business houses are not those that cut prices but those that maintain them and give value. A house owner generally wants a good reliable roof. The only reason he accepts an inferior roof with the idea of saving a few dollars is that he doesn't know anything about roof quality. The difference between the cost of an inferior slate roof and a good one is not more than twenty to thirty dollars for an average house. The owner is in most cases willing to pay a little more for full value. If it is shown to him in the proper light it is not difficult to convince him that in acting on the lowest-bid principle he is apt to get pretty badly bitten."

Trickery often passes for salesmanship in this field. Bidder and purchaser both use shifts and dodges to get advantages over each other, and bidders contrive subtle traps for competitors

A large manufacturing concern was to name the successful bidder on an important installation of machinery in a couple of days. One of the bidders sent a representative to see the company's purchasing agent on the chance of picking up advance information. It happened that this concern's bid was second lowest, and also that it was the more desirable concern to deal with.

"Your folks must have made some mistake in figuring," suggested the purchasing agent, "for your price is quite a little over that of the lowest bidder."

"How much above it?" asked the salesman.

"Oh, I couldn't tell you that!" protested the purchasing agent. "It wouldn't be ethical. But sit down and look over your figures again—maybe you can revise them."

The purchasing agent left the room for a moment. On his desk lay the lowest bidder's offer, purposely left for him to see. The visitor glanced at the figures and handed in a new bid.

More ethical was the way in which a printer's solicitor got inside information about a competitor. Quite a large contract for stationery was to be let by a mercantile house. This solicitor went to get details from the purchasing agent. There was another salesman ahead of him, so he sat down and waited. Behind a partition he could hear his rival talking, and he was the kind of salesman who believed in thoroughly explaining everything.

"Now, that is such-and-such paper, and would usually cost you so much, but in this case I can make the price so-and-so," he was going on importantly.

For fifteen minutes the sales talk continued, item by item, while the man waiting outside made notes.

When his competitor had gone away, flushed with his own eloquence and certain of success, the second man laid before the buyer a written schedule in which the other fellow's prices were slightly shaved—and carried off the whole job.

Trickery in Bidding

Bidders frequently try to gain some advantage by trickery in their tenders. When a large subway contract was awarded some years ago one of the unsuccessful bidders went to court and sought an injunction against the subway commissioners, maintaining that his bid was really the lowest. A clerk in his office had made two mistakes in transcribing figures, he said. Wire forms worth twelve cents a pound had been figured at twelve dollars, and iron pipe at forty-five dollars a foot when it should have been forty-five cents. He offered a corrected bid $200,000 lower than the one upon which the contract had been awarded However, the court refused to entertain such a contention. It did not say that large prices had been deliberately incorporated in this man's bid for the purpose of claiming the contract on a corrected estimate, but did point out that a decision in his favor would establish a precedent under which contractors could freely use such tactics

Another form of trick bid that has been used names no price, but simply offers to do the job on the basis of something like $100 under the lowest bid. In law there is some question whether such a tender is an actual bid, but in the heat of battle, particularly on public work, that sort of trickery has landed contracts.

There is still a good deal of poker in selling by bids, and probably always will be. But men of experience say that trickery is loaded at both ends. The bidder who tries to win by collusion or deception soon becomes known, and there are ways in which square-dealing competitors can trip him. If he offers to do the work for so much less than the lowest bid, a ridiculously low price made by an irresponsible party might involve him in a losing job. Or a ridiculously low price may be made honestly by some other bidder as a blunder. And the purchasing agent or public official who descends to trickery or is unfair in awarding contracts generally finds that responsible bidders will not tender on his work.

There is still a good deal of poker, but the game is constantly getting squarer.

Looking Through Ribbon Falls, Bright Angel Canyon, Grand Canyon, Arizona

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Alfred Cortot at his Steinway

BENEATH his hands 'the most renowned pianos of the world' have voiced their greatest glory. His genius has tested every great piano-maker's work. Yet, for Alfred Cortot, there is 'but one perfect instrument, the Steinway.' You who are about to select a piano, do you not find conviction in the experience of this master? What need that you experiment? What guide more sure than this: that since Henry Steinway made his first piano the greatest artists have preferred above all others the instrument that bears his name? Franz Liszt! Wagner! Rubinstein! The Steinway was their piano. It is played and loved by Ignace Paderewski, by Hofmann, by Rachmaninoff. Friedman and Levitzki will have no other. Successively each generation of the Steinway family has preserved the purpose that its product shall be as truly the piano of the home as it is the chosen instrument of the concert stage. The qualities that have endeared it to the masters are embodied in every Steinway that is made. For your home there is a Steinway, either grand or upright, which in tone and touch and action matches that which Cortot plays. Once you have set fingers to such an instrument, once you have known the beauty of its response, for you, thereafter, there can be 'but one perfect piano, the Steinway.'

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a cash deposit of 10%, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: Upright, $875 and up; Grand, $1425 and up; plus freight

Prices somewhat higher in Canada

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 109 East Fourteenth Street, New York City

When You Build or Repair

Hang All Doors Properly

SHALL your doors hang properly, fit properly, be true and stay so? You can be sure of those things if you will be sure to use the right type and the right make of hinges. A good man to see is the local hardware merchant who sells

McKINNEY HINGES

He knows the proper sizes to use for any given kind of doors. Get acquainted with him. And think of hinges and other hardware when you start thinking of building or repairing. Most people think of hardware last and seldom allow enough money for proper equipment.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

PUNK PUNGS

(Continued from Page 9)

has been worthless, but maybe we been wrong. If the daughter of joy ——"

"Oh, hell!" I yelps. "You ain't got a thing there, Liz."

"How do you know?" she snaps.

"Ain't the mandolin said so?" I comes back. "If the daughter of Dinny Keegan ——"

The wife pulls me off and in a little while they is got the game going again, though Lizzie is still giving the rules the razz. Pretty soon one of the players mah jonggs on the up and up, and a new gang sits down. Me and Uncle Jake is among 'em

I don't know whether I told you before, but the first stunt in this pastime is to build up the walls. You takes thirty-six of the blocks—each guy does—and you builds 'em up in twos, which makes eighteen stacks on each side. I'm about in the middle of the job when something I thinks of makes me grin.

"What's the joke?" asks Uncle Jake.

"Nothing," says I, "only I was wondering what'd happen if a bricklayer was to be playing this game and just as he got about halfway through the wall the five-o'clock whistle should blow."

"You can play this after five, can't you?" asks Lizzie.

I happens to catch the eye of Sing, and winks. Much to my surprises he slowly winks back. In a flash I'm wise.

III

WHEN I first piped the Chinaman I kinda thought the face was familiar, but these slit-eyes look so much alike I wasn't so sure. Besides, the rig he's wearing threw me off. I never saw no rags like them before on Charlie Bang—his name ain't no more Sing High Lee than mine's Moishe Murphy—but the way he looks at me when he winks is the tip-off. Any doubts I got after that is shot by the scar Charlie's got on his upper lip, where a hatchet heaver bounced a blade offa him.

I used to know Charlie pretty good when he was running the fantan game in back of Wong Woof's chop-susie dump, and oncet when he got pinched for violating the law against holding out on the coppers, I went to the front for him. As a matter of facts Bang was born in Frisco and ain't no more a mandolin than I'm a orchestra.

During the rest of the time he palavers about this mah jongg junk I don't let on nothing, but when he starts to beat it I follows after him like I is going to ask him some questions about the game. He's got a buzz boat waiting for him outside and he motions me to hop in.

"Well, Charlie," says I, "pretty soft."

"Beautiful soft," grins the Chink. "You no put no fish with claws in play piece?"

"What?" I comes back. "Oh, no. Don't worry. I won't crab your act. Beats fantan, eh?"

"Me so say," says Charlie Bang. "Twenty dollars hour. No give half to policemans and ——"

"Is there enough suckers," I cuts in, "to make it pay out? How many fish'll cough up twenty iron men a hour to learn rummy?"

"Plenty many," says he. "Work now five, six hours every day. More want me. Cheap Chinamen get ten dollars hour. Twenty for mandolin with mandolin talk."

"Is that the way mandolins dress and act?" I asks.

"It so say," shrugs Charlie, "in American book I read. I never been China. Everybody now crazy about mah jongg, everybody—what you call clocks which make funny noise?"

"Cuckoo," I tells him. "You come back here again?"

"Four times more," says Bang. "Lady buy five learnings."

"Good," I remarks. "You do me a favor?"

"If can do," he comes back.

"Remember Mrs. Magruder?" I asks. "You know—the lady that asked you all them questions—the one that tried to mah jongg out on her looks."

"I know," says he. "You mean smart woman—smart in feet."

"I wouldn't even go that far," I remarks, "but that's the hen I got in mind. I want, Charlie, that you should get kicked in on her. Make her presents. Give her the calf eye. Talk pretty and ——"

Bang cuts in with a mess of questions and yeeps about him having a coupla wifes already and being afraid Jim Magruder'll knock him for a block of josh-houses and the such, but I got a scheme for getting even with Lizzie Magruder for dragging me and Kate to this Doughmore dump, in particular, and staying alive, in general, so I keeps after the Chino. After talking to him about fifteen minutes more, during the which I reminds him of what I done for him oncet, and also threatens to push him down into the cheap-John ten-dollar-an-hour class by blowing the works about the mandolin bunk, Charlie weakens.

"I try," says he, "but I don't know nothing about these love makings?"

"Roll your own, kid," I tells him. "It's the same trick in Peking or Peekskill. If you want some dope on the American plan, buy one of them books by Elmer Glyn."

When I gets back to our hut Lizzie's there. Jim's out on the links with the other sausages.

"What you and Sing High Lee been talking about?" asks the Magruder ache.

"You mostly," I growls. "The flatfoot's got the batty idea that they is something wonderful ——"

"Does he think I play mah jongg good?" she cuts in, eager.

"That's where the batty part of it comes in," I answers. "From where I was sitting it didn't look like you was learning the game any faster than a deaf and dummy would learn to yodel, but the Chink says he never ain't seen nobody get inside of a deep game quicker'n you."

"I always," smiles Lizzie, "had a knack for them Oriental things."

"Maybe," I comes back, "that's why you is so blah on what's going on in the Accident. Anyways, Charlie says ——"

"Charlie," interrupts the wife. "Who's he?"

"That," I explains quick, "is the English for Sing. Just like Pietro in wop is Bill over in this country."

"How comes it," asks Kate, "that he picked on you to tell what a fine player Lizzie is?"

"That's simple," I answers. "He thought I was her husband."

"He coulda easy got that idea," admits the frau, "from the rough way you talked to her at the Proctors'. I still don't see ——"

"In China," I goes on, "things is altogether different from the way they is here. In America, for example, if you admires a skirt—and I don't mind telling you they is other things besides Lizzie's mah-jongg work Charlie admires—the last boy in the world you'd tell it to would be the jane's meal ticket, but 'tain't so east of Suet. Everything's just twisted from the way it oughta be. For examples, they wears white for mourning, they pays sawbones for keeping 'em well and docks the doc when they gets sick, and such dropsy-turvy ideas. Can you imagine anybody but a cuckoo Chink thinking Lizzie's good looking and intelligent?"

"What'd he say about me?" asks the Magruder gal, eager.

"Aw, what's the use?" I grumbles. "When it comes to tastes and brains in China, the higher the fewer. Here's a guy from the swellest family over there, with oodles of jack—he's just doing this mah jongg stuff for one of his pet's charities—a lad that's been all over the world, and who do you think he picks for the classiest frail he's seen so far? It," I finishes with disgusts.

"I was so embarrassed," giggles Lizzie. "He kept looking at me all the times."

Can you defeat that for a blah-brain? I guess Charlie was looking at her a lot, wondering who left the door open long enough for her to get in, and how anybody with so little of the gray could think fast enough to breathe regular, but I'm satisfied. Things is going the way I wants them.

"Ain't you afraid," I asks, "that Jim'll get jealous?"

"Let him," says Liz. "It ain't my fault if a mandolin likes my styles, is it?"

"In this case," I tells her, "I knows it ain't."

IV

CHARLIE acts like I told him to. When we gets together the next day at the Proctors' for another shot at this mah jongg the Chink puts on like they ain't nobody else in the room excepting Lizzie. Every time he starts to explain something his almond lamps rests on that minus zero subtracted from nothing. He talks right at her,

(Continued on Page 64)

ROLLIN

Back of the new Rollin car—designed by that well-known creative engineer, R. H. White—is one of the most able groups of executives in the industry. This seasoned staff of specialists will produce the car that shortly will be one of the most widely discussed automobiles in America. The Rollin plant shown below is modern, complete, and equipped for progressive production. There is one important fact we would like to burn into your consciousness: the new Rollin is an unusually high-grade car designed along the latest European lines, possessing numerable advanced engineering features—yet its price will be under $1000. Deliveries early part of December.

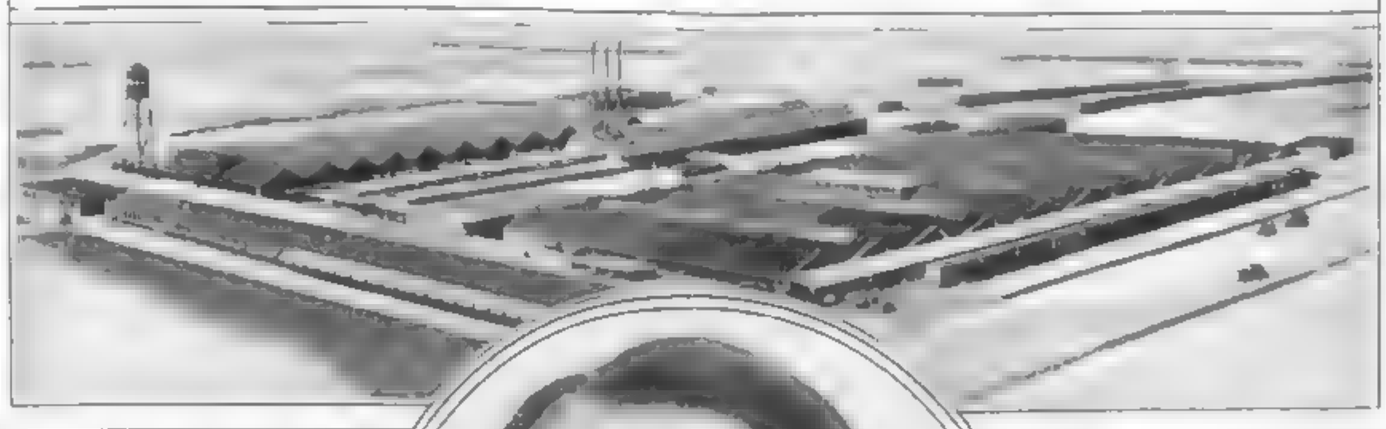
THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

C. D FLEMING
Secretary & Treasurer
Formerly assistant treasurer of Studebaker Corp.

G. W PONTIUS, Jr.
Service Manager
Formerly Service Manager of Studebaker Corp.

A. C HILL
Assistant Sales Mgr.
Formerly sales executive with Studebaker Corp.

F. N SAWYER
Works Manager
Formerly production executive of the White Co.



CHAS. B. SHANKS
Advertising Counsel
Long identified with automobile merchandising.

JAMES G HEASLET
President
Formerly vice president in charge of Studebaker's engineering and production.

R. H. WHITE, *Chairman of the Board*
Formerly vice president, chief engineer and one of the founders of the White Motor Company.

R. T. HODGKINS
Vice President & General Sales Manager
Formerly general sales manager of Studebaker Corp. of America.

E. A. CALLANAN
Supervisor of Purchases
Formerly purchasing executive of Willys-Overland.

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

KNAPP-FELT HATS *for* MEN

VARIETY IN HEADWEAR is an essential of correct dress. The necessity is generally recognized in other articles of apparel, but, notwithstanding the fact that the hat is the most conspicuous thing a man wears, its importance as a striking note in the harmony of dress has been neglected.

THE WIDE RANGE of colorings, textures and styles in the Knapp-Felt productions affords an opportunity for the selection of the variety of proper headwear required for various occasions, or for carefully considered color schemes.

THE KNAPP-FELT SIGNATURE is an assurance of superb quality and noticeable elegance of style. Derbies, Soft and Cloth Hats, $6.00 up, Caps, $3.50 up, Silk Hats, $15.00.

Knapp-Felt headwear is sold by the best dealers everywhere. *Write for* THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH ~ *President*
620 Fifth Avenue ~ New York City

Continued from Page 62

and the rest of us studnuts of the game ain't nothing but a flock of buttinskis cutting in on a private party.

Liz plays right up to him, too, slipping him the blush and the droopy eyelid every now and then. I pipes Jim at the other end of the table, and he ain't looking so happy. I drifts over his way.

"How you like this skit?" I asks him.

"It ain't so bad," says he, "but what's the idea of taking more'n one lesson in this stuff?"

"Well," I tells him, "I hears it ain't so easy like it looks and ——"

"I ain't neither," cuts in Magruder, turning a mean eye toward the Chink. Charlie's just leaned over and put his hand on Lizzie's to keep her from grabbing the wrong discard.

"The pretty lotus blossom is maybe right," I hears him tell her, "but the dirt beneath her feet suggests that you do it so."

"Fresh rat!" mutters Jim, but I don't hear him say nothing.

"I was talking to Sing High Lee yesterday," I remarks, casual, "and the boy's stuck on Doughmore. He tells me he's thinking of selling out his pagodas in Shanghai and taking a place here."

"Let him," growls Magruder. "I'm about fed up with this joint, anyways. I got half a mind to beat it back to town this week. Believe me, I ain't gonna live no place where they don't draw no colored lines."

While they ain't been so much pulled at the Proctors' between Charlie and Liz, I figures she musta filled up Jim the night before with a lotta bunk about what the Chino is supposed to have said to me about her. Personally, if I had a wife like her I'd pay a guy's taxi fare from one Portland to the other if he'd take her off my feet, but they ain't no counting up tastes, and Magruder's runs towards sour crab apples. I'm feeling good, though. Jim's crack about giving Doughmore the look-around-now-for-the-nearest-exit act gives me, like us mah jonggers say, the major quadruple joy.

After the session I pries Charlie loose from a talk he is having with Sallie Proctor and walks out with him, the lad looking back all the times at Lizzie.

"How me do it?" he asks.

"Fine!" says I. "Don Jewan and Young Lockingbar, the western cake-muncher, don't have nothing on you a-tall when it comes to flashing the googlish eye. You're there with the ladies, boy."

"Me no like," comes back Charlie. "She so—what you say when no can talk?"

"Dumb," I tells him. "Ain't she pretty, though?"

"Ain't, yes," he answers. "Me see one lady, pretty. She smart too. Me like."

"Never mind the others," says I. "Your job is to be nice to the one I say."

Charlie plays ball. The rest of the lessons he keeps on fussing with Lizzie, but I can see that his heart ain't in the work. On the last day he brings her a present, a kinda stick that you use to push the walls into the square with. Jim, who's been getting madder every session, finally boils over.

"I'll kill that Chink!" he yelps.

"Lay off," I advised him. "That buck's got a hatchet up each sleeve, a coupla rings full of poison, and a knife under his hat. I got a idea he'd like nothing better than to bump you off. It'd make things easier for him."

"How do you mean?" asks Magruder. He's kinda pale.

"I ain't saying," I comes back, evasive, "but watch yourself—and Lizzie."

I'm out on the porch smoking when the class breaks up, and when I comes into the house to say by-by to Charlie he ain't there no more. I finds him outside in the garden, talking to the wife. He waves at me, gets into his car and buzzes off.

"He been asking you about Lizzie?" I inquires.

"Uh, huh," says Kate.

I takes a walk with Uncle Jake, they being yet a hour before chow time.

"I'm glad that Chinaman's through," says the old boy.

"Why?" I asks.

"Well," answers he, "I didn't like the way he was trying to make up with the women."

"You mean," says I, "Lizzie Magruder?"

"Better not mention names," he comes back.

When I gets home Kate's on the porch, reading, but she looks up at my cheery whistle.

"Why so happy?" she asks.

"All's swell with the world," I replies merrily, but the real why is that I got a grand ruction framed between Lizzie and Jim over the Chink's present, the which will probably finish up with both of 'em beating it to the city. If they go we go, too, Kate and Liz always pulling the you-and-me-both stuff.

"What you reading?" I asks. "That's a classy-looking book."

"It's about mah jongg," says the frau. "Isn't the binding wonderful? Sing gave it to me."

"Who?" I inquires.

"Sing High Lee," comes back Kate. "Your friend Charlie."

"Oh," says I. "Did he give one to all the women?"

"I think not," answers the misses. "Want to play a round before dinner?"

"With what?" I wants to know.

"I got a lovely set, with a fine table, and everything," says she. "Sing sent them out today. Isn't he just too lovely?"

"Too lovely to live, damn his yellow hide!" I yelps. "He been making up to you?"

"He's a wonderful character," returns Kate. "We've had some grand talks. He says I play good ——"

"I thought," I cuts in kinda dazed, "him and Lizzie ——"

"You can always tell them nobilities," goes on the frau. "They is so refined."

"Nobilities, hell!" I barks. "That baby ain't nothing but a cheap Frisco Chink that used to get pinched once a week for running a fantan game in Heeney's Alley. Pung that off."

The frau looks surprised and is getting ready to say something when Magruder and his Lizzie comes in. Jim's collar is torn and he looks like he's been thrown outta all-night saloon.

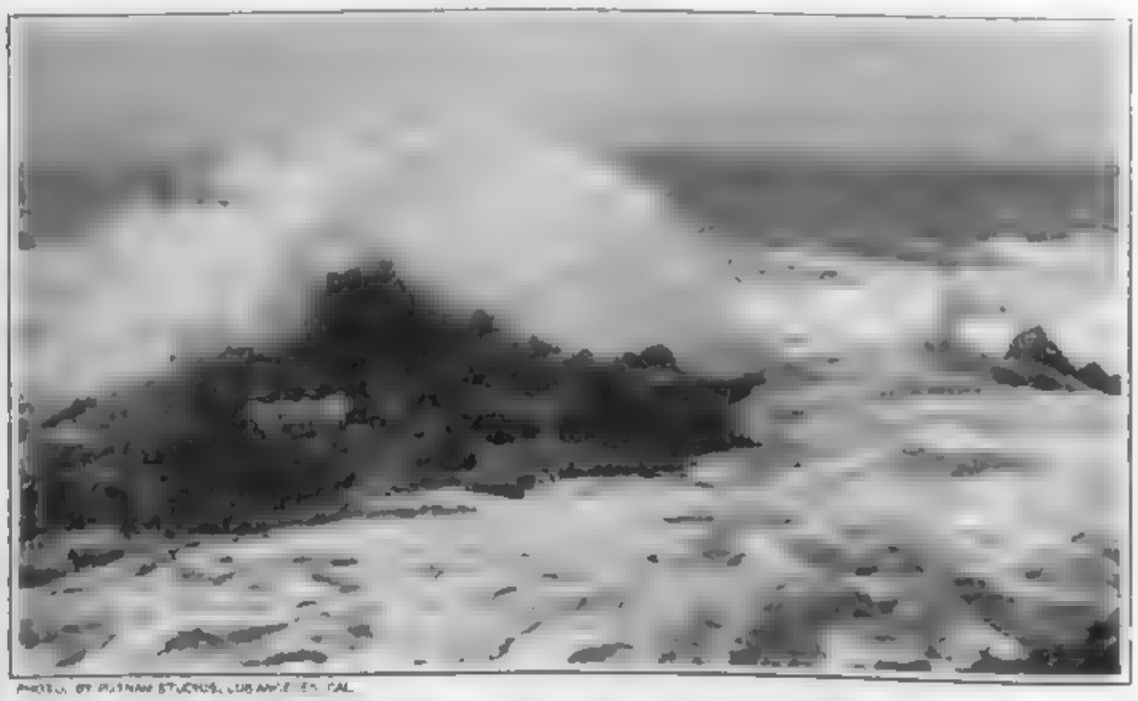
"Let me wash up," he mumbles.

"What hospital's the other bird in?" I asks.

"That Chink," answers Magruder, grim, "ain't never coming back here to bother no more white women against their wills."

"Ain't Jim brave?" gushes Lizzie.

"Is a insect," I answers with a bow, "to look at the sun and say that its light is not good?"



Foam Wraiths on the Southern California Coast

THE 1924 FRANKLIN SEDAN

Now Over 60% of Franklin Demand

30 Improvements

This outstanding preference for the Franklin Sedan—more than double the average percentage of the industry—is a tribute to the many advancements which culminate in the 1924 Franklin.

Thirty improvements add to quietness of motor and body, efficiency of lubrication, long life, permanency of adjustment, restful driving, simple control, complete protection and good appearance.

These notably increase the motoring satisfaction derived from the powerful six motor, double flywheel, air-pressure cooling system, fuel transformer, rotary air-cleaner, light reciprocating parts, and case-hardened crank-shaft—all brought out with the Series 10 one year ago.

Franklin production for 1923 to date is far ahead of any previous year. And now over 60% of the demand is for the Sedan model alone.

There are reasons for this record percentage.

The Franklin Sedan weighs only 2743 pounds—from 500 to 2000 pounds less than those which claim to compete with it in performance.

Light weight doesn't hammer on rough roads, nor mire in sand, mud or snow.

It doesn't pound the life out of tires.

It adds to riding comfort and it lessens the load on the engine.

And it makes this Sedan the quickest to start and stop, the easiest to steer. No strength is needed to turn a curve, and the car straightens out again automatically.

A perfect car for any member of the family to drive.

The Franklin Sedan is resilient—no rigid rods or braces to transmit shocks. Four-point body suspension and full-elliptic springs leave the tough, three-ply, shock-absorbing wood frame free to flex.

This means protection for the car, comfort for the passengers, and sure road-holding qualities, under all conditions of service. It means that the Franklin Sedan can be used when and where others cannot.

With greater safety! For in no other car is the Franklin's transmission braking system duplicated.

The service brake acts on the drive-shaft, where the force is multiplied 39 times and is delivered equally to the two rear wheels by the differential.

Consequently, Franklin brakes are the safest to apply with maximum force at top speed.

Their power exceeds the brake efficiency standard by from 70% to 150%, according to speed.

Watch the Franklin Sedan pull away from the procession on any road. That tells the story of its road ability.

Its brilliant new six motor puts it in the front ranks for ability on hills and level stretches.

Its wonderful new air-pressure cooling system will perform perfectly under any conditions. It will run all day with wide-open throttle without loss of power.

Air-cooling lets you use it in any season. Flexibility lets you use it on any road. Light weight lets you use it without fatigue for hours on end.

That means a higher average rate of speed—

And explains why the Franklin Sedan will outdistance any other sedan over a day's run.

With unequaled gasoline and tire economy!

It is the ideal hot and cold weather Sedan—the only one that protects itself as well as its passengers. It cannot overheat or freeze. It has no radiator—uses no water—needs no attention.

You can use your Franklin Sedan daily. It runs lightly where heavier cars dig in. It has less tendency to skid on icy streets.

Your garage need not be heated. You don't have to fuss with anti-freeze radiator compounds. You have no radiator to drain.

You can put up your Franklin at night and forget about it. An electric vaporizer insures quick starting the next morning.

The Franklin Sedan knows no handicaps of road or weather. Its four-door aluminum body with the latest constructional features guards against the shocks and strains of the hardest service.

Every detail is built to last. Upholstery is of heavy Australian wool broadcloth—soft, smooth, long-wearing. Mountings are of lustrous non-tarnish Duralumin. Floor rug is of Wilton velvet.

From every point of view—comfort and convenience as well as quality—today's Franklin Sedan has the best body that can be built.

Everything that is new, added to everything that the Franklin has previously stood for, explains why Franklin Sedans are selling over twice as fast as the rate of the entire industry.

Thousands of Franklin Sedan owners can confirm our story from actual use.

A ride of 50 to 500 miles is our method of giving you their experience.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Two Pairs will wear Six Months

CADET #920

This is the reputation that these full fashioned stockings of exquisite loveliness have gained. Of the PUREST SILK, with extra elastic lisle top, they have been *scientifically strengthened and reinforced* to give tenacious resistance against garter strain, embarrassing runs and hard wear.

For other silk stockings of unimpeachable style, quality and durability, ask for #960, ALL SILK, #970, CHIFFON ALL SILK; also #910, A HEAVIER WEIGHT SILK STOCKING, fibre filled, much in demand.

The combination of stylish charm and long wear have made CADETS the preferred stocking of millions, men and children as well as women.

For Men, ask for CADET #900—PURE SILK, perfect fitting and hole resisting.

For Children, ask for CADET #12—REINFORCED KNEE, fine ribbed, fast color. GUARANTEED!

Good dealers almost everywhere sell CADET HOSIERY. If yours does not, write for the name of the CADET dealer nearest you.

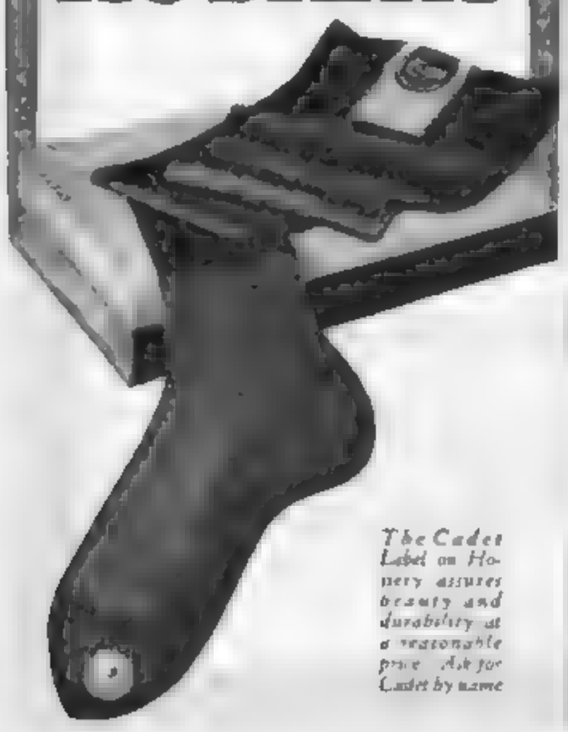
Write today for our free booklet "Style Starts with Stockings"

Originated, Manufactured and Guaranteed by

CADET KNITTING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Also Makers of Worsted, Wool, and Silk Sweaters for Men, Women and Children

CADET
SCIENTIFICALLY STRENGTHENED and REINFORCED
HOSIERY



The Cadet Label on Hosiery assures beauty and durability at a reasonable price. Ask for Cadet by name

THE PALACE OF HIS FATHERS

Continued from Page 23

gesture than was natural to him he added, "the snow mountains behind, you know—and the *vega*, as they call it, in front."

Margaret looked at him with the stupefaction that every woman feels on discovering that her husband knows something about which she had supposed him completely ignorant. Then she smiled with understanding

"Ah, you've been getting up Spain in a guidebook," she said.

"No," he answered, "I happened to be talking to a fellow who had been there."

They sailed for Havre, and eight days later took the Sud-Express from Paris were at the frontier late that evening, and in Madrid in the course of the next morning. The next day, fortunately, happened to be one of the three days a week on which there was a train to Granada.

It was a journey full of interest. They rushed across the red plains of Don Quixote, then up and up through a slate defile in the mountains, the celebrated Precipice of the Dogs. Soon after this the passengers for Granada alighted, and saw with some apprehension the train speed away to Cordova, while they ascended the high steps of another train, the little carriages of which had been built in an age still reminiscent of the stagecoach. It was getting late and dark, and as they had had no dinner, they began to comment with the strained politeness of travelers on the fact that it might have been wiser to bring something with them, as one of them had suggested—and of course it was the one who had previously made the suggestion who now recalled it. Then suddenly they stopped at a deserted station, and getting out found themselves served rapidly with an excellent dinner in courses, beginning with hors d'œuvres and ending with coffee. Spain is a country of surprises. Then, after dinner, they rocked onwards in their little carriage, into mountains so high and wild, so adapted to brigandage that Margaret was immensely comforted by the sight at each station of two of the civil guard with their patent-leather hats and their rifles on their backs; and when a man jumped on the step and opened the door with no more hostile intention than to change the tin foot warmer, Margaret gave a distinct scream, so ready was she for a bandit.

They reached Granada, without the smallest adventure, about eleven at night, and went straight to the hotel, too tired even to look out of their windows. Early in the morning, however, Shelton was dragged out of bed by his excited wife, to see the view—the most beautiful, Margaret asserted rashly, in the whole world.

Yes, there they were, Lopez' sierras, rolling fields of snow, high up against the sky, with a large trembling star shining above them.

"'Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star in his steep course?'" Margaret quoted.

They stood on their narrow balcony and watched the shadows slide back from the plain, as if the rotation of the earth was suddenly made visible. The hotel was built on a steep hill, so that from their balcony on the third floor they looked straight down, as if from heaven, into the courts and gardens of the little houses below them. From these, strange animals began to emerge—strange for house pets, at least—a herd of goats from one, a pig from another. A thin black cat came out, stretching, to walk along the walls. Margaret discovered a pair of rabbits, and Shelton himself was the first to see a pair of small donkeys stabled in the ruined foundations of what had been once a Moorish palace. Then the bells began to boom or jingle as their habit was, a trolley car came grinding up the steep street, and Granada was awake for the day.

"Oh, let's get breakfast at once, and go and see everything," said Margaret.

But her husband reminded her that he had not come to Spain for pleasure. He must go straight to the bank. He had not notified anyone of his coming. He had not, of course, much hope of finding Lopez, who was probably on his way back to New York; but he hoped to get information that would lead to his discovery and arrest. In one of those absurd symbolic pictures that our unconscious mind paints for us, he saw himself returning, leading Lopez in chains.

He had some difficulty in finding the bank, for its whole front was obscured by an erection of scaffolding and straw. When he did identify it he was annoyed beyond words to discover that a combination of necessities—a saint's day and repairs—had closed it for four days. All the officials had taken this opportunity to leave town. There was nothing for Shelton to do but to hurry back to the hotel and join Margaret on her sight-seeing expedition.

They did the cathedral that morning. Shelton was in no mood to enjoy anything. Margaret found him more unsympathetic than she had expected. In the afternoon they went to the Alhambra, and here she insisted on buying a form of ticket that not only admitted them for five days but admitted them to many additional sights. The fate of the whole expedition was changed by the purchase of those round blue tickets, for it brought them the friendship of a wise and cultivated gentleman who knew the Alhambra as Shelton knew the bond market.

Margaret had noticed him first. She always had an insatiable curiosity to know what people were reading. She had seen him sitting on a camp stool in the Hall of the Ambassadors; and when they had passed him without his looking up, she had whispered to her husband that he was reading Prescott in English. They supposed him to be a visitor like themselves, and they were surprised to find that on the presentation of their blue tickets they were turned over to him. It was he who took them to the upper gallery of the Charles V Palace, "the only fault of which," he said, "is in lying too near to the Alhambra." He was a discriminating skeptic, destroying with a smile a dozen of Margaret's inaccurate myths.

"*Jamais de la vie*," was his answer to almost all the information Margaret had acquired, and it is to be feared that Shelton derived some pleasure from seeing her so much and so constantly put in the wrong.

Their guide had the most expert knowledge of beautiful vistas and becoming lights.

"Such a real sense of beauty," Margaret whispered to her husband.

By the time they sat down in the former zenana of the palace to watch the sunset light the three were fast friends. Sinking on the wide low window, Margaret remarked that it was the most beautiful sight in the world. Shelton had let this observation pass without contradiction, but their guide was more exact.

"No, madame," said Señor Rosas; "if you will permit me to differ with you, it is not even the most beautiful sight in Granada."

Shelton glanced wistfully at him. How definitely he spoke of beauty! How right he had been about it! The man made him feel utterly blind.

Rosas preferred Margaret of the two; and addressing her, he launched into a description of the most beautiful sight in Granada—a little Moorish palace, privately owned, in the mountains, high up, above even the Generalife—a gem—the stone work—you would say lace—and the pools and the orange trees. It had been in the family of the Condesa Delasierras for centuries, and was now owned by the old condesa—the last. There, when the moon was full, a string quartet played—"and look you, madame, that night one does not sleep."

The next night the moon would be full. Nothing would suit Margaret but that she must see that garden, hear that quartet. Shelton was not so eager. Margaret seemed so far from him when she was caught up into the enjoyment of an emotion he could not share. He felt jealous and lonely, and of course a little inferior. But he did not oppose her.

And so the next evening, after an early dinner—early for Spain, that is, for it was after eight o'clock when they sat down they walked up the road as if they were going to the cemetery; and then, turning sharply to the left, across gullies in the bare hills, and past the black mouths of many caves, to where in a fold of the mountains a small palace looked down on the Alhambra itself.

Well, Shelton said to himself, the supreme emotions were universal—fear, love, beauty. The trouble had been that before this beauty had not come to him rich and solid enough. This night was his initiation—now he knew.

They had sat for two hours or more in the garden of the Delasierras palace, under an arcade of carved white stone in which each detail stood out, jet-black or ivory-white, in the moonlight. At their feet a long narrow pool reflected the orange trees, which, just at the climax of their blossoming, gave out a perfume almost stupefying. The dark tips of cedars rose above an adjacent wall, hiding another court, where a fountain was playing, for when the orchestra was silent he could hear water spouting and falling and trickling away.

The orchestra had been playing at the other end of the pool, more or less hidden under the shadows of the orange trees. He and Margaret and the condesa were alone. Behind him, through the double arch of a window, he could catch a glimpse of the pale sky and the lights of Granada far below them.

It was probably the scent of the orange blossoms that did it. Before this, when confronted with any problem, commercial or æsthetic, Shelton had tried to use his intelligence—a good one, but not universal. Now the perfume, so pure and rich and penetrating, seemed to act like a drug on his mind, putting it to sleep, so that his emotions were defenseless against the assaults of the moon and the music. He was extraordinarily happy; it was as if he had fallen in love with the entire universe.

It was time to go—more than time. The other guests—there had never been more than a handful of them—had already gone. The countess, in deference to the appreciation of the strangers, had already asked the

(Continued on Page 68)

NUMBER THREE OF A SERIES

Don't miss the miracle of radio

Over one million homes in the United States are already equipped with radio receiving sets. There are several hundred broadcasting stations filling the air with this modern miracle!

One result is that the great body of American people are daily becoming better informed than any other people on earth. Why not, when just by turning a dial on the compact and beautiful cabinet in the living-room, they can hear the best music the world has to offer; lectures on a wide variety of subjects by notable leaders of thought; high-class entertainment from the theatres and concert halls; speeches by statesmen; the trend of finance; up-to-the-minute reports on the world's markets—the latest news in the field of sport.

The strides made toward the highest aspirations of the radio engineers within the past few years have been marvelous. Practice and theory have worked side by side to make radio receiving a universal boon, widening the outlook and enlarging the horizons of all who are willing to enjoy it.

For radio receiving is wonderful! Practical perfection is here. The air is filled with things of value which, if you have a radio set, you are privileged to garner and bring into your home for the delectation of your family and friends. And it is all practically free!

With radio so perfect that it is bringing delight and information and education to a million families, the home without a radio receiving set is handicapped. Its outlook on life is circumscribed. Why should the neighbors enjoy all the happiness and fun?

The reality is here—Radio has reached a state of perfection that is marvelous. And the first cost is so moderate that no home can afford to be without it.

No unsightly wiring—no intricate machinery—a handsome cabinet—an attractive piece of furniture for the living room.

Get a radio receiving set and join the great and ever-growing invisible audience that is enjoying the greatest miracle of modern science. Dozens of different kinds of radio sets, all ready to install, are on the market. Buy any one of them that is made by a *reliable* manufacturer!

The great things of the world are often the simplest. Radio is one of them.

* * *

The battery is the vital part of any radio receiving set. Eveready Batteries—especially made for Radio—serve better, last longer, and give better results.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

"THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS"

Your flood insurance should be written in the Hartford

A flood is just like a conflagration. It damages not just an individual but a whole community. So it is of utmost importance to you that your flood insurance be written in a company whose resources are great enough to cover every financial loss—even the devastation of a large city.

Your Hartford agent will write you a flood insurance policy in the company that for more than a century has promptly paid every honest loss—a company that offers complete protection against practically every calamity.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

(Continued from Page 66)

musicians to repeat the last selection a Spanish dance composed there in Granada itself. And now, this being finished, she allowed a suggestive silence to fall. Margaret touched her husband's arm.

"I think we ought to be going, dear," she said.

He looked up at her like a drunken man.

"Go?" he said, as if he heard the word for the first time.

He had no power to break the spell. His muscles would not respond to his will. Margaret turned back to the countess and began to thank her in French. It was Margaret's belief, founded on a short experience, that Spanish women had more character in their faces than any other women in the world. The countess was nearly seventy, and could never have been beautiful; but there was power in her face, fine and yet rugged, with its jutting brows, its deeply indented chin, its black eyes and strong white hair; her figure in its black shawl, not at all slim, but a straight line from heels to head.

Across the court the musicians were now putting their instruments back into the cases, and yet Shelton had not moved. The conversation between Margaret and the countess suddenly took a more intimate turn. He heard his wife exclaiming, "How wonderful! How perfect!" She came and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Only think, Joe, these musicians give their services night after night, and they are all poor men. They regard it as a great privilege to be allowed to play here; and one of them gave the savings of his life to save the palace to the countess when—when it was in danger of being taken away from her. I mean to say he lent them to her."

She was speaking in French, so as not to have the effect of saying anything to her husband which the countess could not understand. The countess shrugged her shoulders.

"He gave," she said. "We call it a loan; but there is no chance that I shall repay it in my lifetime. I am the last of the family. After my death—the palace itself will repay him—he will have the palace. The son of my husband's gardener will own the palace of the Delasierras." She sighed and then seemed to come proudly to life. "And no one will cherish it more than he will—no one."

Margaret's eyes were shining. Her husband could see them gleam in the moonlight with something like tears.

"I think that's wonderful," she murmured, and added aloud, "Could I speak to him?"

The countess nodded and called across the pool, "Ricardo!" And again the succession of consonants sounded in Shelton's ears like the rattle of muskets. Out of his mood of omniscient peace he was hardly at all surprised to see that the second violin, who hurried in white-slippered feet along the rim of the pool was Lopez, the man he had come so far to find.

The countess said in Spanish that the English lady—in Europe all who speak English are English until they are proved other—wished to talk to him, and added in French that this was her friend, Ricardo Lopez, a very good boy, who had been in America—in that part of America where they speak English, thus politely trying to help them out on a point which had always confused her—namely, what language was actually spoken in those remote continents beyond the Atlantic.

Shelton, still sitting in the shadow of the white arcade, heard Margaret say in her most winning tones, "I understand from Madame Delasierras that we owe all this to you."

Lopez smiled and hunched his shoulders. "I did not make Granada or Spain, señora, but I gave what I had."

"Why did you?" Margaret asked.

The Spaniards are not afraid of asking or of answering a direct question.

Lopez answered: "*Mira*, señora, my father, he was gardener here. This was my home. I was brought up here. I planted some of these flowers. They were going to take it and make it into a tea house for foreigners! *Nombre de Dios*, a tea house! The most perfect Moorish palace left in all Spain! And look"—he seemed to draw her aside confidentially, although it was all a gesture, for he did not move; nor did they need to, since the countess did not understand a word—"it is well known in Granada that I have the blood of Delasierras in my veins. I gave all I had to save the palace of my father, and now it will be mine."

"But how do you live?"

"I work on the fruit farm of the abbey."

"Is that all you have in the world?"

"It is enough."

It was then that Margaret, perhaps not perfectly sane, either, made her offer. Shelton heard her with a curious acquiescence. She couldn't bear it, she said, that a man should beggar himself so nobly. He must permit her and her husband to take a part of the loan—all of it—they, too, would love and cherish the palace.

Lopez stopped her short, wagging his forefinger across his face with that gesture of negation which Shelton already knew.

"No, no, señora. You do not understand. I have given more than money; I have given my honor in order that I, a Delasierras, may live and die in the palace of the Delasierras. I cannot share it."

"I understand exactly," said Margaret. "You are right. You ought not to share it. I was stupid. What I meant to say is this: Will you allow us—my husband and myself—in return for the great pleasure we have had this evening—will you let us contribute a certain sum—say, a hundred dollars a month—to the upkeep of the palace? What would that be in pesetas, Joe?"

"Lopez can reckon in dollars," said Shelton, and at last he stepped out into the full moonlight.

"*Dios!*" said Lopez, and struck the back of his hand against his mouth. The countess was almost asleep in her chair, and he went on quickly: "We will walk down the hill together. The condesa—she must not know from where came the money."

He made a salutation, with a long, courtly Spanish phrase in it, to the countess, who merely flickered her hand in a friendly, casual good night and seemed relieved to end a long evening by bolting the grille behind the three.

It was long after midnight as they came out on the bare side of the hills. The fields of snow above them were positively dazzling under the bright full moon.

Shelton thought, "He's probably armed, and I'm not."

Margaret took her husband's right arm, so that even that wasn't free, as she said, "You knew Lopez in New York? You never told me—you keep the most interesting things from me, Joe."

He had no further desire to keep it from her. He had no wish to frighten her, but he let her have it all.

"This is the man I came to Spain to find," he said. "He is a notorious forger." He told her the whole story.

Lopez was walking beside them, muttering and flinging his hands in the air, with all the fingers spread out.

"What could a man do?" he kept repeating. "Just as they would have taken the palace the draft arrived. What was my honor—one man's honor—a little crime against a big one—what could I do?"

"I think you were perfectly right," said Margaret

"Margaret!" exclaimed her husband.

"*Nombre de Dios*, a tea house!" said Lopez.

"A tea house!" echoed Margaret, as if it were Shelton himself who had intended the outrage.

"And you have not seen it yet, señora," Lopez went on to Margaret, as if only she and he were reasonable beings in the whole world. "Underground there are the baths—all the original tiles, and the vistas in the gardens, and the carved screens ——"

Shelton heard them talking as if he were in a dream. Not merely was Margaret not shocked by Lopez' crime; but here she was, a timid woman, talking without a shade of fear at the dead of night, on a deserted mountain side to a notorious criminal. Where was her moral sense? Where was his own? Where—an even more remarkable disappearance, perhaps—was his instinct of self-preservation; for unquestionably his position with his board was dependent on his bringing Lopez to book. He must make Lopez understand that either the money fraudulently obtained must be repayed, or else—prison.

Yet it was not easy to interrupt the conversation of Lopez and Margaret, who were talking like partners. What repairs the palace needed, what the necessary upkeep would be; whether, after the death of the condesa a small fee from sight-seers would pay the expenses of caring for the gardens. They were two practical people; they calculated it carefully. Yes, with Lopez to attend to the work and Margaret in New York arranging a little suitable publicity, the fees would certainly take care of the grounds.

Shelton had not spoken when, at the entrance to the hotel, Lopez bade them a most courteous good night. He was to come for Margaret the next evening at six o'clock to show her the rest of the palace.

As the Sheltons walked up the long flights to the third story, for the hotel elevator had as usual stopped running, Margaret was still talking of her plan—the number of sight-seers that would come, the amount of the fee to be charged. It was not until they were in their room that Shelton at last spoke.

"Margaret," he said, "do you take in that I have come all this way to arrest this man, and that you are practically going into business with him?"

"Not exactly that," she answered. "We are going to work together to preserve something infinitely beautiful."

"But what you are doing is immoral," he said gently.

They were standing on their balcony now, looking out over the scene of plain and mountains that Lopez had once described. Margaret laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Joe," she said, "it seems to me that one of the great rewards of being good according to a code, day in and day out, as I have always tried to be, is that you keep your moral sense so keen that in a crisis you know whether it's right for you to do something like this, which most people would say was wicked. I know I'm right."

It seemed so to him, too, with the crests of Sierra Nevada in full view. He was not sure how it would seem if he were standing at the corner of Wall Street and Nassau.

Presently Margaret moved away to get ready for bed, but before long another suggestion reached him.

"I do agree with you," she said, "that you can't let the bank suffer. I think you will have to pay them back the money Lopez took, out of your own pocket."

"And what shall I tell them?" he asked.

"Oh, we'll think of that on the steamer," said Margaret, and she was soon sleeping the sleep that comes to those whose consciences are clear.

There was no meeting of the board scheduled for the first few days after the return of the chairman, but he made a report immediately to the president. Anyone who saw the two men come sauntering out of the president's private room could not have doubted that the report had been satisfactory to both of them. Burke, the bank's detective, who had been hanging about eager to hear the news, approached them.

"Glad to see you back, Mr. Shelton," he said. "Did you get Lopez?"

It was the president who answered, "He did better than that, Burke. He got the money."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Burke, sincerely surprised.

"Yes," said the chairman, and his clear blue eye had never looked clearer and more honest. "I hardly thought, as long as Lopez gave the money back, it was worth while to go through the expense of extraditing him."

"You were quite right," said the president.

"But what will keep him from coming back and beginning operations all over again?" asked Burke.

"Why, don't you see?" said the president. "Now we have the evidence, if he shows his face in this country ——"

"He will never leave Granada," said Shelton positively.

As the three men stood chatting—about business and Spain and whether Mrs. Shelton had enjoyed the trip—the head bookkeeper approached them.

"Mr. Shelton," he said—he was holding an open letter in his hand—"I have a line here from Mrs. Shelton. She asks me to make arrangements for a monthly payment of one hundred dollars to a party in Granada, Spain, but I can't quite make out the name."

Shelton put out his hand with a quick, smooth motion and took the letter out of his bookkeeper's hand.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I will attend to that." And he added to the president, "One of my wife's charitable extravagances."

"Ah, women!" said the president, who was a little sentimental. "They are made of finer clay than we, Shelton."

Shelton did not answer. He was thinking that Margaret really might have chosen another bank through which to make those payments.

Warmth!

for Cold Corners

The living room, the spare room, any hard-to-heat room is quickly made comfortable with a Perfection.

Economical too. Ten hours of heat with a gallon of kerosene. Your choice of White Enamel, Blue Enamel and Black Models.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7648 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

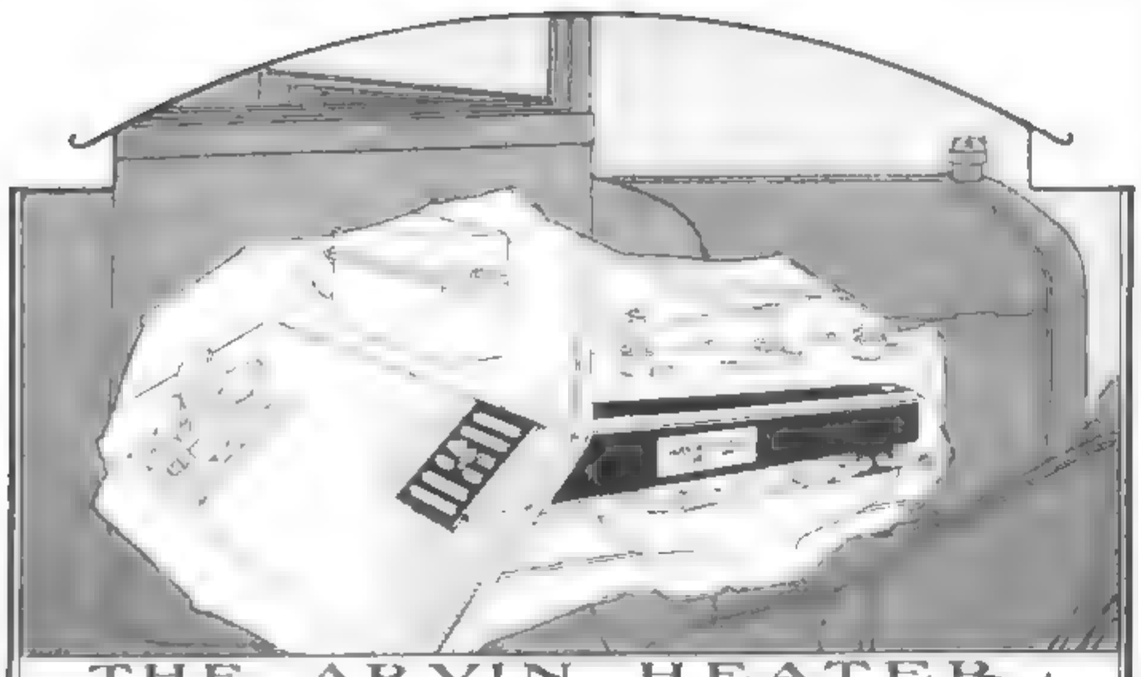
TRADE MARK

Made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario.

Just snaps on

"Handy Floor Tray" — the new convenience~exclusive with Perfection Oil Heaters~Absolute protection to floors and Rugs

PERFECTION
Oil Heaters



Warms You In Your Ford

Installs in 15 minutes
Lasts as long as your car

And Costs Only $1.75

YOUR Ford car, now cold and comfortless, can almost instantly be made cozy and warm with the Arvin Heater—and all for $1.75!

Drive in warmth and comfort

The bitterest days of winter—the cool, chilly or damp mornings and evenings of Fall and Spring—all are made luxuriously comfortable by the grateful, clean, pure, warm air that pours into your car through your Arvin.

A touch of your foot on the heat-proof damper-control regulates the flow of heat to your needs—or shuts it off entirely. Nothing to rattle or get out of order. First cost is the last—only $1.75. You can install—in a jiffy.

Open Cars Need It

For open cars, too, the Arvin Heater is a winter necessity and a year-'round convenience. Equip your open car with Arvin.

Other Makes

The Arvin is likewise made for any type of Chevrolet, Dodge and Maxwell cars. Sold by all accessory dealers.

Prices Ford $1.75 Chevrolet $3.00 Dodge $5.00 Maxwell $5.00

Slightly higher West of Denver and in Canada

Indianapolis Pump & Tube Company
Indianapolis, U. S. A.

DeLuxe Cowl Ventilators —*for Summer Comfort*
Arvin Heater DeLuxe —*for Winter Comfort*
DeLuxe Tire Pumps —*the Year 'Round*

with

The ARVIN HEATER

DELUXE Product

Fully covered by patents of 1916 and 1922

THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN OFT REMIND US

(Continued from Page 4

forging ahead. His name was known or becoming known—all over the United States. He had vigor, courage. He was beyond the fingers of any corrupting influence. He was untrammeled. There appeared to be no hazards ahead. Then he drove into a bunker—he married.

He married a girl who had beauty and, although she did not know it, a driving force to express herself. Like others in the new generation which thinks it has thrown off the fetters of Victorianism but has only taken on the slavish bonds of excitement, she was fully satiated by all that meant amusement and thrill, and she hungered for the education she had not had, because at last she wished to fix her teeth into something worth shaking.

Well, in a year she had him sprawled out. She was a bushel of charm, vivacity and half-baked ideas. She became a lot of business for any husband. While he was attending to it she began to make him. She told him what to do. She began to hold conferences and salons and dinner parties. He followed her off his main highway up one alley and then across and up another and another. At their summer place there was always a group of intellectuals—half a dozen Fixits, at one time. Of course a free man would have jumped and swum for it, but he was in love with her, and with the evidence at my hand I do not blame him. Dizziness came over him. His feet were on skids. In two or three years he was out of the running and went to a doctor. The doctor said "Neurasthenia." He should have said "Wife." He will never come back.

Do you believe these cases are uncommon? Then you do not know. Here is another. Perhaps one of the soundest if not most learned financial heads in the country belongs to a great American business institution. He does not care a snap about making any more money. He is still young and has millions, and they bother him just as flies bother a man sitting in the sun. He realizes that finance—for the present, at least—is an essential part of the machinery of civilization. It appears to him that he has tremendous responsibilities. He wants to fulfill them. He has told me so, and I believe him.

A Scatter-Brained Spouse

His wife loves him dearly. But she has her doubts. Her vision is not so unclouded as his. She is farther away from the facts. To her it would be more acceptable if he left an occupation where no matter what he can do he gets more money. She likes self-expression too. And she wants her husband to express her by going to fight for some cause or other. Then the hop-toads from weekly reviews take interest in socialism and sex without prejudice to either, introduce a beautiful Armenian girl or a Chinese student who makes his plaint, and then she wants her husband to express her and start a chain of newspapers in Hindustan or up the Yang-tse River where nobody can read and where anything not done with force and discipline is, as Roosevelt used to say, "trying to nail a piece of jelly to the wall." And so on. In this case the wife has not kicked her husband's legs out from under him because they are planted firmly, and in this case the storm is about over. But the point of it is that this and numberless other cases of the same kind indicate the presence of a new kind of wife for the great.

The modern woman, unless she is one of the rare ones who actually produce something useful, is one who wants to put her hand on somebody else's handle.

I know a man with elements of greatness—a good-natured, able man with ability to give good service in keeping civilization from running into a ditch. But he is almost submerged by a wife. He would have been a good governor of a certain state if it had not been for her. She has been everything—poetess, educator, sculptor, exponent of the League of Nations, suffragist, Republican, Democrat, Socialist, landscape architect, and so on. Whenever the family car appears to be running smoothly on its way to some definite goal she interferes and stalls it.

He says, "What's that for?"

She replies in a feverish tone, "Let's stop. I want to try a new crank."

Lest any irate lady who is partisan of the enlarged functions of women should misunderstand me and receive more heat than light from my observations, I desire to say that I, too, am a feminist. I even believe, that a woman, the wife of a great man, may have a job of her own; not twenty or even ten, perhaps, but one. She can manage provided she loves her husband enough—and her job enough. But a man who is proceeding toward greatness, and who has one of the moderns for a wife, ought to ask himself whether she turns anything out—except bugling. The mere chances, unfortunately, are one hundred to one that he is married to a bugler. Among the moderns the buglers have a large majority over the producers. The husband should let his mind reflect upon the yesterdays of this dear excited wife of his and ask himself, "With all this planting of gayly colored seed packages, what has she harvested? How much of her is prospectus and how much is performance?" To be almost vulgarly common sense, let him ask the question, "Has the factory any output except a repertoire of announcement?"

Two Contrasting Types

It is an extraordinary thing how corrosive a self-expressive wife may be to a man's career if she is merely a bugler. I have in mind two premiers of an important European country. Both are men of outstanding ability, not only in their own nation but in the world. As things have been going these last ten years, either of these men might have affected the welfare of all mankind. I know about their wives. One is a short silent woman with eyes in which I have sometimes seen determination, but seldom unkindliness. She has no social brilliance. She has ideas, but she is reluctant to express them. She listens. She is not a genius. In crises, however, if her husband turns to her, she has something to give him. It is common sense. She has children who are quite attractive. I have walked with her and I always felt all the time a sense of comfort. It was not exciting. But then—neither is the growth of a tree exciting.

Then there is that other wife. She has more charm; she has more brilliance. She has more force. But she has an insatiable appetite for limelight. If she cannot be in the calcium by speaking she lets her voice rise into shrieks; if she cannot startle the world by useful contributions to it she brings out her shock troops. She has good breeding and throws it to the winds. If she cannot say anything sensible she says something smart; if she cannot say something smart she says something vulgar; if she could not think of anything vulgar to say she would go and shave her head or stand on it and expect the world to say, "How audacious! How original! How charming!"

Strange thing that a wife like this can humiliate and break a world statesman who had a useful contribution to make. It has happened; the wife is a modern woman a self-expressive lady! It is all very well to point out that not many men's careers are smashed by this kind of wife, but there are enough these days to make it wise for a young man who intends to achieve greatness to be sure he does not take a cowbird into his nest.

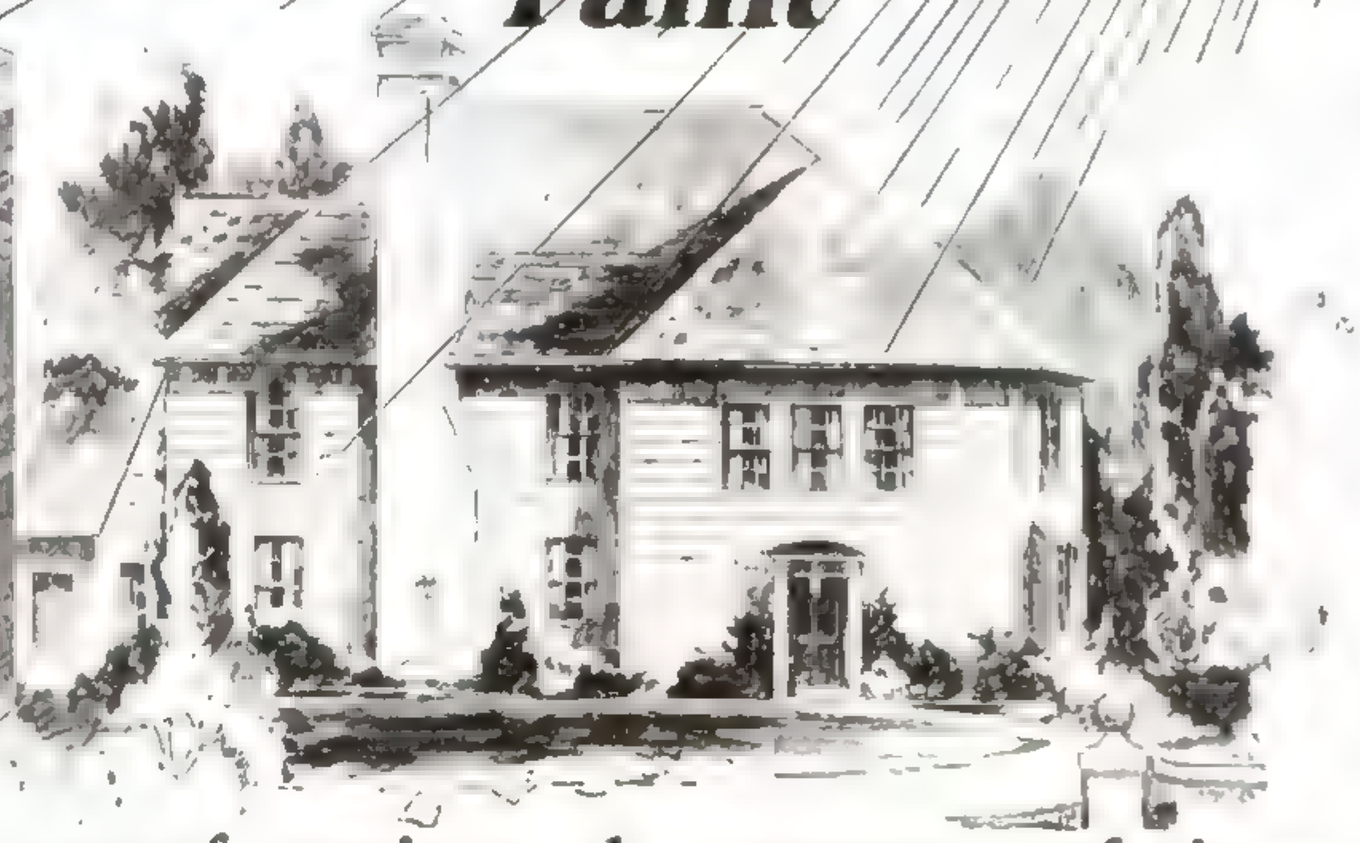
Sometimes, I regret to say, in these days there is direst antagonism from wives. It is not mere self-expression; it is self-expression plus a resentment against the husband, who is pictured as a selfish person who has put a crimp in his wife's style. Perhaps it does not happen often, but there are cases. I can put my finger on several, and I am amused when I think of the last I have seen in action because it produces not only the example of the Sex Antagonism Wife, but also the contrast between the ideas of wifely duties of American women who are married to men of prominence with those of women of the European Continent.

I will not tell where the meeting took place, but it was in a very grand mansion. Both women were out of their environment. One is the wife of an American who has worked his way up from humble beginnings

(Continued on Page 73)

Paint

Sun-Proof Paint



Your home—proof against the ravages of time

Get a good brush—
it is as important
as good paint.

MANY a house—expensively built and handsome in structure—is old before its time. The sun and weather are ruthless destroyers. Poor quality paint will quickly blister. It cracks and peels. Moisture creeps in through the openings. Rot and decay attack the wood beneath.

Paint in time—and paint with Sun-Proof Paint. It is so elastic that the sun cannot blister it. It is non-porous—proof against rain and moisture. Sun-Proof gives perfect protection. It is economical to use. Master painters will tell you that Sun-Proof covers an unusually large surface per gallon.

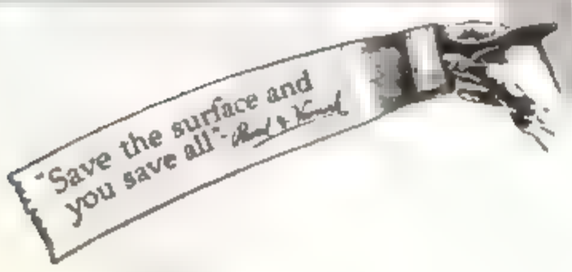
When you paint—and this is the time to be thinking of it—tell your painter to use Sun-Proof.

Sun-Proof Paint is a Pittsburgh Proof Product. You will find the same high standard quality in Velumina, the wall paint you can wash, Pitcairn Waterspar Varnish, Banzai Enamel, and many other famous Pittsburgh Proof Products. Whatever you need in the way of glass, paint or varnish the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product to fill your requirements exactly. For sale by quality dealers everywhere.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

GLASS · Manufacturers · PAINT

Paint and Varnish Factories — Milwaukee, Wis. - Newark, N.J.



Varnish

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL *at Washington, simple, strong, and, like the memory of the man it honors, destined to last for ages. The most enduring materials were used in this building, including quantities of ARMCO Ingot Iron.*

"But iron—cold iron— is master of them all" —KIPLING

In so many ways does iron affect your daily life that you cannot afford to be ignorant of the simple facts about it

YOU cannot imagine present-day civilization without iron. There is iron in every part of your house and the building where you work. From cradle to grave—from iron crib to iron casket—this commonest of all metals is of dominating importance.

The very commonness of iron leads people to accept it without studying its characteristics. They "put up with" rust as part of man's lot, as something unavoidable, like locusts or taxes. Yet this submission is as unnecessary as it is costly.

What science accomplished

When scientists discovered that it is the impurities in metal that give a foothold to the forces of decay, the world was still a long way from having pure iron. Up to a score of years ago it could be produced only in a laboratory.

Then a group of men determined to find the way to make iron that was, to all intents and purposes, pure, and to make it in commercial quantities. Special metallurgists were employed, new manufacturing processes developed, mills were erected, and after patient effort and large investments of money, our battle was won—ARMCO Ingot Iron was offered to the world.

This famous product contains less than 1/6 of 1 per cent of rust-promoting impurities, and is known the world over as *the iron that resists rust.*

The commonest form in which you will find ARMCO Ingot Iron useful is when coated with zinc ("galvanized") and when used as a base for enameled household articles, such as refrigerators and table tops.

The purity of ARMCO Ingot Iron gives it a density and an even, velvety surface that enable it to take and hold in perfect smoothness a coating of enamel or zinc. When used in building, it is usually zinc-coated as an *extra* protection against the forces of decay.

Articles manufactured of ARMCO Ingot Iron bear the blue and gold Armco label. You can tell the metal in sheet form by the Armco triangle. Always look for the Armco trade mark; it is the sign of true economy.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, *Middletown, Ohio*

WHERE TO LOOK FOR ARMCO *Ingot Iron*

Here are some of the everyday uses of ARMCO Ingot Iron:

For the Home

WASHING MACHINES · STOVES
GARBAGE CANS · ASH CANS—PAILS
ELECTRIC LIGHT REFLECTORS · FURNACE DRUMS
REFRIGERATORS · TABLE TOPS
TUB COVERS · HOT WATER TANKS

In Building

COPING · ROOFING
SIDING · FLASHING
HEATING AND VENTILATING SYSTEMS · EAVES TROUGH
SKYLIGHTS · METAL LATH
DOWN SPOUTING · WINDOW FRAMES

In Industry

WELDING · SMOKE STACKS
OIL & WATER TANKS · GASOLINE TANKS
FREIGHT CAR ROOFS · WIRE FENCING
DRAINAGE SYSTEMS · STREET CARS
GRAVE VAULTS & CASKETS · GAS TANKS
CULVERTS · MILK CANS
FARM EQUIPMENT · FLUMES
BOILER TUBES AND PIPES · COLD ROLLED STRIP
COLD DRAWN BARS

ARMCO STEEL FOR MANUFACTURERS

Armco chemists and metallurgists, working in one of the most complete laboratories of its kind in America, have developed not only ARMCO Ingot Iron, but also Armco steel sheet specialties for the automobile, electrical, and other industries. Leading automobile manufacturers use Armco steel sheets on account of their exceptional bending and drawing qualities. Armco steel electrical sheets are widely used because of their high permeability, low core loss, and non-aging qualities. The American Rolling Mill Company are makers of high-grade special sheets to meet the demands of exacting manufacturers. Technical information will be supplied to any manufacturer as to Armco products and their adaptability to any particular use.

ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON
Resists Rust

(Continued from Page 70)

to a place of prominence; the other is the still beautiful, titled lady who has fame for entertaining in one of the great European capitals. The two were together for an hour in a niche in one of the reception rooms while the rest of the party danced or leaned over the bridge tables.

The titled lady said to me as soon as the American had left her, "I do wish that I could tell you her story."

I replied, "There is no need to tell it to me; she has told it to me. She does not tell it to everyone, but she tells it to anyone who touches the right button in the conversation."

The duchess glanced at me incredulously through her half-opened lids.

"I will prove it to you," I said. "She has just told you of her early marriage. She has told you how her husband took her to a remote farm in Illinois. She has told you that she had three children, and she made it appear that these children were somehow cause for her husband to be arrested, indicted, convicted, and shot at daybreak. She has told you how she was forced to make a home while her husband was off gayly sweating to make a living and carve out a career, and you probably began to feel that the wife ought to sue the husband for half a million damages. She told you that the reason for her looking no longer girlish, but rather fat and sassy, was because she had invested her girlhood and her prime in motherhood and homemaking. Then she told you of her early struggles to become an authoress. She made you hear the fiendish laughter of her devil husband at her efforts. Without any open disloyalty to this vulture mate of hers, she made you feel that he tried to shackle her and defeat her budding genius."

The duchess nodded. "You are right," she said, and with a sigh and a slow motion of her ostrich fan she added: "And the result was most curious. I felt that I would like to see her husband. He seems such a lovable, abused old fool! I fear I should want to throw my arms about his neck and say, 'You poor old patient, abused and rare creature. I think I will devote the rest of my life to entertaining you and making you comfortable and happy.'"

Then she went on and said what foreign women often say about their impression of American wives. She said, "I know your women are beautiful and clever and good, but what has spoiled them so?"

She was speaking, of course, of the wives of distinguished and rich Americans, because this is the class she knows.

The Outgrown Wife

It may be happening oftener in American life than anywhere else, but there is a great deal of tragedy in a situation where a man has come surging up by his abilities and the wife remains the same person he married. She may have the home virtues, she may have the willingness, she may have his love, but it gives my heart a twinge when I think of some of those women who are lost in the world into which their husbands' abilities have taken them. I remember a friend of mine from the West—a rich, warm personality he was. To me he was more important as a natural philosopher and delightful companion; to Wall Street he was important because of his great executive abilities. A group of banking houses behind a great industry picked him and brought him to New York. His personal charm soon made him a close associate of his group—even in playtime. Then the wives of these associates called on his wife. They found a kindly woman who looked a little frightened, and stiff, and awkward, and split her infinitives when she wrote notes in a bad hand, and might even use double negatives when she talked in a bad voice. These New York women were not snobs, but the wife of the newcomer simply would fit in nowhere in their lives and stage setting. They were kind to her; but she herself gradually realized that she was a lame duck among the swans. At any rate, she never flew the fence of her limitations and is honest enough to know how much she has hurt her husband's career, not because his associates are stuck up, but because she herself in many respects is short weight.

This kind of honesty in unfit wives of those who are going toward greatness is rare. In the usual case the Outgrown Wife—perhaps fortunately for her own content—likes to continue her belief that she is superior and not inferior to the women among whom her husband's growth has thrust her. In the case of one man who has risen to national political prominence with astounding rapidity, I know that his wife clings to the comforting notion that she does not fit into modern life because she is superior to it. She told me once, "I go to Washington a part of every year, but I am not a woman who approves of modern society. I prefer to be a good wife and mother."

I hope no one disturbs her comfort, because it would serve no good end to do so. The lady cannot change. She will go on to her grave seeing no harm in discussing cures for dandruff at dinner parties. She will fail to see that she may have been a good wife and mother in the basic principles, but that she is a poor wife and mother now because she fails to go with her husband shoulder to shoulder, and is teaching her children the worst kind of snobbery in the world that which makes them believe that the simple virtues must somehow go hand in hand with ignorance, unintelligence and a contempt for the gentle art of living gracefully and tolerantly not only with the blessed noble poor and humble but also with the unfortunate victims of education, position and affluence.

That is the dark side of the lack of preparation; the bright side is a picture to inspire a great poem. I mean it. I do not mean that there is any virtue in lack of preparation, but I mean that the manner in which most American women meet the needs of the situation is a thrilling performance to watch.

A Successful Diplomatist's Wife

In Europe there is not so much of that performance. I know, for instance, of two European figures—one political and one financial—whose wives never make the attempt to meet the situation. Both men have been lifted into places where they may appear at any time in the salons of society or at the tables of premiers or such kings as are left. They go alone. The wives are hidden as carefully as evidences of crime.

Of course this might be a good solution if the wives were utterly unfit, but at least one of these two is not at all unfit. If she had the initiative and courage she would make an appearance and an impression quite the equal of that made by the average woman to whom social gestures and manners and customs are no mystery.

The truth is that the world of distinction and manners, contrary to the tradition, is good-natured and cordial and likes good sportsmanship. The wife of a man of position will find it so if she has the character, the good cheer and the coöperation to meet it halfway. One of the most successful wives of diplomats who ever represented the United States was distinctly a home body. She came originally from a farm. She had spent her life raising children and had chosen to be isolated. When thrown into the life of a great European capital with all its unfamiliar traditions and usages she carefully looked about her and began a campaign of conduct based upon fundamentals. She told me that the first thing she determined to avoid was any appearance of self-advertisement. She refused to allow herself to be photographed in her simple pleasures of weeding her garden, and although she could make excellent doughnuts she did not give any encouragement to interviewers to ask her for her recipe. She kept her mouth shut.

And then she went ahead being herself. Lords and ladies who came to her house found there dignity, calm, sympathy, good nature—exactly what I had found in her home in America. Some hours every day this woman spent in learning the facts and interests and political and social currents of the land in which she found herself. She was stout and had no beauty, but it was a pleasure to see her at a court reception. She will be remembered in Europe for a long time to come, and she had no preparation. The secret of her success was a determination to meet the situation, first without brass, and secondly without mush. There is a happy mean between vulgar bass-drum beating and the air of having sneaked in where one does not belong. And time is an element which favors those who have the capacity to go slowly and surely and confidently toward a high end.

I know a shrewd observer of modern life and modern husband-and-wife relationship who has an excellent rough catalogue for the wives of men of distinction. It fits all wives, for that matter. He says there are only two kinds of women—plus and minus.

"You fellows were right about STABILATORS

"EVERY year I have dreaded the drive up these old mountain roads "It didn't use to be so bad until you left the macadam, but after that—Oh Boy—well, you know!

"Remember last year? Ed was the first to get STABILATORS. We all winked when he told us how they had changed his car.

"Then the rest of you fell for them until I was the only one left. Tell you the truth I didn't believe any of you, in town last week, when you made me go out and get my job STABILATED.

"But you win! Coming up here tonight they did everything you said they would. Gad! I actually felt lost without the old breakneck bouncing, pitching and bumping. No wonder everybody is STABILATING!"

STABILATORS are so obviously right in their totally new and different principle, so simple in operation, that you will wonder why they were not thought of long ago.

The improvement they make in roadability is so marked that every new owner feels like a discoverer. And he is; he has discovered a new luxury of motion, a new independence of roads, a new safeguard against wear and tear for himself and his car.

The tremendous growing popularity of STABILATORS is due to just one simple fact—STABILATORS properly control spring recoil—and the reason they *properly* control recoil is because they control each recoil in proportion to its force. Slightly compressed, the car springs recoil with but mild force and STABILATORS hold lightly; heavily compressed, the springs recoil with violent force and STABILATORS hold powerfully—and they hold, in proportion, each recoil force in between these two extremes. A ride in a STABILATED car over a rough road is one of the most thrilling of all motoring experiences—the very smoothness startles us.

ISOTTA FRASCHINI

STRAIGHT LINE EIGHT

Equipped with special body for J. P. MORGAN, Esq

Every Isotta imported into the United States is Stabilated as a standard feature

You can buy new cars STABILATED at the factory, or your local Distributor or Dealer can STABILATE your present car in a few hours.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

WATSON STABILATORS

Change the Whole Nature of Your Car

TO KEEP the bathroom immaculate is not merely a question of white walls and woodwork. It's a question of white that *will stay white.* SATINETTE, the Enduring Enamel, has proved itself ideal for bathrooms. It creates a china-like surface of smoothest, purest white. A surface immaculate! And immaculate you can keep it—for washing does not injure it.

SATINETTE is used in fine homes and public buildings because of its distinctive effect and intrinsic beauty. Places of business—because it is economical. Hospitals and laboratories—because it is sanitary and renders long service. It can be applied on all kinds of woodwork, metal, cement, concrete, Keene's cement, or plaster.

Architects endorse SATINETTE. Your decorator will be glad to use it. Ask your paint dealer for it.

It will be a pleasure to send the SATINETTE booklet to you. It contains a fund of valuable information on enamel.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

Manufacturers of World-accepted Standards in Varnishes, Enamels, and Allied Specialties

443 Fourth Avenue
New York City
55 Stevenson Street
San Francisco, Cal.
506 Oakland Avenue, S.W.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Foreign Branches:
London, Paris, Gothenburg

STANDARD VARNISH CO.
of Illinois
Licensees and Western Manufacturers
2600 Federal St., Chicago

KWICKWORK AUTO ENAMEL
Can be applied one day and the car used the next

ELASTICA VARNISHES
For every architectural and household purpose

KOVERFLOR
For floors, wood or cement inside or outside

There is one kind of minus woman who always has a marked effect upon her husband's career. She is the woman who won't go. Such a woman had less effect even a half century ago than she has today. Perhaps, unfortunately, today success prefers to follow the checker that moves all over the board.

It is said that thirty or forty years ago some tourists once went looking for the home of Daniel Webster in the hills of New Hampshire. They asked an old farmer. He said, "I guess you mean Henry's home. Henry was his brother. Daniel went off to Boston to get book learning and we never heard of him again." That day has changed. Men who move are more likely to be heard of again than any others, and minus wives who are reluctant to go often are responsible for Opportunity going away with sore knuckles because she has knocked so often.

I rate high the element of the wife in the case of one of our most recent Presidents. All her life she was affirmative. When she was negative she had reasons and gave them, but she was affirmative by instinct. Her first instinct was to try it, to go, to do; and for these ends she could furnish the most extraordinary, cheerful physical and mental endurance I ever saw in any man or woman. She was all plus, and minus considerations were like a summer breeze trying to blow down the Rocky Mountains. She was the needed element in association with a man who had a big-hearted indulgence toward letting life run on, just as another wife of a President whose essential characteristic to plunge forward acted oftentimes as a gentle brake. I remember the first, looking across the table and nodding an affirmative; I remember the second, checking a conversation by signaling to her husband with an almost imperceptible movement of the chin from side to side. Both women were plus in their way. Certainly neither of them was ever minus for selfish reasons.

I know a man who had one of the great opportunities for distinction during the war. Patriotism was not involved, because he had useful work to do at home. His wife clung to her environment. She fought his going. She allowed him to go alone. She failed to join him. To this day she tells in an aggrieved manner how she was left alone with the children. But because she was importuning him to come back, he resigned too soon, and only those of us who know the inside know what an appointment he missed—entirely because of a minus wife.

I remember a file of telegrams sent by cable to a certain American mission in which there were several men of distinction. In this file were the personal messages transmitted by the wives who were worrying at home because of unforeseen but now real personal impending danger to their husbands. I had to read the whole file in the course of a review of certain official facts. I shall never forget these personal messages. Eight of the nine women said nothing about their anxiety. Eight said nothing about coming home or haste or hazard. Eight said they were all right or that they were proud of their husbands' labors, or how glad they would be to see the mate back when the time came.

But there was a ninth woman. I met her for the first time the other day, and she would be shocked to know how much I knew of her as I looked into her smiling eyes. I knew it all because she had cabled her husband to say how worried she was, how she prayed for him, how she hoped he could come back at once, how she wished he had taken her advice, how her intuition never failed. She is a minus woman, who, no doubt, feels that she loves her husband more than all the others love theirs.

I was speaking the other evening with a woman who knows that I have had a good deal of opportunity to see men of power and place and to observe how their wives affect them. I told her that on the whole I thought the great majority of American women who found themselves partners in success could take a large share of the credit for it. I said, however, that this fact, no matter how fine and inspiring and comforting it might be, might not be so useful to point out as to point out to youth—male and female—who want success together, where wives of men who have the elements of greatness fail to help or even apply a corrosive or withering effect.

This woman is a feminist. She believes that for women of real intelligence there must be somewhere a wider field of self-expression than the lipstick and bridge table

Nevertheless, I said to her, "You would not like to see your son, who wished to achieve greatness or large usefulness, married to a minus woman, but neither would you wish to see him married to a woman who would ever try to occupy the primary place in the family. Falsely forceful women entered in the competitive male arena are common. Really forceful women entered there are rare. They are rarer today, when there is so much talk about them, than they were in Rome and in medieval times. If a son of yours were married to a woman, either he would be the main outlet of the family expression or she would be. Would you have a son of yours ever choose to marry a girl who would become more distinguished than he?"

Gracious! Those were brave words. I was talking to my wife!

DOLCEDA

(Continued from Page 11)

wrist as a threat, and I followed her downstairs in sleepy blankness.

"We're going to Tottleville, Johnson," she said to her young driver. "It seems to be rather close to New Jersey. I've no idea how you get there, but we have to be there by ten o'clock."

"Yes'm. Wanta stop f' breakfast anywheres?"

"If you see any place decent, we might as well."

We were in a dark patch of the next state when Maggie touched a switch and the flat globe sprayed us with light from the roof of this rolling cube. She had planted an ivory board of depressed squares between us on the couch coated in a violent chintz and tilted little checkers from a red box.

"I didn't know I'd so many nerves! You take the black men."

"Aren't you letting yourself get upset about this Hugo? Miss Corm may not ——"

"Oh," said Maggie, "do shut up! Miss Corm may look at him twice and say, 'No, thanks' . . . and maybe she won't. It's so utterly like Hugo to fall in love with a celebrity! Men never ——"

"Now," I wailed, "don't tell me men never know anything about women at first sight! Spare me that!"

"The trouble is that men always know too much about women at first sight. You simply can't deceive a man of any intelligence for more than five minutes. They always know whether you're kind or not. A woman's always so proud of being good hearted that she simply oozes generosity on a man just to let him know he can go on living without asking permission. A woman never can resist the temptation to prove she's a human being. Men always can! Miss Corm told that ninny she'd be glad to see him at Tottleville, and he knew she meant it. Hugo is all kinds of a fool, but not as big as that."

"Have you ever met Miss Corm?"

"No. If I had," said Maggie, throwing her hat away, "I shouldn't be so frightened. Twenty-five cents a game. You move first."

Several times the black and scarlet checkers became a fluid muddle in my eyes and her aquamarine dripping from the gray coat paled with outer light as we charged along some level past a whitening tower and the gilded shield of a church. There was a cart filled with late beets, carbuncles in a bed of muddy leaf. There was an amber dog that ran from a gate to chase us. Maggie's nose bumped suddenly on mine and she said with fury, "Oh, go to sleep!" then curled back in her corner and scowled at the edges of high trees exploring daybreak with colored boughs. "I suppose it's time for me to mention, Maggie, that your conduct's most unladylike?"

"Isn't it? For three years I've been reserving Hugo and keeping him all trained for the moment when it'd burst on him that he can't live without me. Now d'you think I'm going to see him made a serpent's prey? Not," Maggie finished after a long yawn, "any. And this Dolceda probably has a frame house in the middle of a farm, and Hugo's horribly rural. That's why I bought that farm at New Canaan, you know." She pulled a rug upward to her face and ended, "We used to have picnics out at his father's place and he can milk cows. Good night."

(Continued on Page 77)

Hosiery &
Allen A
Underwear
Style that Wears
THE ALLEN A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

THE FOOT ARISTOCRATIC

Selection ~ in footwear

There is no article of apparel that offers a more interesting choice to the discriminating man or woman than footwear. Yet, through every season's varied offerings there runs a simple guide that is followed by the well-dressed and *best*-dressed men and women.

Vici kid—beautiful in its colorings, elegant in its finish and giving perfection of fit through its firm pliability—is the leather that has guided men and women of taste in the selection of their footwear for more than thirty years.

Select shoes of Vici kid from your own dealer. No other leather combines ALL the advantages of Vici kid.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA
Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling Agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This is the trademark of VICI kid

THERE IS ONLY ONE VICI KID --- THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANY OTHER

(Continued from Page 74)

Our hurrying prison charged between two barns that hugged a road and then assailed a crest smeared with orange trees. Frost had been here on the hills. The car charged and sank limitlessly in dips and rises. Some cows came filing with resentful heads from a gateway, and another dog regarded pink clouds of the still sky. The driver's ears were rosy and translucent as the machine veered through a somber town against the east, and a fat woman in sapphire flannel opened a window to gaze at us when we headed south once more. We had not left New Jersey yet. A sign on a fence said so. Then a poster on a naked pole urged me to join the Navy, and sun made a saber of dampness glow on a plane of yellow grass. I shut my eyes. Maggie snored

The halt roused me, aching and thirsty. Three men composed of curves stood on a porch of brown wood and stared at me. Maggie was teasing a kitten on steps of this hotel with her stick, and called back, "You'd better shave before breakfast, lamb," while a rumpled woman admired her with hate through cheap lace of a window. She was plainly invincible, and commanding everybody in this nameless town.

People approached the car's splendor from all points and watched the driver rub a leaf from his black putty before he lugged my bag into a green cavernous hallway. We took refuge in a washroom and the youth smoked while I drearily shaved. My sufferings made him human.

"It's only sixty miles to Tottleville," he said. "Hour 'n' a half. She'll let y' get to bed then."

"I'm afraid not, Johnson."

"Sure she will. She's a good guy," he assured me in an encouraging way, splashing water on his neck. "'N' there's a pretty good hotel to Tottleville. I was through on a truck in th' war. We run over a dawg."

"Was it a big dog?" I asked in a drowsy hope of excitement.

"Pretty fair size. Dawgs in the country mostly is," he said. "You lef' some soap on your nose, sir. That's right."

Maggie had breakfast on hand in a room lined with saffron paper, and two motherly women were much interested from the door of a pantry, so she called me "lamb" to grat fy them, in a bridal tone.

"Their lives," she said, "are probably very dull. We ought to brighten them up. Can't you have a fit of temper and throw dishes at me?"

"I can't be kittenish at this hour!"

"You ought to be thrilled. This," Maggie explained, "is a tragic romance and my heart may be broken in two hours or so. Hugo's on the train. I think it's very clever of Johnson to get us all across a fat state like that in five hours and a half. Of course he broke all the laws. We're nearly in Pennsylvania now. My heart's beating wildly. If Dolceda takes him I'll have to wear mourning. I think a broad band of purple on the bottom of a skirt would be appropriate for a bruised soul. It's fortunate, I suppose, that we're always so busy at the shop in the autumns. Horrible creatures from places out West come in to buy stuff. They aren't as horrible as the ones from New York. Do eat something!"

"Hadn't you better lie down?"

"If this revolting woman," said Maggie, locking her hands around a cup covered with green roses, "has paint stains on her face I shall kill her! I'm not pretty myself, but I can be looked at without misery. If she wears sensible shoes and a brown calico apron she dies! If she tells me that her art is the one passion of her life she dies in agony. If "

"Have you ever had hysterics, Maggie?"

"Often! But hysterics are pleasant compared to my present emotion. I'm an artificial person, thank God, and I hate emotions that make me dizzy. If Hugo marries this moss-covered bucket I'll go back to Fort Wayne and kill his kid brothers. Their idiotic mother named them Fafnir and Fasolt because they happened after she'd been to a matinée of The Rhinegold. It was so embarrassing for them during the war. They're about thirteen now. Guggles was an only kid for so long it's spoiled him. All this," Maggie declared into the coffeepot, "comes of teaparties!"

"Do you ever call Hugo 'Guggles'?"

"Only in hours of great tenderness. If Dolceda paints pictures of him milking cows it'll justify homicide!"

She gratified the square of red brick houses by lighting a cigarette as the car started on, and smoked several silently before a double signpost on a hillock of fallen leaves advertised Pennsylvania. We shot along a valley and climbed a severe hill while, with deliberation, Maggie powdered her eyes past a suspicion of stained lids. Houses of gray flint and pale boards showed in slopes of apple, and a river crooked itself twice under us.

"The charms of rural America," I said, "have mostly been described by fools and ——"

Maggie groaned, "I hate Nature! There's so much Nature around Fort Wayne that it ought to be suppressed! This must be Tottleville."

It was a mottled town, undecided between smartness and rusticity, with tall bronze posts displaying round white bulbs in clumps on the widest street, and a glazed brick bank opposed to a courthouse sheltered in locusts. It had sacrificed sleepy composure for the false gods of bad architecture, and the post office had a mighty eagle of discolored metal above its door.

"Go in," said Maggie, "and ask some creature where Dolceda lives. She must have a den somewhere."

"Are you sure that ——"

"When I have hysterics," she growled, "I kick!"

The post office held a loudly ticking clock and a clerk whose nose was notably broken behind his frame of light wood. I said to him, "Miss Dolceda Corm has a residence here," respectfully, and awaited the smile of proprietorship in a famous personage.

Then it was plain that Miss Corm had no honor in her own country. The clerk looked at me in disfavor and studied a list of names glued to a board of his cage.

"There's John G. Corm, on Fair Av'nue."

"This is Miss Corm—Miss Dolceda Corm. She's an artist," I said urgently.

"Yeh. I dunno what John G.'s wife's named," the official nodded, "but she does paintin'. She was wrote some of," he yawned, "in the Phil'delphia paper last year. I guess it's her you're lookin' for. Fair Av'nue crosses over other side the high school. You turn lef'," he kindly instructed my wild stare by twitching out the thumb of his left hand, "and it's a white house with a green kinda dawg, sorta, painted onta the gate. You can't miss it."

Stumbling into sunlight I told Johnson, "Turn left at the high school and run along until you see a white house with a green dog on the gate."

"Green, sir?"

"Very green," I gasped, turning a silver handle.

Maggie said, "I suppose she has a studio in a nice old barn with burlap curtains and some chairs made of flour barrels. You will now keep your mouth shut. It's too early for her to give us tea. She'll have such a quaint old blue tea service she found in a farmhouse. Artists are simply loathsome. This is all Hugo's mother's fault, because she spoiled him and he's been looking for somebody to spoil him ever since. Heaven meant him for a stockbroker. That looks like a high school."

"It is," I said as Johnson swung the car left into a smaller street, "and she has a green dog painted on her gates."

"She would!" Maggie panted. "And she plays euchre with her sisters to relax her mind. These are quite nice little houses. About 1830. What are you grinning over?"

"Nothing."

The houses were white boxes with lilac bushes set respectably beside green doors. Some big lads kicked a football from our coming, and one had a capital yellow "T" on his jersey's chest. This was Saturday. Probably the Tottleville High School football team wondered how much noonday dinner would spoil its game that afternoon. We whirled from the pent lane into full sunlight once more, and houses jumped back from the roadway's drying clay as a smell rushed over the lowered panes of each door.

"Oh," said Maggie, "apples! On the ground. They never smell until there's been a frost! Green!" she screamed.

Johnson slowed the car and we gazed at the dog, done on a solid gate of pure white planks.

This animal was no act of realism. We knew it for a dog because the word was shakily spelled under its feet in a struggle of letters. The *g* lifted itself far above the *o* and the dog seemed to be kicking at the *d* rather pettishly while it looked—if one eye meant anything—at callers.

Free Proof:—

On Any Car

There are many different types of Vacuum tank and gasoline feed systems. But you can get a Gas-Co-Lator for any of them. In ordering be sure to specify *make* and *model* of *vacuum tank* or gravity or pressure feed system.

that it stops Carburetor Troubles

30 days' trial will prove this at our risk

PROBABLY 90% of serious motor troubles and repairs—lubrication aside—come from one chief cause—improper carburation.

When your motor misses or sputters and stalls, you change your carburetor adjustment or run with the choke open. This, experts agree, is the main cause of carbon, pitted valves, scored cylinders, knocks and missing.

A speck of dirt or drop of water in the needle valve of your carburetor is the cause 9 times in 10. You can now absolutely eliminate all this. And we ask you to prove it at our risk.

All gasoline contains some water. It condenses from the air inside your gasoline tank. Bits of rubber rot loose from gasoline filling hose. Certain blends of gasoline flake tiny particles from the lining of your tank by chemical action. These almost constantly affect your carburetor.

To meet this need the makers of the Alemite high pressure lubricating system (now in use on nearly 4,000,000 cars) have perfected a new chamois skin *upward* gasoline filter. It is called the Alemite Gas-Co-Lator.

By actual test this does away with 90% of carburetor troubles. It prevents carbon, pitted valves, scored cylinders and other damages due to improper carburation. Put this on for a 30-day free test, and you'll never need to think about your carburetor again.

This sounds like exaggeration. But you can prove it at our risk.

You can install a Gas-Co-Lator yourself in 5 minutes. You'll be astonished by the accumulation of dirt and water in the glass trap bowl at the end of two weeks. It will show why the running of your motor is so wonderfully improved. So try the Gas-Co-Lator for 30 days at our risk.

You prove all we claim here, or your purchase price refunded. If the Gas-Co-Lator does not do all we say you can return it within 30 days, without obligation. The price is $5.00, complete.

Most dealers carry our Gas-Co-Lators in stock. But if you cannot get one conveniently, just use the coupon. You can pay the postman on delivery. Or, if easier, send $5.00 with your order.

THE BASSICK MFG. CO.
2660 North Crawford Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co., of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

ALEMITE GAS-CO-LATOR

A Bassick-Alemite Product

For every type of gasoline feed system there is a Gas-Co-Lator,—Vacuum Tank, gravity or pressure

BASSICK MFG. CO.
2660 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen
Please send me your perfected Alemite Gas-Co-Lator. I will pay the postman $5.00 for it on delivery (or enclose check if you prefer). It is understood if I am not entirely satisfied I can return the Gas-Co-Lator any time within 30 days and you will return my money.
(Print your name and address plainly.)

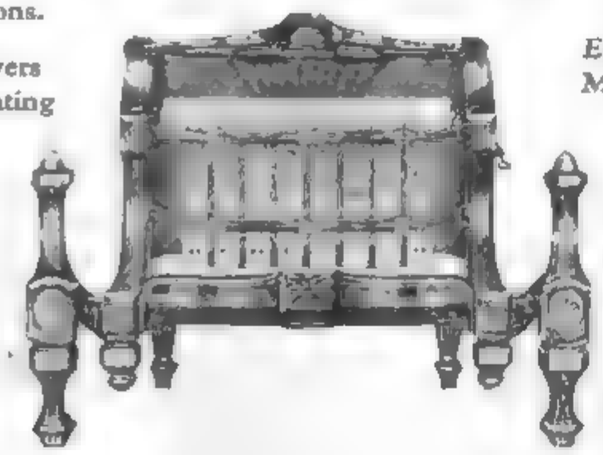
Name _____
Address _____
Make of Car _____ Model _____
Make and Model Vacuum Tank _____

No. 29 with Andirons.

8 Glowers Self-Lighting

$40

East of the Mississippi



The High Road to Comfort

UNLESS you have actually felt the wonderful volume of warmth that pours from a Welsbach Gas Heater, you cannot know the comfort and joy it will be in your home.

Go to your Gas Company or dealer today and see a

Welsbach GAS HEATER

"THE MOST HEAT FOR THE LEAST MONEY"

in action. As you stand before its radiant glowers you will realize that here is the way to trim weeks off your coal calendar. Think of the money and trouble you will save each Fall and Spring when chilly mornings and nights would otherwise make necessary a wasteful furnace fire. Think of Winter days when added warmth means all the difference between under-heated rooms and solid comfort. With Welsbach Heaters in your home, you can have instant, open-fire warmth in every room — with no tedious preparation, no carrying of fuel, no ashes.

Welsbach experience and Welsbach design have made Welsbach Heat "gas heat at its best." The questions people used to ask—"Is gas heat economical?" "Is it odorless?"—are answered once and for all by the efficient performance of the special Welsbach burner. Steady, intense flames leap up into the glowers the moment you twist the self-lighter key. All the gas you pay for is turned into warmth, and a metal reflector sends it all straight out to you. There is no waiting, no odor, no waste. You pay for only the heat you use.

Is it worth while to gamble with your family's comfort? See a Welsbach Heater today—Insist on the genuine. It is the *modern* answer to your heating problems.

The Welsbach line includes both portable models and fireplace heaters, priced up to $40 East of the Mississippi.

WELSBACH COMPANY ✎ Gloucester, N. J.

Member American Gas Association

Straight lines rose from a curving line and made its tail.

"That," said the driver, to himself, "is a hell of a dawg. Will I go in, m'm?"

A tall fellow in a tan shirt paler than his arms opened the gate as the car's nose swung, and strolled after us up a slope tossing an apple from hand to hand, toward a house of great width. Addition was tacked to addition on the top of this small hill and the last piece of the dwelling had windows of clear glass that made no pretense of concealing a most immature female being scrubbed by a bulky maid in a round tub of pink tinware.

"She must have a married sister," Maggie said, her teeth a little apart. "The whelp that opened the gate is the boy she's painted so much." The car stopped at a bare porch and the brown whelp walked abreast of Maggie's warmest smile as she leaned to the door, asking "Is Miss Corm at home?"

"You mean Kitty? No. She went to New York yesterday. Her school opened," he drawled in basso clarity, rubbing the apple on his chin.

A black-and-gold diamond pinned to his shirt mentioned that he would be leaving in a day or so for one of five large universities, and he looked at Maggie with the callous eye of nineteen while yellow paper of a French novel under his right biceps aided a suggestion that women in large motors were immaterial. He was plainly used to everything and thought badly of most of it.

"I meant," said Maggie, "Miss Dolceda Corm."

The whelp graciously nodded. "Oh. You mean mother. She's pretty busy, but I'll ask her." He took his inky head into a hallway and shouted, "Hi! Somethin' in a car from New York, mother. All right," then came back, slamming a hinged screen and commanded, "Come on in. She'll be down after a while."

Maggie cut me atrociously across a calf with her stick and beamed on the whelp so that his look grew toward tolerance, but his nose stayed high and he guided us among tumbled blocks of a toy palace into a room filled with stuffed birds, saying, "The kids burned the parlor last week, so you'll have to wait in here."

"Why did the kids burn the parlor?"

"To get rid of a gasper. He'd been here," the whelp said, falling into a window seat, "three days. Mother can't go to New York, y'know, without collectin' some tired eggs. Some of 'em," he pondered, staring at me, "are pretty funny. The kids set fire to a newspaper under this bunny and it caught the curtains."

Maggie settled on a broad stool and asked, "Did the gasper survive?"

"Singed him some. Father's a doctor, though. We get about two gaspers a week since mother got famous. It's all right when they just want to read free verse, because the kids like that. But when they want to tell about their souls, it makes her nervous. We've tried boardin' 'em on Uncle Pete, but he says it's bad for his hired men."

Maggie's sweetness was almost unendurable as she purred, "You must be horribly bored with your mother's admirers."

"I wouldn't be so much," the whelp answered, having bitten his apple, "if they knew a thing about paintin'. Only they don't. Painters don't ever come any more, now that mother's been in the papers. All they do is send her anonymous letters to say how badly she paints. All these writers and critics and poets just know she's been in the English magazines so they have to come and show her how much they like her stuff. It's pretty tough, y'know, because the men have to sleep in my room. Timmy was home from West Point this summer for his furlough and we had three gaspers all over the place. He can throw a pretty fair nightmare and I can snore to beat he—time, but ——"

"Diplomacy," said Maggie, "is perfectly useless against artists and poets because they have no shame."

The whelp looked on her with deeper consideration and nodded not unkindly, crossing his long legs. He agreed, "They haven't much. Dunno but what mother makes a mistake lettin' them get in the house at all. Father thinks they're after free feed most of the time. The poets make him sickest because, y'know, they always drool about birds so much, and they never can tell a wren from an oriole." He pointed a thumb at the glaring plumage of a tanager and sniffed, "This gasper the kids tried to fry said that was a pretty small robin. Oh, if you wanted to buy any pictures, mother hasn't got any. She's workin' on one of Robby, but it's for dad's birthday."

"I'm so sorry," said Maggie, loading a cigarette into her green tube; "I rather hoped —— But I suppose the gaspers have kept her from working a good deal. By the way, Oswald," she told me, "I think Hugo Wallis is coming here today. Didn't he say something to you about it last evening?"

"Yes," I said, wondering how I could repay her for "Oswald."

Maggie beamed as the whelp sat up, and clicked the jade against her teeth. She remarked, "I know you'll like Mr. Wallis."

"Poet?"

"He's committed poems, but he's really a critic."

"That's worse," said the whelp, hurling the core of his apple into the fireplace. "The poets kind of make the kids laugh. They recite stuff. But critics are pretty loathsome. I'd better tell mother. You don't know when this bunny's comin'?"

"He was coming on some fearfully early train."

The whelp cried, "Then he'll be in on the 12:20," and went in a gallop of red rubber soles through the doorway to bawl against a falling glow, "Hi, mother!"

A voice sank in the sunlight from above us, "Thunder, Alex! You made me spoil a shadow. What's the matter?"

"Gasper comin' named Wallis."

Dolceda Corm said slowly, "Never heard of him. When's he comin', son?"

"Noon train. Mother," the whelp declaimed, "I've only got two days more home here, and I'm not goin' to nurse a gasper for you! He's a critic too!"

Maggie sat straight on the ancient stool and grinned, very young suddenly with pink blurs on her cheeks.

"Well, Lexy," said Dolceda without speed, "I dunno. Oh, yes. This Wallis took me to lunch. Called me Miss Corm. He ain't," she brooded, "so bad. Didn't make any mention of his soul, either. I dunno."

This voice belonged to the warming smell of apples blown through pale curtains among the silent birds. Open air had given it slow depth and every tranquil word came patiently with strength pushing the syllables.

"Go see if that nurse has got done washin' Ella. If she has she better begin on Hugh. Did you mail those socks Timmy left?"

"Yes'm," said Alex; "but, mother, I can't stand another gasper round when ——"

"Oh, hush up," the famous woman ordered from her sunny spaces high in the quiet house; "I do wish more poets'd come. Bub and Hughie always like to see 'em carry on. A good poet's real entertainin' for babies. A child can take a writer kind of serious. This Wallis boy is awful solemn about my art. Says I'm stimulatin' to him. I don't see why men always think it flatters a woman to be talked of like she was a pill! What's that girl with the silver hat want?"

Maggie stopped powdering her nose and called, "I'm nothing but an interior decorator, Mrs. Corm. Thought you might have a picture to sell."

"Good gracious," said Dolceda gently, "I've painted five this year, sister. Haven't had time to do more. I ain't a rapid-fire artist. Those young women up in New York that can sit down and whirl off three nudes and a landscape in a couple of weeks just dazzles me. I have to think when I paint. I'm doin' one of Robby for his father, but it's just family. I'm real sorry. Excuse my not comin' down, but I always wear out old wrappers, paintin'."

She soothed me. I no longer cared what became of Hugo Wallis, but I wanted Dolceda to talk on. Her son kicked the last step of the stairs and argued, "Mother, this blight's coming on the noon train!" but Dolceda's voice came again as a perfume, lazily perfect, dripping from the sun.

"You oughtn't call him names. He might be a friend of Mrs. —— What's your name, sister?"

"I'm Mrs. Blaine."

Dolceda pondered for three breaths while the Alex scowled with muscles lifting his shirt, then the voice drawled, "I bet you're a widow too."

"Yes."

"I see," said Dolceda. "This Wallis talks awful English, like he was buryin' an out-west accent."

Maggie called, "He's from Indiana!"

(Continued on Page 80)

ÆTNA-IZE

Ætna-ize as you prosper

HERE is Everyman's town—the typical American community—the place where you live and labor.

Here young men get jobs, take wives, establish homes and acquire household goods, bank accounts and property as their earning capacity increases.

Here, as the years bring prosperity, they establish businesses, build suburban residences, join clubs and send their children to college.

Here, too, Fate with ever poised shears cuts blindly at the threads of life. Yesterday, perhaps, a young father lost his life or earning ability. To-day, disaster may sweep away business, property, savings—the lifetime accumulations of yourself, your friends or your neighbors.

The greater your possessions, the more probable is some form of loss. The more valuable your assets, the more do they demand the absolute protection guaranteed by the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world—the Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies

To Ætna-ize is to forestall financial disaster in every form. It is to guarantee enjoyment of family, friends and fortune—the reward for years of ceaseless toil.

To Ætna-ize is to avoid the mistakes of others. It is to take wise counsel from men who know all the risks you face—to spend no more than necessary to obtain the protection you need.

Ætna representatives, everywhere, are proud to be known as Ætna-izers. There is an Ætna-izer in your community. He is a man worth knowing.

Ætna-ize according to your needs—
as you prosper and as your obligations increase

For seventy-three years the Ætna Life Insurance Company has been administered by New England men imbued with traditions of New England's honored ideals.

By keeping continuous faith with these principles, its clients and its own organization, it has built up a financial strength and a sales and service organization able to Ætna-ize the American public with practically every necessary form of insurance

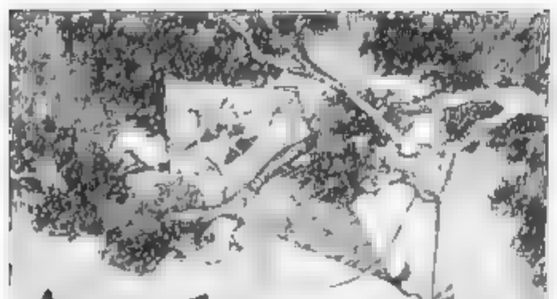
Ætna protection includes

Life	Automobile	Burglary
Accident	Compensation	Plate Glass
Health	Liability	Water Damage
Group Life	Transportation	Fire
Group Disability	Fidelity Bonds	Marine
	Surety Bonds	

These, and numerous related forms of Ætna-izing provide full protection for all your insurance needs—safeguard life, property and business.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
and affiliated companies

ÆTNA CASUALTY and SURETY CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO.
of Hartford, Connecticut



Another Half Hour of Childhood!

WHAT would you not give for such a rich gift; to be able for just a few minutes to feel again the care-free joy of youth?

Here is real boyhood—and girlhood—fun, but fun that the older folks will enjoy just as keenly as the youngsters, in Educational's new series of Juvenile Comedies.

And for the first time a serious attempt is being made through fun films to advance the fine work being done among children by such organizations as the Boy Scouts—to appeal to the best in boys and girls, as well as to make you laugh.

Juvenile COMEDIES

JUVENILE COMEDIES bear the Educational Pictures trademark, as do such other splendid Short Subjects as *Christie Comedies, Mermaid Comedies* (Jack White Productions), *Hamilton Comedies, Jack White Comedy Specials, Tuxedo Comedies, Cameo Comedies, "Sing Them Again" Series, Lyman H. Howe's Hodge-Podge, Wilderness Tales* by Robert C. Bruce and *Kinograms*, The Visual News of All the World.

There is a theatre in your neighborhood that shows these pictures.

Educational Pictures

When You See This Sign, Go In. It's the Sign of a Whole Evening's Entertainment

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC
E. W. HAMMONS, *President*
Executive Offices, New York

(Continued from Page 78

"I see," Dolceda said, and a dreadful sense of her omnipotence danced in my brain. She sat on this staircase and knew everything. She was a force of Nature, a rain or a wind. "An' what's your home town, sister?"

"Fort Wayne."

"I see."

The pause was filled with yells of a distant battle between or among children. Hidden, Dolceda commanded, "You go tell Bub to quit teasin' Robby, Alex, or if it's Robby teasin' Ella, you slap him. But if it's Robby fightin' that Glauber pup, you let him be. And get Mrs. Blaine some of those apples out of the green bowl in the pantry. And if that nursemaid's done scrubbin' Ella, you tell her to catch Hughie and begin on him."

"Mother, it's 11:20! This gasper ——"

"Hush your mouth," the celebrity told him, "and go do like I said. Don't slam the door 'cause you'll wake baby. Mrs. Blaine, you better hang around by the hotel so's to catch this Wallis boy goin' back to the train. I'm sorry to've been so kind of inhospitable, but I'm awful busy on a picture. It's been real nice meetin' you. Good-by."

A door shut. The smell of apples had become a drowsy music rippling about the perched birds which regarded us with eyes of civil glass. Dolceda Corm had gone back to work and Maggie sighed, "That's a lady! Any mere woman would have come down to look at me! But she didn't! It takes genius to behave so beautifully! I do think Hugo has more sense than you say!"

"I've said absolutely nothing about your Hugo!"

Maggie gave me no attention, counting tips of gray gloves: "Timmy—he must be the oldest; Alex; Bub; Hughie; Robby; Ella; baby."

"You've left out Kitty."

"And Kitty," she said. "It makes eight anyhow. And a husband. Genius, my dear! But I'm so encouraged about Hugo. His taste's developing! I'm afraid she won't get rid of him so easily as all that! I——" She beamed upon young Alex with his hands full of vermilion apples and said, "Just stick those in your pockets, Oswald. It was so good of Mrs. Corm to see us. Do please tell her I'm so sorry to have bothered her. Good day."

The whelp put us into the car and implied by a general movement in all his muscles that the strain of staying near us had been too great. He flopped on the steps of the porch and began to stuff a pipe before Johnson had the engine started. We rolled downhill and a child with orange hair threw an apple at us from a pear tree near the gates. Maggie decided, "That must be Robby. They always call devilish brats such caressing names. I hope she doesn't let him throw anything hard at Guggles. Tell Johnson to find this hotel."

"You ought to cultivate a voice like that," I said.

"My dear man, I couldn't. It takes eight children and years of patience. I feel quite sentimental about Dolceda. I think I'll send her that rather big Empire console. It'd do for the stuffed owl to stand on. She has a mind above decoration, anyhow."

She propped her feet on a strapontine and shut both lids. The jewel shook on her coat and she beamed into nothingness. The car gallantly slowed before a hotel that promised dyspepsia by each false stucco flower of its cornice, and Johnson looked back at us with eyes of hope. I shuddered. He would soon be driving back toward New York, sleepless. I was somehow sure of that.

"How d'you think Mrs. Corm'll get rid of Hugo?"

"Don't know. Only," said Maggie, "she will."

"I know she will. But I'm interested in the method."

"I can think of three, but she's a gentlewoman, so she won't use any of them. I'll bet you," Maggie purred, "twenty dollars that she doesn't even see him."

I said "Done," because having heard Dolceda speak, Hugo would want to hear her speak again, and helped Maggie up the steps of the hotel. From a window of the lobby we saw Hugo Wallis jolted past in an open carriage such as still trail from stations in the quiet world, and Maggie rapped her cigarette tube on her teeth constantly as the old horse trotted around the red high school.

"I must say you're plucky!"

"Oh—why not be? Nearly everybody," she said, "is, when it comes to the pinch. It took more pluck to start down here than to—to stand here and wait. You might go get me some spirits of ammonia. Hugo likes it when he has a headache."

Tottleville had two visible drug stores, but the first was closed for its owner's noon meal. The second had a curious clerk whose hands moved in mildness while he bound up a flask of essence and tied it violently about the neck with three twists of string, observing me by inches. His eyes dallied on my waistcoat endlessly and then whipped their blue centers away to some noise of the street. A big car flashed in the mirror behind his oiled hair and I turned with suspicion.

"Your lady friend," said the clerk, "has —— Hey, mister, you ain't paid me! Thirty cents."

Dust sank and clung to the street again after Maggie's wheels were pale flashing points in the recession of trees northward, and some old men fell back into chairs stretched on a wooden porch. I was certainly an abandoned lover to eight women who considered me closely while I marched at a slanting totter toward the hotel's bright concrete pillars and the rigid posture of Johnson on the walk beside my bag.

"What happened?"

"I dunno. It was him."

"Who," I asked, "was he?"

The young man tucked his thumbs in his belt and said, "The main guy. I dunno his name. The blue-eyed baby."

"Mr. Wallis?"

"Yeh. He come runnin', an' she come out of the hotel an' he says, 'Take me out of this damn hole!' He was kinda sore or somethin'. So he's drivin'. You better," he said with supreme philosophy, "go to bed. I am."

He took his black putties up the steps and his trim uniform faded into the lobby. Civilization had neatly spoken, from his mouth. Maggie was gone with her salvaged prey, and there seemed just this matter of sleep now left in Tottleville, but I spun and strolled off toward Dolceda's lane, where all the houses buzzed with a noise of food in circulation and only two cats regarded my descent past their porches. A wind shook down three apples in a heavy series of thumps on grass of her orchard and a fluffy dog appropriate to children was sitting on the slope before the lounging white of the house. I might pretend a lost cigarette case to win news from the brown whelp or some other slave of Dolceda's powerful charm. She had tossed Hugo back to his proper keeper with an idle grace of speed. I wanted to see her grammarless spells exerted in plain view, and so I came abreast of the locked high gate that shut out crude creatures from the woman's kingdom. But my glove dropped back from a new red brilliance of paint on pasteboard tacked to the planks and did not heed a shrill young squall beyond the barrier. Some child yelled, "Lex! Here's 'nother gasper comin'!"

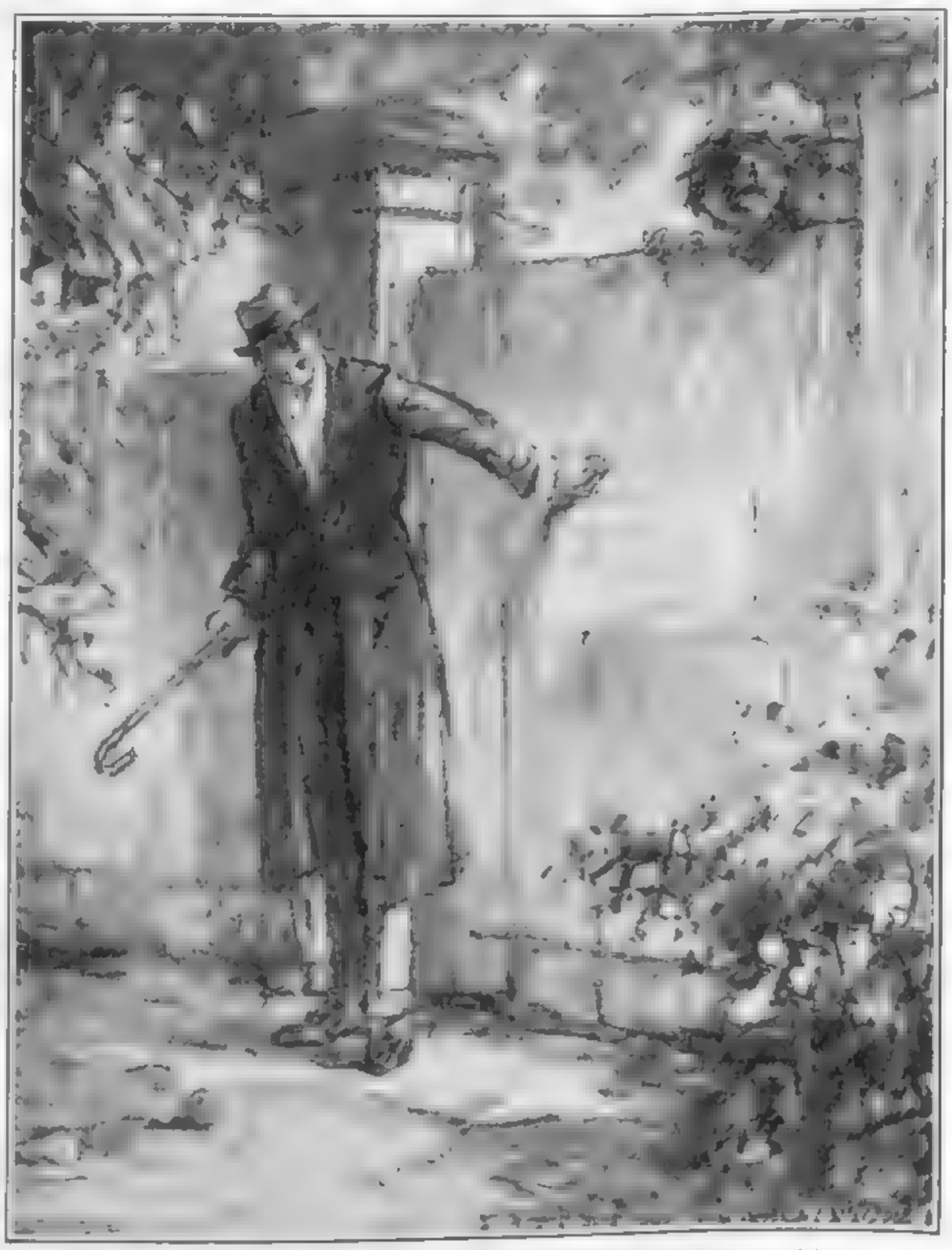
She had painted the sign with a final charm of random lettering and I wondered at the completeness of her deed:

No callers seen on any business. Three of my children down with mumps and husband not well. Request visitors will not telephone because baby pretty sick still.

DOLCEDA CORM.

A broken cigarette was stamped into the mud before this lie, as a symbol of Hugo's crushed romance, and I was turning it with my shoe when an impact on my shoulder hurt and the smell of ruinous fruit passed perfume. The apple had squashed broadly on my coat and a freckled forehead showed above the gate.

"Hey, Lexy," the small boy yelled, "throw another! He ain't started yet!"



"Hey, Lexy," the Small Boy Yelled, "Throw Another! He Ain't Started Yet!"

SELZ $SIX

A scene in Hollywood, California

The new Stepper model for Fall

Full Weight Winter Sole

Goodyear Welt

Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel

The last shown is B-eds, the same last in black is B 881. Ask your dealer to show you this one

This is one of the late fall models in the Selz $Six.

It has the style and distinctiveness which are characteristic of every shoe Selz makes. It is made to give long wear.

Yet it is moderately priced. Much less than you expect to pay for a shoe of its character.

The reason is this: Selz Shoes are sold at short profit both by the maker and the retailer. *You* get the benefit.

Go to the store in your locality known for the greatest values. You will find this shoe. And you will find the complete Selz line, in many models, lasts and styles. Every pair is all leather.

1871 SELZ 1923

11 FACTORIES—30,000 DEALERS
CHICAGO ⁂ PITTSBURGH

SELZ SHOES—A NATIONAL INFLUENCE FOR FIFTY-TWO YEARS—$6 TO $10

Watch later publications for the announcement of the prize-winning Letters about Leather.

Any man who ever marched to war could tell you—*Nothing takes the place of Leather!*

THOUSANDS of "doughboys," marching for many a weary mile, proved a great truth that means much to every one of us in every-day life.

They proved that leather—good, honest leather—is the best material on earth for the soles and heels of shoes.

All of us have seen various substitutes for leather heels and soles. Some of us have probably tried them.

War Department Tested All Kinds

The U. S. War Department thoroughly tested practically every known substitute. They issued many pairs of shoes—one shoe soled and heeled with leather, the other with an imitation or substitute. Marching men were asked to give their opinion as to the comparative comfort of each shoe. Records were kept of wearing quality.

Leather scored a sweeping triumph! No other material even approached it in economy, durability, comfort and appearance.

The "doughboy" found leather soles and heels were kindest to his feet. *He did not know that the reason for this lies in the fact that leather is made up of thousands of springy fibres that "give" with every movement; that leather, while water-tight, is also porous, so that the feet can "breathe" and keep cool.* He only knew that he was less tired after hours of marching or standing—that leather kept his feet comfortable and dry. Leather was what he needed; leather was what he was given; and leather is what he uses to-day!

Isn't there a lesson in this for men, and women, too, who are on their feet most of the time?

Shoeing a family of millions is a difficult task. The Government standardized on heels and soles of leather because they were exactly what the soldiers needed—and because nothing else was as economical, durable, and as comfortable.

Doesn't this point the path of economy to the man or woman with a family of growing children to shoe?

For Style as Well as Comfort

The same durable, elastic properties of leather which make it so comfortable, also make it hold the graceful shapeliness of a shoe better than any other material on earth.

Men and women to-day, who want shoes which hold their stylish contours for months of comfortable wear, will profit by these wartime tests and insist upon heels and soles of honest leather.

*The Old Shoemaker Says:

"There was an Englishman in here the other day. We got to talkin' and the talk drifted around to leather.

"He told me that at the beginnin' of the war, over in London they wanted to know what to make English soldiers' shoes out of -leather or one of the thousand things that some people think are just as good.

"They took a wide belt and cemented on it a panel of flint stones—then a panel of cobble stones, then one of emery powder and one of bits of the lava that comes out of volcanoes.

"Then they took boots with different sorts of soles on them and clamped them down on the surface of that belt with a pressure up to 220 pounds and started the belt running.

"Some of those substitutes for leather were all gone after the first half hour. Others lasted an hour and a half. The poorest sorts of leather went after three hours. Better leather lasted ten and twelve hours. The best leather lasted eighteen hours—think of that!

"You can lay your bottom dollar that that Englishman agreed with me that 'nothing takes the place of leather.'"

*Related upon the authority of a staff officer, B. E. F.

AMERICAN SOLE *and* BELTING LEATHER TANNERS

17 Battery Place, New York City

SOLE leather is one of the most useful products known to man. *Shoes, belts, luggage, machinery cogs—many other things in every-day use everywhere depend upon leather for greater efficiency.*

Yet the tanning industry is entirely dependent upon killers of cattle for its supply of hides. Beeves are not killed for their hides alone. If they were, prices of leather would be prohibitive. The entire world competes on an equal footing for the American business. Because of these things, tanners operate on one of the smallest margins of profit in any big, basic industry. When you buy good leather you get the greatest value for your money of practically any product known.

THE TIMBER-LINE CYCLE

Continued from Page 21

The elk and deer had wintered far down in the valleys, and with the coming of spring they had followed the grass line back into the hills as the snow receded. The cows and does had lingered to summer in the higher valleys, but the lords of the species held on up toward the peaks. A buck deer and two bull elk had elected to summer in the down-timbered pocket below the patriarch's home meadow, upon which they grazed between spells of drowsing in the timber.

In common with all such intensification of the fleeting timber-line summer, the patriarch's four offspring grew with surprising activity, and within a month from the day of their birth they were able to forage for themselves. The patriarch, thus relieved of all responsibility, entered upon the one short period of his waking hours when there were no pressing matters to occupy his time. The strenuous business of rustling food for his young was ended, and the time had not yet arrived when he must face the equally serious business of continual feasting to create sufficient fat to carry him through the winter, thus leaving a span of two weeks during which he might idle as he chose.

Except for the time spent on his various lookout posts he wandered ceaselessly, visiting other marmot colonies below the tree line and above it. The other timber-line hibernators, too, were playing. Nature, as if to compensate for the severity of the elements against which the timber-line folk must battle to survive, had limited all other hazards and there were fewer killers infesting the tree line than are found in regions where the conditions of life are easier to meet. The brief holiday season was interrupted by few sinister visitations.

A pair of foxes had denned on a bare ridge that reared from the timber perhaps a half mile below the tree line, and these crafty hunters occasionally invaded the meadow or slipped silently through the tunnels that threaded the dense mats of alpine spruce, pouncing on some luckless marmot that had ventured too far from shelter. Once a wandering marten seized a Columbia squirrel at the tree line, and on another occasion an eagle struck one of the patriarch's sons in the open meadow and carried him off. Except for these infrequent occurrences there was little to mar the smooth course of his days.

The old marmot experienced an increase of appetite and spent more of his time in feasting. There came a day when he dropped from his lookout on the root of the ancient pine and started down through the labyrinth of shady tunnels under the alpine spruce, but he halted to nibble a tuft of grass. When he reached the timber he stopped to eat again. There was a violent commotion just ahead, the gurgle of mud and water. A bull elk had trampled the jellylike earth round a seeping sidehill spring to fashion a bull wallow in which he might recline, plastering his tender underparts with mud to protect them from the flies; for the flies and mosquitoes, as if aware that their span of life was drawing to a close, were vicious and persistent. They swarmed over the patriarch as he traveled, boring down through his coarse hair, and he twitched his loose hide continuously to dislodge the singing pests.

He passed by the bull that lounged in the wallow, but the pangs of hunger still assailed him and he snatched bites of grass as he progressed. The piercing alarm call of a marmot sounded from the meadow above, and the patriarch darted for cover. The wailing cry of the conies and the shrill trilling of Columbia squirrels swelled the tumult. The old buck deer rose from his bed in the patriarch's line of flight and peered above the brush, his nostrils flaring to sample the wind that drifted down from the meadow. There was a sucking gurgle of mud as the bull elk lurched to his feet in the wallow. High on the rock slide, the ancient bighorn ram stood on a point and peered down into the meadow.

The patriarch took advantage of every bit of cover, darting swiftly from one rock heap to the next, and so mounted to his own retreat.

From the top of a flat rock he surveyed the meadow and added his own voice to the volume of protests as he observed the huge grizzly and two cubs that had invaded the premises.

The old silvertip paid no heed to the vocal eruptions occasioned by her presence. She was engaged in excavation work, ripping up the heavy turf in the center of a bank of glacial lilies, flopping the sod wrong side up and devouring the bulbous roots of the lilies thus exposed. In the course of an hour the bear family ripped up an incredible area of turf and consumed perhaps a bushel of the succulent roots, ended by digging out a nest of Columbia squirrels, and headed down into the shade of the timber.

The bull elk, finding himself directly in their line of march, was afflicted with sudden panic and crashed off down the country. The tree-line folk settled back to normal. The old ram resumed his nap on the rock slide, and the buck grazed out into the meadow.

That night the frost was heavier than usual and thin slivers of ice formed round the edges of still pools. The summer had come to a close.

Painted Autumn

THE air was crisp and cool even at midday, and the white frost in the meadow lingered of mornings until the sun was high. The vast banks of flowers were gone, but the coloring of the higher hills seemed only intensified. The leaves of the tiny snow willows in the meadows had been touched

(Continued on Page 85)

A Columbia Squirrel at Mealtime

Gentlemen—A Shaving Cream

Which does five things men wanted

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

I present you a Shaving Cream, based on 60 years of soap study. Before we made it, we consulted 1,000 men as to what they most desired. And we made up and tested 130 formulas before we met their requirements.

You wanted abundant lather. We gave you a cream which multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

You wanted quick action. We gave you a cream which softens the beard in one minute.

You wanted lasting lather. We gave you a lather which maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

You wanted fine after-effects. We gave you palm and olive oils. We gave you a shaving cream which is a cosmetic—a soap and a lotion combined.

But we gave you more. We gave you something no man ever asked, because no man knew the requirements.

We gave you a cream with strong bubbles. They support the hairs for cutting. The lighter creams let hairs fall down, so you need to shave over and over.

Consider the result. We came to men who were using other shaving creams. Some were wedded to them. And we won them away—millions of them—to this new-type Shaving Cream. In the past few years, Palmolive has become the leading Shaving Cream of the world.

Not by claims, not by boasts, but simply by doing for you men what no one else had done.

Now we ask a ten-shave test, in our mutual interest. Learn what we have done to delight you. Tell us whether we have failed or succeeded, according to your ideas.

5 New Attainments

1—It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

2—It softens the beard in one minute.

3—It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.

5—The palm and olive oil blend brings fine after-effects.

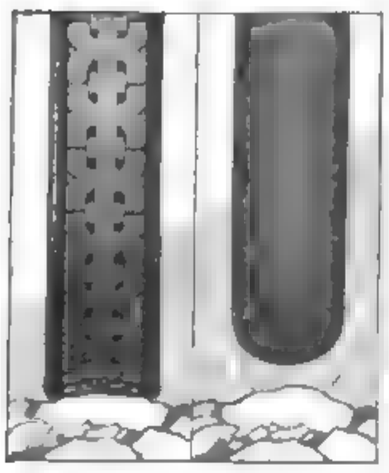
PALMOLIVE

SHAVING CREAM

Follow with Palmolive After Shaving Talc.
An invisible way to that well-groomed look

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-573, Milwaukee, U.S.A.

What about low air pressure?



Illustrating the importance of the low air pressures which can be used in the General Cord. Note how the General moulds itself to the irregularities of the road as compared to the action of a highly inflated tire.

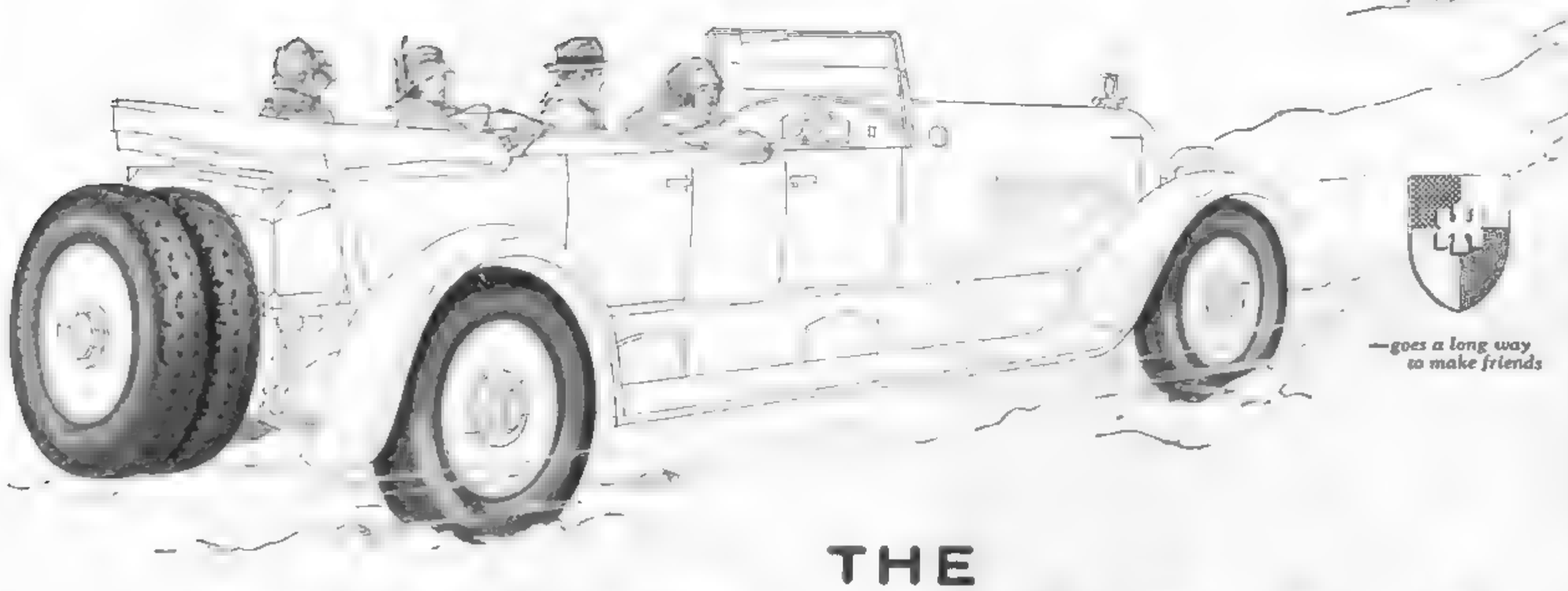
It is a generally recognized fact that as you lower air pressure in a tire you increase the passenger's riding comfort. Car owners likewise know that low air pressure, by absorbing the shocks of the road, gives greater protection to the car's mechanism. Skidding also is practically eliminated. But it is not so generally understood that some tires can stand lower air pressure better than others.

Unless a tire is correctly designed and unless there is built into it the quality and stamina to stand up under the additional strain, its life and length of service will be materially shortened.

For years General Cord users have known and enjoyed these features. They know that you can run the General Cord on surprisingly low inflation and still get the exceptional mileage which has made the name "General" famous.

You cannot judge how much internal wear a tire can stand by looking at it, but by using it you can be certain. Tests were recently made to determine this point. Eleven of the leading cord tires were tested by a disinterested body of indisputable authority. The results and findings gave the General Cord first place. This test simply confirms what users of the General Cord have known for several years—*that it has long tire mileage with real riding comfort.*

Ask the General tire dealer to tell you the story and note the pride with which he explains this Cord's unusual merits.



—goes a long way to make friends

THE

GENERAL

CORD TIRE

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

(Continued from Page 83)

to gold and crimson hues by frost. Aspens, mountain maples, mountain ash and tag alders along the tree line had been transformed into flaming reds, as if forest fires licked hungrily among the heavy green of fir and spruce; mauve and orange, purple and palest lemon shades were splashed across the higher slopes of the hills.

The patriarch found little time for any pursuit except that of feasting. All through the daylight hours he gorged mightily. Eating had come to be the one serious business of life, and no matter how heavily he feasted, the urge for food and still more food crowded ever upon him. His movements were quick and jerky and he whisked from one feeding spot to the next, snatching hasty bites en route.

His fellow hibernators were equally feverish in their activities. Copperheads darted about with their cheek pouches distended with food, every face bulging till it seemed that the copperhead tribe had been stricken with the mumps. Columbia squirrels ate ceaselessly and their slender bodies grew thick and paunchy from accumulating layers of fat.

The conies traveled repeatedly between the meadows and the rock slides, carrying mouthfuls of long green grass which they stored in sheltered crevices of the rocks, spots that would still be accessible from within after the heavy snows had sealed the rock slides from without. These little haystacks, bleached and cured, afford an ample food supply for the tiny rock rabbits in their wakeful hours during the long winter indoors; for the cony is only a partial hibernator, occasionally waking to partake of a lunch.

The night cold grew more and more intense, and there was a crisp tang in the air. The rioting colors of changing foliage crept farther and farther down the hill.

The two bulls and the buck deer, having drowsed away the summer while nursing the tender velvet sheaths of their new antler growth from harm, now grew restless and active. The antlers had attained their full proportions and hardened under the velvet casing. This was now cracking and sloughing off. The patriarch frequently heard the trample of hoofs and the violent threshing of branches as the two bulls staged imaginary battles and horned the feathery young spruce trees below the meadow, rubbing off the remaining shreds of velvet and polishing their points for the frays of the rutting moon.

Then the sky grayed and the first flakes of an early fall snow hastened on the wind. There was a sharp freeze after the storm and part of the meadow remained under the snow.

The patriarch holed up for two days, but came forth once more to forage on the grass left standing between the snow banks. The conies, too, were abroad, and the copperheads, but the Columbia squirrels had disappeared. Eight months they would sleep in their burrows, the fires of life stoked only by the fat stored on their bodies, for the Columbia puts in no winter cache.

Throughout the day the patriarch fed with such sustained haste that his fat old sides labored with the effort. He was still feeding when an old bull elk grazed into the meadow in the evening. The antlered monarch pawed the turf and tossed his head, then stretched forth his muzzle, the massive antlers flattened to the level of his back as he bugled his challenge to the world. Another bugle note, clear and silvery, pealed forth from a distant slope as a second bull breathed defiance to the first. Thereafter the hills resounded to the pealing bugles of lovelorn bulls. Occasionally there came the whistling snort of a buck deer. The mating moon of the antlered tribes was in full swing; but the voices of the feathered summer residents were no longer heard. They had winged southward ahead of the big snows

And the patriarch's tribe fed on, feasting endlessly. The copperheads sought their burrows and appeared no more. The painted autumn traveled down through the hills toward the low country where the floors of the valleys were still garbed in green while the last leaves were falling along the tree line.

Still the marmot tribe was abroad and feasting, and the conies were still busily engaged in building their haystacks in the crevices of the rock slides

The Freeze-Up

THE dawn was cold and gray and the mounting sun seemed unable to disperse the gathering clouds. Banks of fog floated in the pockets of the hills and swirled in milky drifts round the naked peaks. The heavy leaden skies seemed to close down upon the hills.

The patriarch of the marmots emerged from his burrow and prowled among the rocks. Few of his tribe were abroad. His recent appetite failed him and he had small desire for food, merely nibbling a few blades of grass. The feverish activity that had urged him on had subsided and a growing lethargy assailed him.

Throughout the whole day and the following night the scurrying gray clouds and drifting fog banks obscured the higher peaks, and when the patriarch came forth in the morning there was no answer to his whistled greeting. The voices of the marmots were no more to be heard in the hills and the meadows were empty. A cony wailed from the rock slide.

The wind died suddenly and a dead calm claimed the hills as if all Nature hung in suspense, awaiting the clash of elements that might break their bonds at any moment. A similar calm stole over the patriarch. All desire for food had left him and he felt disinclined to travel, so kept to the flat rock before his burrow. A great lassitude enveloped him and soothed his senses.

The first white flakes sifted down into the meadow, scatteringly at first, then thickening till all distant objects were obscured. The patriarch shrilled his farewell whistle to the open world. Pika, the cony, piped an answer from the rocks above. The old marmot twitched his loose hide to shake the melting flakes from his fur and crawled into the depths of his burrow. He was drowsy and curled up for a nap. For several days he was restless, rousing for an occasional prowl through the labyrinth of passageways that formed his underground retreat, but a growing stupor dulled his senses.

Outside it snowed steadily for two days and nights, and the blanket of snow sealed over the crevices of the rock slides and the mouths of the burrows that sheltered the timber-line folk. Then the leaden skies lifted and the air cleared of swirling flakes. The peaks loomed in a solid glare of white and there was not a track to mar the smooth expanse of milky drifts in the meadow. The after-storm cold clamped down and the tinkle of running water among the rocks was stilled. The wind sprang up and increased to a gale that screeched among the gorges and lashed the snow into motion, scouring it from exposed ridge and sifting it into mighty drifts in the sheltered pockets.

The moon rose upon a white world. A fox, the only living thing that moved at timber line, crossed through the meadow and halted to toss his weird, unearthly squall afloat upon the wind. Deep down in his burrow the patriarch stirred drowsily and took a turn about his runways, then lapsed into the hibernation stupor to sleep the long sleep for seven months beneath the timber-line snows.

WEED BUMPERS

CROWDED quarters and constant shifting of cars! Collisions are bound to occur—and how those dented fenders and bodies or broken lamps and radiators do tax those who have pride in their cars!

Equip your car with WEED BUMPERS *front and rear* and safeguard against the disfigurements inside the garage as well as the more serious collisions. Keep your car spick and span and *safe* for your own use—and against the day you may trade it in.

Write for folder illustrating the full line of WEED BUMPERS. Give us the name of your dealer and car.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.
Bridgeport, Conn.
In Canada: DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, Niagara Falls, Ontario
District Sales Offices:
Boston Chicago New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh San Francisco
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Chains for All Purposes

THE STAR OF EMPIRE

(Continued from Page 15

all statements along this line by the far from disinterested resident. For example:

"The workman out here is a wholly superior type because he is through with his wanderings. This is his Mecca, the goal of his heart's desire."

All of which is the veriest bosh, if intended as an inclusive statement, in view of the well-known and ever-increasing migration, not only of unskilled casual laborers but of highly skilled mechanics to the Pacific Coast and back each year. Among railroad shopmen alone there is a regular seasonal movement from Chicago southwest through El Paso and Yuma in the fall, up along the Coast in the winter, back to Chicago in the spring, and so on.

There should be general agreement, however, on the following practical statement made by Henry W. Louis, a factory owner and a member of the State Industrial Welfare Commission:

"Working conditions out here are for the most part modern because they are new. It is no particular credit to an employer here to put up a good factory in which conditions are favorable, because we are young, fresh, hearty and healthy. I do not think the workers want something for nothing. They have no use for paternalism. A good lunch place or cafeteria is necessary, especially where women are employed, so that they won't have to get dressed up to go out. We should also provide clean, sanitary toilets and plenty of air, light and heat. But I do not think the employer who provides these has any right to pat himself on the back because of his welfare work. These are not evidences of good will. They are business necessities. They are the part of business to get efficient results."

Cheap Labor a Menace

I asked Dr. John R. Haynes whether factories were going to bring to Los Angeles slums and tenements, strikes, bitterness of conflict, smoky grimy atmosphere and hordes of sad-faced weary operatives. Doctor Haynes, it should be said, is the chief advocate and, in a sense, supporter of municipal ownership in the city, and though a man of means himself, does not always find himself in entire accord with all the policies of most of the other men of means.

He replied: "If we are economically wise and public spirited, we will prevent such a development. My understanding is that cheap, underfed, underhoused workers are expensive in the long run. The haggard worn types are unnecessary."

Up to this point the reader, unfamiliar with California, may gather the impression that Southern California is all there is to the state, industrially speaking. It is not the intention of the writer, however, to leave any such erroneous impression with those who finish the article.

Though the industrial growth of Los Angeles has been more spectacular and sensational than that of San Francisco, it must be added that such growth has not necessarily been more important. Indeed, the last Federal census, based on 1919 figures, showed that the metropolitan area of San Francisco Bay turned out products valued at just under $1,000,000,000, as compared with slightly over $400,000,000 for the Los Angeles metropolitan area.

It is true that the San Francisco Bay area includes five counties, but together they are only about two-thirds the area of the one Los Angeles County, and are an integral part of the San Francisco district. It is true also that the census did not include motion pictures, but even if it had, the San Francisco Bay area would still have produced twice as much. Los Angeles has grown with extreme rapidity since 1919, but the industrial growth of bay cities like Oakland and Richmond, has also been very great indeed, and into these cities have come numbers of branches of the larger Eastern manufacturing concerns.

There is little doubt that San Francisco, so long without a West Coast rival in either trade or population, views with astonishment

This Winery at Richmond, California, Was Said to be the Largest in the World Before the Volstead Act

and, possibly at times and in moods, with some little displeasure, the booming of its lusty young competitor. It is not so long ago that Los Angeles was the butt of jokes and contemptuous remarks on the part not only of Easterners but even more of the native San Franciscan. Los Angeles had no harbor, power, water or fuel, but it produced them all, and has rushed ahead like a torrent.

The basis, of course, of Los Angeles' growth has been the ever-mounting flood of Middle Western tourists, small retired capitalists and home seekers. San Francisco probably did not want these people in the beginning of the movement, and might grimace a bit even now at the digestive process, much as it would like the trade that goes with added population. But San Francisco would not have gotten many of these people, even if it had tried.

They preferred a small, unformed community where they could impose their own life and customs, to one which was distinctly cosmopolitan, settled and socially stratified. And to be quite frank about it, the retired Iowa capitalist, who moved West before the Eighteenth Amendment and who wanted a quiet place in which to bring up his children, preferred prohibitionist towns like Long Beach and Pasadena to the supposedly moister city on the bay.

It is highly dangerous for a mere Easterner to inject himself into any local California dispute on the subject of climate. But after considerable study I cannot discover any very substantial difference in climate between the two metropolitan areas, at least from the standpoint of industry. The city of San Francisco itself has very distinctive climatic phenomena; but it is only one of several important sections of the metropolitan area, and within that area a great variety of climate is to be found.

In some of the sections or valleys around or near San Francisco Bay, if not in the city itself, there appear to be about the same number of clear and sunny days, and the same absence in winter of extremely low temperatures that characterize the southern part of the state. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, for the climate of California as a whole, excepting the mountain and desert areas, is very distinct from that of most other states, because of well-known physical reasons.

But naturally the tourist and home seeker from the Middle West and the East, weary of the cold in those sections, has sought that portion of the state bearing the descriptive title "Southern." Then, too, the advertising of the southern portion has been more aggressive, and the motor roads in that direction in the winter through the mountains are less likely to be blocked with snow.

Leaders in business life in both Southern and Central California expressed to the writer their regret at the acrimonious feeling which competition between the two metropolitan areas sometimes takes.

"This coast is singularly lacking in good ports," said one informant. "We need more to really develop both the West and the Orient. Would that there were more cities to play the game. It is a betrayal of the future of a great empire for us to fight in any narrow village spirit. If San Francisco and Los Angeles work together in the greatest possible harmony, their resources will be inadequate for the purpose in hand."

"It is a poor policy to cut each other's throats and for dog to eat dog," was the way the president of a great corporation which covers the entire state expressed his view.

"Why should there be any jealousy between these two cities?" was the statement of the president of one of the three or four largest banks in the state. "These are the only cities with any surplus money to develop the West. Even as it is we must depend far too much on the East."

Planning Ahead

The point was made that Los Angeles' progress was bound to reflect favorably on San Francisco, that the sons of the retired capitalists from Iowa who settled in Long Beach, are as likely to make careers for themselves in Central as in Southern California. The larger interests, the big corporations and investing groups, are, to an increasing extent, getting a foothold in both sections, no matter which one they started in. San Francisco capitalists have been investing in Los Angeles real estate, and Los Angeles banks have spread out in San Francisco territory.

It is explained that the California coast line is very long, as far as from the southern part of Maine to the northern part of South Carolina. The same territory in the East has eight to ten times as many people. Naturally many of the newer residents in the southern part, consisting as it does so largely of strangers and guests who have stayed on, are ignorant of the distant central regions. At least 80 per cent of the people in Los Angeles have never been in San Francisco, while probably 60 per cent of the people in San Francisco have never been in Los Angeles.

It is unfortunate, but entirely natural, that residents of Southern California should feel themselves not so much Californians as Southern Californians. The state as a whole, they do not know. Not necessarily in a political sense, but in other ways they feel they are entitled to constitute a sort of state of their own; or at least they are mentally living in the state of Southern California. Not the leaders, perhaps, but the masses of the people.

"Your company must plan far ahead," I said to Mr. Shoup, of the Southern Pacific. "How about the time when one of these two cities will have grown to the size of New York and the other will have dwindled away to unimportance?"

"We plan at least twenty years ahead," he replied, "and our plans make no provision for one city being so strong as to dwarf the other. We do not think of them as interfering with each other. We are interested in both. They are farther apart, are they not, than any two great cities on the Atlantic Coast? Do Boston and Baltimore

(Continued on Page 91)

Across the Rooftops of San Francisco. The Bay and Yerba Buena Island are in the Background

Use high-quality oils to reduce FRICTION—
the unseen enemy of production in your plant

Net profits in your plant

How to lighten a needless tax on them

MORE than 20% of all power generated in average industrial plants is lost in frictional loads on shafting and machinery.

This is no news to your plant engineer.

Nor is it any news to him that the use of high-grade lubricants correctly applied may cut that loss in half—or more.

But unfortunately, the purchase of lubricating oils is often left to someone in the office who says, "Let's save money on oils. Let's order from the lowest bidder." So, in go the cheap oils.

The plant owner congratulates himself. He thinks that he is saving money. Wrong! Bookkeeping misleads him. His cheap oils *appear on his books* as an *ascertainable* item of expense. His needless power losses, due to the use of cheap, incorrect oils, creep in *unitemized and unobserved.*

Power losses and power-loss prevention have been the specialized study of the Vacuum Oil Company for more than half a century.

Gargoyle Lubricating Oils, made exclusively by the Vacuum Oil Company, almost invariably will be found in plants where far-sighted economies prevail—plants where improved net profits are an annual habit. Many of these plants report fewer repairs and replacements. Others tell us of fewer shut-downs. Still others comment on a slower depreciation of their machinery.

Every one of these factors affects net profits.

To get the full economies of using high-grade Gargoyle Lubricating Oils, we suggest a Lubrication Audit of your plant. Details of this Vacuum Oil Company service in column at right.

THE

Lubrication Audit

EXPLAINED STEP BY STEP

(In Condensed Outline)

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative in co-operation with your plant engineer or superintendent makes a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

This report is based on:—

(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant.

(2) Your operating conditions.

(3) Our 57 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.

(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

CHECKING: If, following our recommendations in this Audit, you install our oils, periodical calls will be made to see that the desired results are continued.

FOR THE ABOVE FREE SERVICE address our nearest branch office.

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Chicago
Boston	St. Louis
Philadelphia	Detroit
Pittsburgh	Indianapolis
Buffalo	Milwaukee
Rochester	Minneapolis
Albany	Des Moines
Dallas	Kansas City, Mo.
	Oklahoma City

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

HART SCHAFFNER

From the Painting by Samuel Nelson Abbott

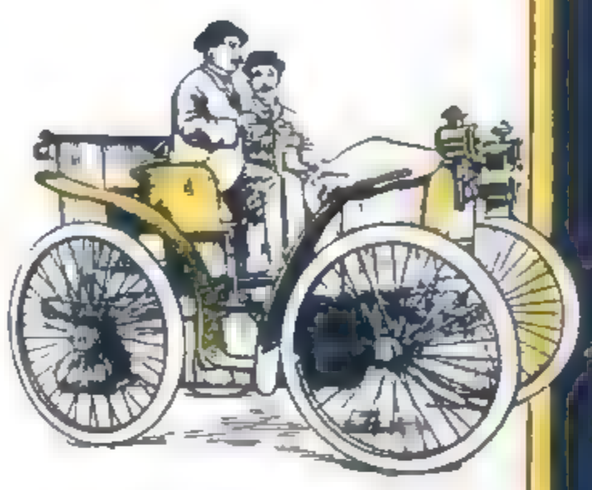
You ought to expect a lot from your overcoat It must keep you both stylish and warm; it must wear a

& MARX CLOTHES

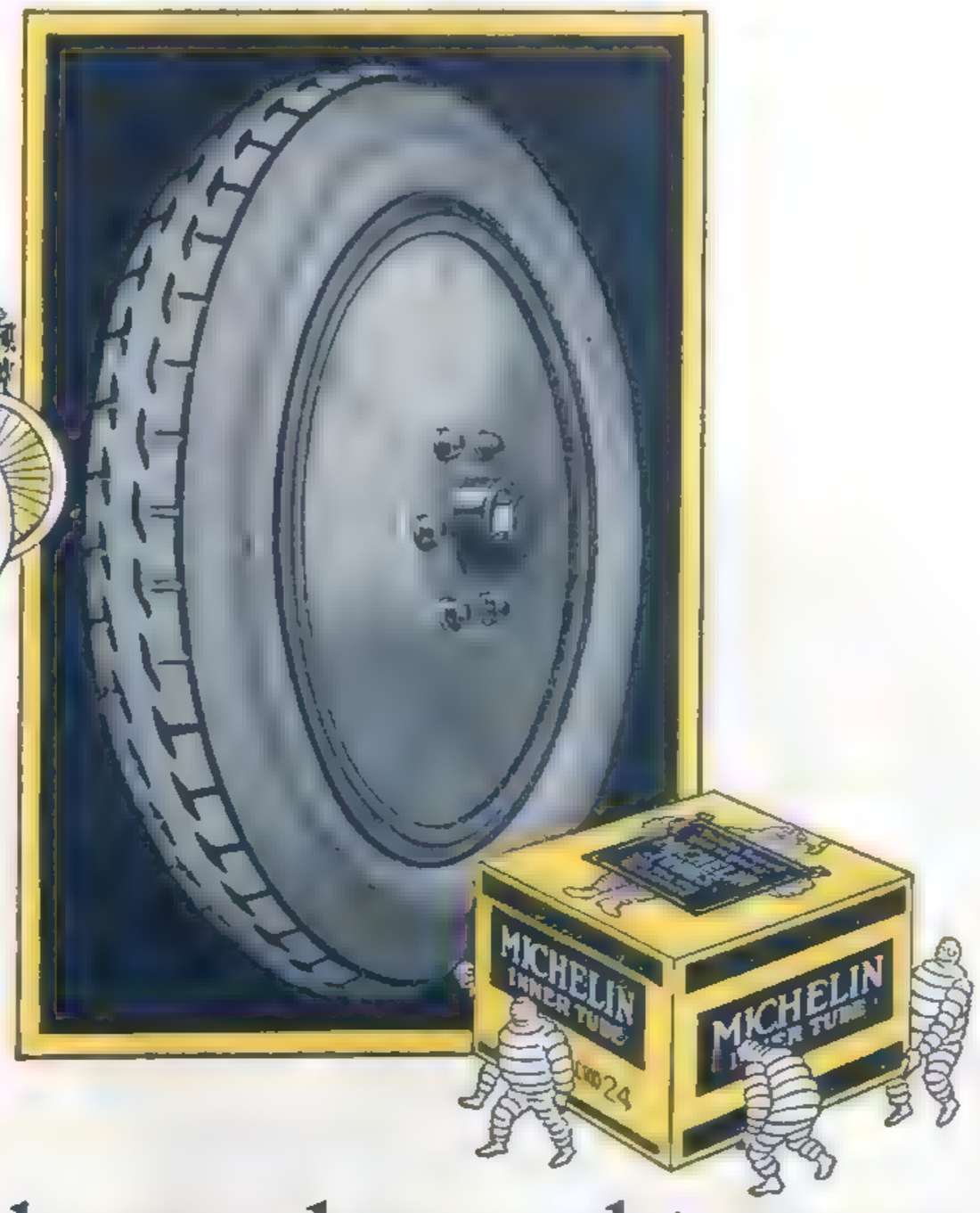
long time; it must be economical
Only a good overcoat can do all of
these things We make that kind

Copyright, 1923, Hart Schaffner & Marx

MICHELIN



The world's first pneumatic automobile tire, introduced by Michelin in 1895.



No doubt you know this record

But are you profiting fully by it?

HERE are some of the notable inventions and developments for which Michelin is responsible:

The world's first detachable cycle tire.
The world's first pneumatic automobile tire.
The world's first ring-shaped tube.
The world's first successful non-skid.
The world's first demountable rim.
The world's first steel disc wheel.

All the motoring world, of course, is profiting by these achievements. But you are not profiting *fully* by Michelin's record until you use Michelin Tires and Tubes; for it is a fact that the greatest value Michelin's record has for you is the indication it gives as to where to look for the best tires. For greatet mileage, for lower tire-costs and for greater riding comfort—use Michelins.

THE COMPLETE LINE:

Michelin Oversized Cords—for heavy cars or those that are under-tired—the finest of all tires.

Michelin Regular Size Cords for light, open cars or those not requiring oversize tires. These quality cords cost no more than fabrics, though they give at least 30% more miles.

Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes, recognized everywhere as the best. Ask any tire dealer.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, N. J.

Branches in 30 cities *Dealers everywhere*

(Continued from Page 86)

particularly interfere with each other, and would that interference be greater or less if, like Los Angeles and San Francisco, they were also separated by a mountain range?

"In studying Southern California you must remember, of course, that there are two great tides of population coming in. One is industrially occupied, it is true, but the other is not concerned in that way. There is only a trickle of the unoccupied coming into the San Francisco district. But when you come to the strictly industrial end you get a different picture. The total population of each is about the same now. I do not know, but it may be that the great, slow, substantial industrial development of the San Francisco district will in time change the relative positions."

It must be stated, however, that most of the leaders of both sections of California, while deprecating what they consider the uneconomic features of contentious rivalry, admit that a contest is on for the supremacy of the Coast, perhaps, indeed, for the whole future trade of the Orient. If most of the residents of the two cities really thought their relative positions in the future would be like Boston and Baltimore the rivalry would be less intense. What each city hopes to become is the New York of the West Coast, and the general feeling is that there will not be two New Yorks on the same coast.

In literature put out by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce the statement is made that a championship contest is on "which will probably be decided within the present generation." In fact there are people in San Francisco who say that the best thing which has ever happened to their city is the growth of Los Angeles, because of the impulse which comes from keen competition.

Surprise is often expressed at Los Angeles' industrial progress in view of San Francisco's superior geographical position and obvious advantages as a distributing point. By sheer energy Los Angeles has forced her way into territory not hers geographically. She retorts, however, that she sells not to geography but to people. This raises the question as to which city has the most people to sell to.

The two cities, considered as metropolitan units, are of almost precisely the same size at the present moment. Los Angeles may have a slightly larger immediate tributary territory; San Francisco probably reaches more people if the zone be extended a little, for it is much nearer to the populous agricultural valleys. When population west of the Rockies was only 100,000, one-seventh of them lived around San Francisco Bay, and it is said that the same ratio is still there, despite the growth of other centers.

Rival Claims

Los Angeles claims to be nearer the sources of raw materials. It is certainly nearer to cotton and copper, but farther away from lumber and wool. It has a vastly larger building program, and more oil, at present; and these, of course, are stimulating to many hundreds of new subsidiary industries. But San Francisco argues that land values are more reasonable in Central than in Southern California.

Power is cheaper probably in Southern California, and Los Angeles has had possibly a larger supply of water. But potential water supply and power are far greater and less expensive to develop in Central and Northern than in Southern California, and what is feared from San Francisco's new municipal water-and-power development, the Hetch-Hetchy, is more water and perhaps even more power than can be used.

Los Angeles' growth has been quickened by the new population and wealth which have gone to Southern California, partly because it has won a reputation as a national playground. But on the other hand the San Francisco district is much nearer than is Los Angeles to the Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, the highest mountains, the largest streams and the biggest trees.

California's real permanent wealth consists fundamentally of the products of what is known as the Great Central Valley, consisting as it does of two valleys, the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, each drained by a river of the same name, which unite and enter San Francisco Bay. These rivers form the only natural break of any extent in the mountains from the Columbia River to the Mexican border, and are the largest trade arteries west of the Mississippi. Half the waters of the state drain into the bay through these rivers.

To a large extent the people as well as the products of the Great Central Valley drain into the bay district in the same way. It is true that cities sell to people and not to geography, and Los Angeles through the aggressiveness of its banking system has broken into the lower half of the San Joaquin Valley, which in turn is the lower half of the Great Central Valley. But Los Angeles is far removed from the Great Central Valley as a whole, while San Francisco sits at the very edge of the valley, halfway between north and south.

The Easterner thinks of citrous fruits as California's crop, but deciduous fruits are also of great importance, and San Francisco is immediately adjacent to territory where two-thirds of the entire agricultural production of the state takes place.

Labor Conditions

Thus San Francisco has great natural advantages, which make for business growth. But it has, or has had, marked and patent disadvantages. For one thing, factionalism has not been subordinated in that city for the immediate business in hand of winning new markets and industries, the way it has in Los Angeles. It has been more difficult to get strong forces to coöperate. There was plenty of coöperation after the fire and in connection with the exposition, but until recently the city's attitude toward sharing in the tornadolike expansion of Los Angeles only tended to confirm the lines in Bret Harte's famous apostrophe to San Francisco:

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest by the Western Gate.

The same condition was described to the writer in far less agreeable language by a man whose name naturally cannot be used in such a connection, but who is as near the top as they grow.

"Do you want to know the real reason why Los Angeles has forged ahead faster than we have? Don't quote me, but it is because we have too many men around here in the business and financial world who won't coöperate."

Another handicap under which San Francisco suffered until about two years ago was its reputation as a labor-ridden city. Political and labor-union evils had grown up over a long period of years, and there existed a cheap and dirty political mess as well.

Investigations gradually cleared up the political mess, but the business community did not come to death grips with its labor evils until two or three years ago.

It is admitted that the violent type of power-drunk labor leader who flourished in San Francisco in the older days gave the workman protection which was needed. But from giving protection the leaders went on to build up a self-destructive system. It is said the point was finally reached where the Subtreasury had to get permission from a labor leader to load or unload specie. Picketing is reported to have gone to such extreme and absurd lengths that unions hired professional picketers, instead of rolling their own, as it were, and when the picketers struck for higher wages the unions employed nonunion picketers, the striking picketers thereupon picketing the nonunion or scab picketers.

The break came in the building trades when in 1921 the unions refused to abide by arbitration after accepting it. As a result of and following a series of strikes in different lines, in which organized labor was defeated, not only the building trades but shipbuilding, the metal trades, seamen and longshoremen, the tailoring trades and many other lines were put under the American plan.

According to the last available figures, 77 per cent of all persons engaged in manufacturing industries in San Francisco are now employed in open shops, 8.7 per cent in closed shops, and less than 15 per cent in shops the policies of which are not stated. The building and metal trades are said to be entirely open shop.

San Francisco has been handicapped industrially likewise by lack of space. The outstanding physical facts regarding the city are its peninsula location and hill areas. People are more or less massed down on top of one another, a situation which breeds labor troubles, although there is no such congestion as in the East Side tenements of New York.

The Twin Peaks Range bisects the city from north to south, and a series of lateral ridges practically connecting this range with the bay front cut the city into a number of strongly isolated districts. "This situation presents a handicap or asset, according to treatment," as one careful survey expresses it. "The hill area offers opportunities for residential-district planning unsurpassed for beauty and convenience in America."

San Francisco glories in her hills and she has every right to be proud of them. But there are hills within a mile or two of the heart of the city which are not only useless, because unoccupied, but serve as a wall which runs right through the city. A few years ago an Eastern economist and business student, Dr. B. M. Rastall, was engaged to make an industrial survey of San Francisco, and his first recommendation was to cut down these useless hills where the expense is not too great, and build tunnels through them where removal would be too costly.

I visited Rincon Hill, the smallest of these obstructions, with Doctor Rastall; and also Bernal Heights, a much more serious obstacle. Although within perhaps a mile of the heart of the financial and retail district, the first-named hill boasted nothing except a few goats, a dozen or so shacks, and a few boys who looked upon our taxicab with open-mouthed astonishment, automobiles evidently being rare on those heights. Doctor Rastall said he had taken a party of newspapermen to Bernal Heights, only a little farther away, and most of them, natives of the city, had never scaled it before.

The removal of Rincon Hill, at a cost of only $4,000,000, would create a considerable wholesale and loft district, immediately adjoining the retail district and the harbor. San Francisco has always complained of lack of industrial space, yet by removing this wart, filling in a square mile of basin land beyond, and cutting a few street tunnels through Bernal Heights, it would have ample manufacturing space very close at hand, entirely unoccupied now, and with beautiful unoccupied hills just beyond for workmen's residential purposes. A greater opportunity at a smaller cost is difficult to conceive.

Knowledge of the Oriental

Bernal Heights commands as fine an urban view as I have ever seen. It is a large area, very lofty, occupied solely by three goats, as far as I could learn, but with the great proud city at its feet. It should, of course, be turned into a park, for though the northern section of the city has a splendid system of parks, the southern section, in the midst of which stands Bernal Heights, is the home of the present and future working-class population and has practically no parks.

"This is a physically difficult city," said Robert Newton Lynch, vice president of its chamber of commerce. "Its territories are disconnected and undeveloped, and many great physical changes must be made. We are like an athlete preparing for a race. We must produce the best possible conditions. We must put the city in better social as well as physical shape.

"We are laying the basis here for a great future. This is the one point on the Coast which cannot think of itself, but must be the servant of the entire Pacific empire. We cannot live for ourselves because our interests are too wide. We are a focal point, interested in the symmetrical development of the whole Pacific empire rather than in seizing immediate opportunities.

"We have a great variety of foreigners here, but not the foreign spirit. Here must come our American civilization to be tested against the Orient.

"Our priceless advantage is knowledge of the Oriental, and it is our duty to interpret to the rest of the country the whole Oriental problem."

There has been left to the last of this article what is not necessarily its least important section, a description of the East [San Francisco] Bay District, in relation to the industrial expansion of the West. It may be that with changes to be made, San Francisco itself will forge ahead. Or it may be that with development down the peninsula, that section will come to the front. But to the mere outsider it seems as if much of the future growth must lie with the East Bay District, especially in view of what has already been accomplished there.

(Continued on Page 93)

Why does the wind blow?

—because air becomes lighter and rises as it grows warmer, and heavier cold air rushes in to displace it. When winds blow raw, it is time to use

Puretest
Glycerin and Rose Water

for quick and gentle healing of sore chapped skin. Also fragrantly soothing on the face after shaving.

Puretest Glycerin, "clear as a crystal," is the first real improvement in glycerin in many years. Not satisfied with the "best glycerin of all," the Rexall chemists made the best better.

Two of the 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000
Rexall
Drug Stores
There is one in your town.

© 1923 U. D. Co

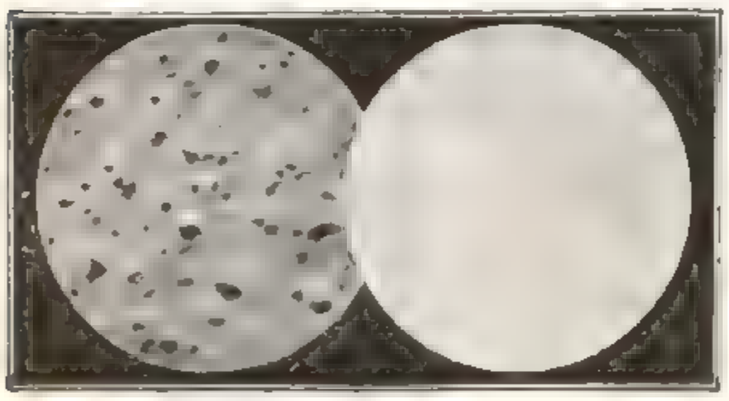
FOR WHITE INTERIORS

Why Barreled Sunlight is now being used in buildings of every type

FACTORY. Interior of Ansonia Electrical Company plant—painted throughout with Barreled Sunlight.

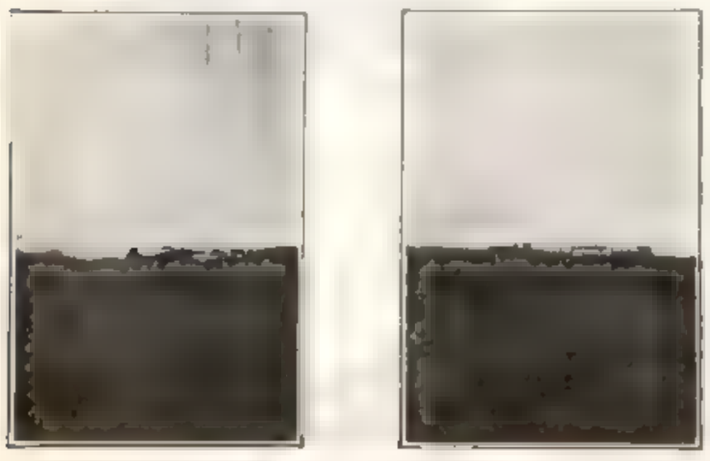
HOME. Barreled Sunlight means woodwork that stays fresh and white—woodwork without a fingermark anywhere.

STORE. Note the light interior—a real help to the display of merchandise.



ORDINARY FLAT FINISH WHITE PAINT — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

Paint surfaces photographed through a powerful microscope—each magnified to the same high degree. They show clearly why the surface of ordinary flat finish white paint soils so easily. It is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.



ORDINARY ENAMEL — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

The upper part of the black board on the left was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the right with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight. Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight.

TO the left is an illustration which explains at a glance the simple reason for the amazingly widespread use of Barreled Sunlight today.

Barreled Sunlight produces a surface *so smooth that the finest particles of dust cannot sink in!* A surface that can be washed clean as easily as white tile—even after years of service.

In business and industrial interiors—in public buildings of every type—Barreled Sunlight means walls that remain white without frequent repainting. It means cleaner surfaces and more light.

In homes it means bathroom and kitchen walls as washable as tile itself. It gives to woodwork a coating that resists dust and fingermarks—that can be kept for years as fresh and clean as when newly painted.

Barreled Sunlight produces a lustrous finish without the glare of enamel—yet costs less than enamel and requires fewer coats. (A single coat is generally sufficient to cover over any previously painted surface.)

Made by our exclusive Rice Process, it is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight is easy to apply. It flows freely without a brush mark. Where white is not desired, it can be readily tinted just the color you want.

Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

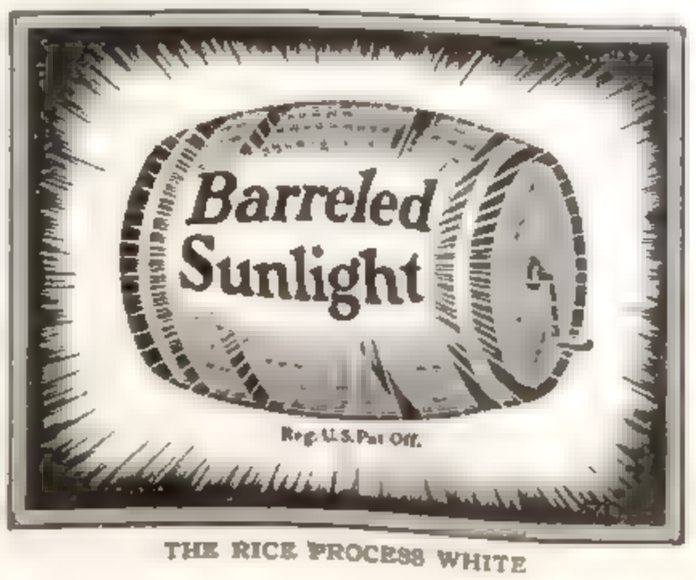
U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.

Factory and Main Offices

8 DUDLEY ST. PROVIDENCE, R. I

New York—350 Madison Ave.
Chicago—659 Washington Blvd.
San Francisco—38 O'Farrell St.
St John, N. B.
Toronto, Ont.—54 Colborne St.
Winnipeg, Man.—121 Charlotte St

Distributors in all principal cities of the U. S. A
Dealers everywhere



THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

(Continued from Page 91)

To the outsider it seems absurd that the metropolitan area should be under so many separate municipalities. Obviously the towns on the peninsula should come into San Francisco. As for the East Bay cities, their separation into nine separate governments is the height of the comical, and when they are finally merged they should join with San Francisco the way Brooklyn was wedded to New York, without having lost her identity, but helping to make one greater city.

My adjectives may seem strong for an outsider to use, but I am sure any disinterested visitor, unaffected by local jealousies, as well as such residents as are without local feelings, would agree. Unfortunately San Francisco and the East Bay communities, although really part of one clearly defined metropolitan area and with common interests as opposed to those of Los Angeles, have not always worked in as close a spirit of wholly unselfish coöperation as might have been the case. All the leaders on both sides with whom I talked agreed, however, that closer cooperation is inevitable and already in evidence.

There are, it must be repeated, nine separate municipalities, with a total population in excess of 400,000, lying along the east shore of San Francisco Bay. The smallest has less than 5000 people, the largest well over 250,000. With possibly one exception, all these towns and cities have grown together so compactly that even the average resident, much less a stranger, cannot tell when he passes from one to the other. They are absolutely contiguous, forming a solid continuous city.

Indeed, there are two island municipalities, with separate governments, completely within and surrounded by the largest city. No one but an expert can tell when he passes from Oakland to Berkeley or vice versa. Once the postmasters of the two cities had a dispute as to which city a man lived in, and refused to deliver a monthly gas bill. The bill probably would never have been delivered if the manager of the gas company had not been able to prove to one of the postmasters from an inspection of the city maps that the man did live in his particular city. Residents riding or walking about can easily win or lose on bets such as "We are now in Berkeley," or "No, we are not."

Rapid Growth of Oakland

Oakland is much the largest of the East Bay cities, with Berkeley, the seat of the University of California, Alameda and Richmond following well behind. Richmond, however, has had an industrial growth rivaling that of Oakland itself. It was not so long ago that these cities were cattle ranges. Little villages and then small towns grew up because one of the transcontinental railroads had its actual physical terminus in Oakland, running ferries to San Francisco. Thus there gradually developed a commuting business from the city to the little towns across the bay.

In 1899 there were only four farmhouses where Richmond with 30,000 population stands today. But the Santa Fe Railroad went into Richmond, then the main Western refineries of the Standard Oil Company, the Pullman shops, and more recently the branches of numerous Eastern manufacturing concerns.

But the cities of Oakland and Berkeley really owed their start to the founding at Berkeley of California College, later to become the state university, one of the world's largest. Following the earthquake and fire in San Francisco thousands of people and hundreds of firms sought refuge in Oakland, remaining there until the initial hysteria had worn off. Eventually many of them went back to San Francisco, but Oakland was lifted up like a piece of wood on a tidal wave, was made conscious of itself for the first time.

The East Bay cities bear the same relation to San Francisco, so it seems to the writer, that Brooklyn, Jersey City and Newark bear to Manhattan Island; and belong to the Greater San Francisco, just as much as Brooklyn belongs to Greater New York, and as Jersey City and Newark would if not separated by a state line.

San Francisco will remain the financial, executive, jobbing and shopping center of its district, exactly as New York does. Just like New York, it sucks in a large part of the brains and leadership of its district. It is the money center, and the place where people from the country round about like to go to play as well as to buy. Nor is there any reason why San Francisco should not retain the more concentrated type of industries, where large numbers of people work in small spaces, tailoring shops, loft industries, and the like.

But the East Bay cities have a vast open flat terrain for the heavier industries. They have, no doubt, more deep water front than San Francisco and Los Angeles combined. The termini of the three transcontinental railroads are on this water front, back of which lies directly the vast perimeter of flat meadowland upon which the factories are built. From this plain spread fanlike the streets and car lines to the residential hill sections, but a few miles farther back.

Two Great New Outposts

There is no such great distance between city and port as there is between Los Angeles and its harbor, nor apparently any such reliance upon drayage and teamsters, with their interminable strikes, that has plagued San Francisco. It is argued for the East Bay cities that development is easy and transportation simple.

In the East Bay cities the workman is not circumscribed by waters as he is in New York or San Francisco. He can spread out in his automobile in any one of many directions to new bungalow sections, more after the fashion of Los Angeles. I do not mean to convey the impression that these big Western industrial cities are all garden spots. They are far from it. Oakland has a drab, sad-looking section of small houses, said to be the older part of the city, and Los Angeles has its girdle of shacks. But the two places are very similar in having numbers of fresh, new, workmen's residential quarters.

The writer has ridden through practically all the industrial sections of Los Angeles and the Oakland-Richmond district. The former seems to have more small local plants of every description supplying local needs; the latter more Western branches of the larger Eastern concerns, proportionately speaking, at least.

Among other activities, Oakland is the automobile center of the West, and the larger factories have acted as breeding places for smaller accessory plants. The largest of the automobile plants is so handsome that it does not seem to have injured the residential section surrounding it at all. Indeed, there is said to have been an improvement.

Both Los Angeles and the East Bay cities lay claim to being the most important and rapidly growing industrial centers in the West. To the eye of the dispassionate observer there is little to choose between them.

The East Bay cities have grown with much less advertising and promotion. They were not organized originally to entertain the tourist as Los Angeles was. But the strictly working population has increased with great rapidity.

Naturally the man who works talks less about his home city than the man who goes there to play.

Both centers are alike in being stirring places, pulsing with quickened life. The district around San Francisco Bay and Los Angeles alike are two great new outposts of that mechanized civilization which, whether we like it or no, is essential to modern life in this, our American world.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Atwood.

To Women
Who Buy Underwear for Men

We say—

"Style in men's underwear consists in securing garments of the size, weight and quality best suited to the individual man. And of course, it includes that beauty of finish which is the sign of all goods under Wilson Bro's label. The merchant who has Wilson Bro's service in his underwear department is a specialist in men's underwear and is accustomed to your problem of fitting by proxy. He is competent to advise you."

Ask the man behind the underwear counter

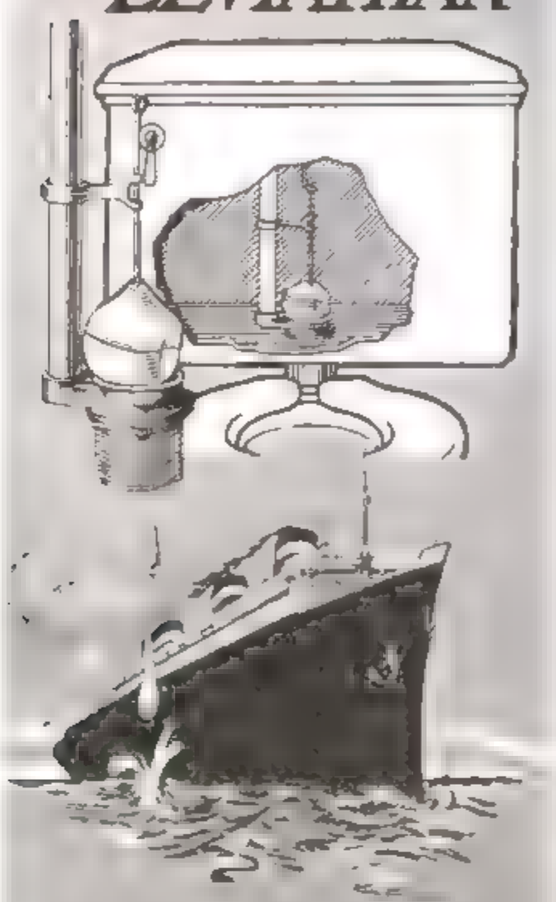
Wilson Bro's

IMPORTERS AND MAKERS OF MEN'S FURNISHINGS FOR ALMOST 60 YEARS

Hose, Belts, Garters, Suspenders, Cravats, Mufflers, Shirts, Nightshirts, Pajamas, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Knit Gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO
New York Paris

The leak that would float the LEVIATHAN



JUST an average leak in all toilet tanks in Worcester, Mass., or Richmond, Va., or Omaha, Neb.—or any other city of about their size—would waste in a single day enough water to float the mighty Leviathan.

Think of that when you hear a gurgle and squish from your toilet tank; and think how easily you can stop it permanently. For the

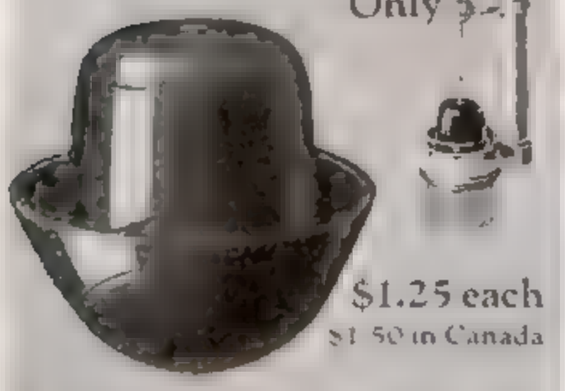
MUSHROOM Parabal

Stops the leak

The patented mushroom shape fits down into the valve, positively eliminating all leakage. The construction of one piece of pure live gum makes the Mushroom Parabal practically indestructible; and makes safe our guarantee of three years' satisfaction or a new tank bulb.

Ask your plumber. If he hasn't the Mushroom Parabal send us his name. We'll see that you are supplied.

Sold through Master Plumbers Only



$1.25 each
$1.50 in Canada

Woodward-Wanger Co.
Philadelphia

THE SEVEN DEAD MEN

Continued from Page 19

so over such a small thing as merely a key?"

"How could I help it, when I think what might come on me if I lost it?"

"You poor man!" said Mrs. Henry still again. "Why should you worry so? Why don't you just give the key to me?"

"Would you take it?" the Seven Dead Men asked her. "Now? Knowing all the dangers?"

"I would—for you!" said the Widow Henry warmly. "And I'll keep it for you too. Here, right underneath me heel in me own stocking. And good would be the man or saint or devil that would force or wheedle it out from there."

"It would be safer there," said Mr. Gallagher.

"It would," said Mrs. Henry.

II

THE amateur investigator came into the modest rooms of the two women friends of hers, for whom she had been working. She was a strong, fine, comely woman of Irish ancestors, about fifty years of age. Sitting down, with no words, she unlaced and took off her right shoe and then her stocking, while the two women watched her.

Taking a small object from her stocking heel she held it toward them somewhat dramatically.

"I got it for ye," she said briefly. "Like I said I would."

"The key!" exclaimed the younger woman, with the close-cut curly hair, grasping it.

"Of the Seven Dead Men!" said the older, squarer-spoken woman with the carefully indifferent manner.

"Where all them records are," said the investigator.

"That we're going to send that Meeghan to state's prison with," added the younger and brighter-eyed one, and suddenly turned from harder to softer emotions. "Bridie, you're a duck!" she exclaimed, and warmly infolded the amateur investigator in her arms.

"Go on with you now!" said the one designated by that not inappropriate name, finally, though not seriously displeased, escaping from her embrace.

"Weren't you afraid?" her young questioner asked her.

"Of that murderer?" the older woman queried.

"What? Me?" exclaimed the substantial-framed amateur investigator warmly. "Afraid of that poor drunken shrimp? If he ever got funny with me I'd pinch him out between my finger and my thumb like a candle."

"Is he there—at his house now?" they asked her.

"Sure then, where else would he be?" asked their agent. "There, drunk and fast asleep! And what'll you do with him now?" she asked them in her turn.

"We shall have him arrested—this morning," said the older, "now we have obtained the key."

"And then, Bridie," said the younger, smiling pleasantly but bafflingly, "we're going to turn him loose."

"You'll arrest him and then you'll turn him loose!" repeated their hearer, gazing from one to the other.

"Yes, Bridie," said the younger, with her puzzling smile. "That is our purpose. We are about to turn the Seven Dead Men loose upon Chibosh."

"Go on with you!" said Bridget Henry, identifying again that same dancing devil in her eyes she always had on her when she was a kid.

It was still there when, the visitor having gone, she called up on the telephone the special Federal district attorney, Mr. John Henry Peters, who had charge of the great Central Bridge horror investigation, reaching him at his home.

"We've got it for you, and we've located him," she told him, and gave her details.

"Hurrah for you—and votes for women!" he replied. "We'll have him locked up safely in half an hour."

It was just about that time afterward, when, hearing that this had been accomplished, they called up that Melody, that criminal faker who had been the administration's political press agent. Naturally he was much excited.

"Meeghan will call you up, we think," Miss Dorothy Jones, the younger one, informed him.

"And then, after he has done so, you will come over here and consult with us," the older, Miss Winthrop, directed.

He came, of course, right over, after Chinese Meeghan, that political boss of Chibosh they were after, had called him up and tried him out. He was all in pieces by this time, wondering what had happened.

"Where did you get it? How could you?" he asked, when they told him about the key and the evidence in the safe-deposit vault and the practical confession of the Seven Dead Men.

"Oh, that is very simple," replied the younger one with that bright, polite smile that she had.

"When you know more of the activities and resources of the women," said the older.

"There are thousands of women, of course, in a big city like this," said the younger and more conciliatory, explaining, "who are ready to do anything for the women's cause."

"The best women in the community," added the older and more direct. "Quite contrary to the situation with the men in politics."

"Who are willing to do anything, go to the front, anywhere," continued the younger. "Join Mayor True's fake campaign organization; get testimony on Meeghan; find the Seven Dead Men!"

"Who was it that did that last job?" asked Mr. Melody, thinking of all the men who had failed on it. "If you don't mind telling me."

"Oh, certainly not," said the polite one. "It was a friend—an old nurse of mine—that caught him finally."

"But working under us," said the other—"our instructions, you understand. For the whole campaign against you and your Mayor True and your Chinese Meeghan began right here—in this room."

"But what'll I do," asked Mr. Melody, interrupting, thinking always of his own position, "now Chinese Meeghan knows that I have double-crossed him and will be getting after me?"

"He won't go after you," said the older woman politician quite positively. "Not yet a while."

"Not while he thinks he might trade with you—to save himself—will he?" asked the younger, softer-talking one.

"To extricate himself from the situation he now finds himself in," explained the older.

"But—but," stammered Mr. Melody, "that might be all right for now. But what can you do for me when Meeghan finally finds out that I have double-crossed him? How can you keep him from sending me back to prison then?"

"We will not disregard your interests when that time comes," said the older. "You may be sure of that."

"We'll get you off with the least possible punishment—if you can help us throughout, while we put Mr. Meeghan into prison for his responsibility for this Central Bridge matter," said the other, continuing this cold comfort.

"If you are entirely faithful to us," said the older one.

"I'll be faithful! I'll be faithful! You can count on that!" said Mr. Melody with forced enthusiasm.

"That's fine," said the older.

"That's perfectly lovely," said the younger one, "for we shall want now to keep you busy—to start you right away on your new work—for the press."

"My new work!" repeated Mr. Melody, and paused, considering deeply, while she gave her answer.

"Yes," she said. "While we turn loose the Seven Dead Men on Chibosh through the channels of the press."

"Sure," said Mr. Melody with a quick and intelligent alacrity. For he saw, of course, just what they were after. "We'll turn him loose and wild!"

III

IT WAS on Monday morning, in the press of Chibosh, that there came the account of the capture of the Seven Dead Men by a mysterious woman, a sensation overshadowing and burying under a smaller headline even the tremendous crisis in international ward politics caused by the combination of the world-wide anarchist plot in the greeting of Mayor True to General Gonfardino, which had been spread over every front page of the morning previous.

The Peoples Pictures displayed as its opening two large portraits, side by side, of a man past middle age, with a small, round, close-haired head and rather watery-looking eyes; and a large, substantial, round-faced woman in a small hat—the whole ornamented at the four corners with cupids, tied with ribbons and connected with a chain of keys to form a border. Over this, it asked in bold black type:

DID LOVE LURE SEVEN DEAD MEN?

On an inside page, continuing this thought, it said:

WOMEN'S WILES WIN WITNESS

COSTING KEY AND CAPTURE
TO GALLAGHER, GREATEST GRAFT WITNESS IN FEDERAL INVESTIGATION OF GREAT CENTRAL BRIDGE HORROR CONTRACTS

In opening, it raised the question:

Will women's wiles win in public prosecutions when all men's machinations fail? Such is the question raised by the capture of John Gallagher, the notorious Seven Dead Men, long sought by the authorities of Chibosh and the nation, through the clever work of a woman detective, in his hiding place yesterday. Gallagher himself admits that it was love for a too fascinating widow that brought him into custody.

The woman in the case, Mrs. Bridget Henry, refuses to be interviewed or to state whether she was acting for herself or for others in this matter. There are persistent rumors, however, that in her work she was representing a large but so far anonymous organization of women who have bound themselves together with the firmly avowed purpose of cleaning up the city of Chibosh.

The Morning Truth, upon its front page, further developed and illustrated the last thought of this paragraph. It said in its opening first-page headline:

MAYOR'S MILLION WOMEN SEIZE SEVEN DEAD MEN

Following this, it said more fully in its text:

The sensational seizure yesterday of John Gallagher, the so-called Seven Dead Men, by a woman, marks a new era in the history of Chibosh, if not the nation. The Morning Truth is enabled to say that this signal service to the city is due to the efforts of a well-known woman's organization, The True Women Home Defenders, organized through the efforts of Mayor Herman J. True. Growing with tremendous speed, its aim now a million members, the new society makes this as its first contribution to the welfare of the city, which it was organized to promote.

Mayor True, quick to recognize the great value of this act, has sent this appreciation of their work to the organization of his founding:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
MAYOR'S OFFICE,
CITY OF CHIBOSH.

MRS. BERTHA J. SPIGGOTT,
President of the True Women Home Defenders.

My dear Mrs. Spiggott: Congratulations on your wonderful work! It is, indeed, a great gratification to me to know that an organization in which I had the humble part of first founding should in so short a time in every way exceed my expectations.

May you soon reach the mark of a million membership, which you have set yourself, and may you ever be as successful as in this, your first great service to the city of Chibosh! Let the good work for the people go on!

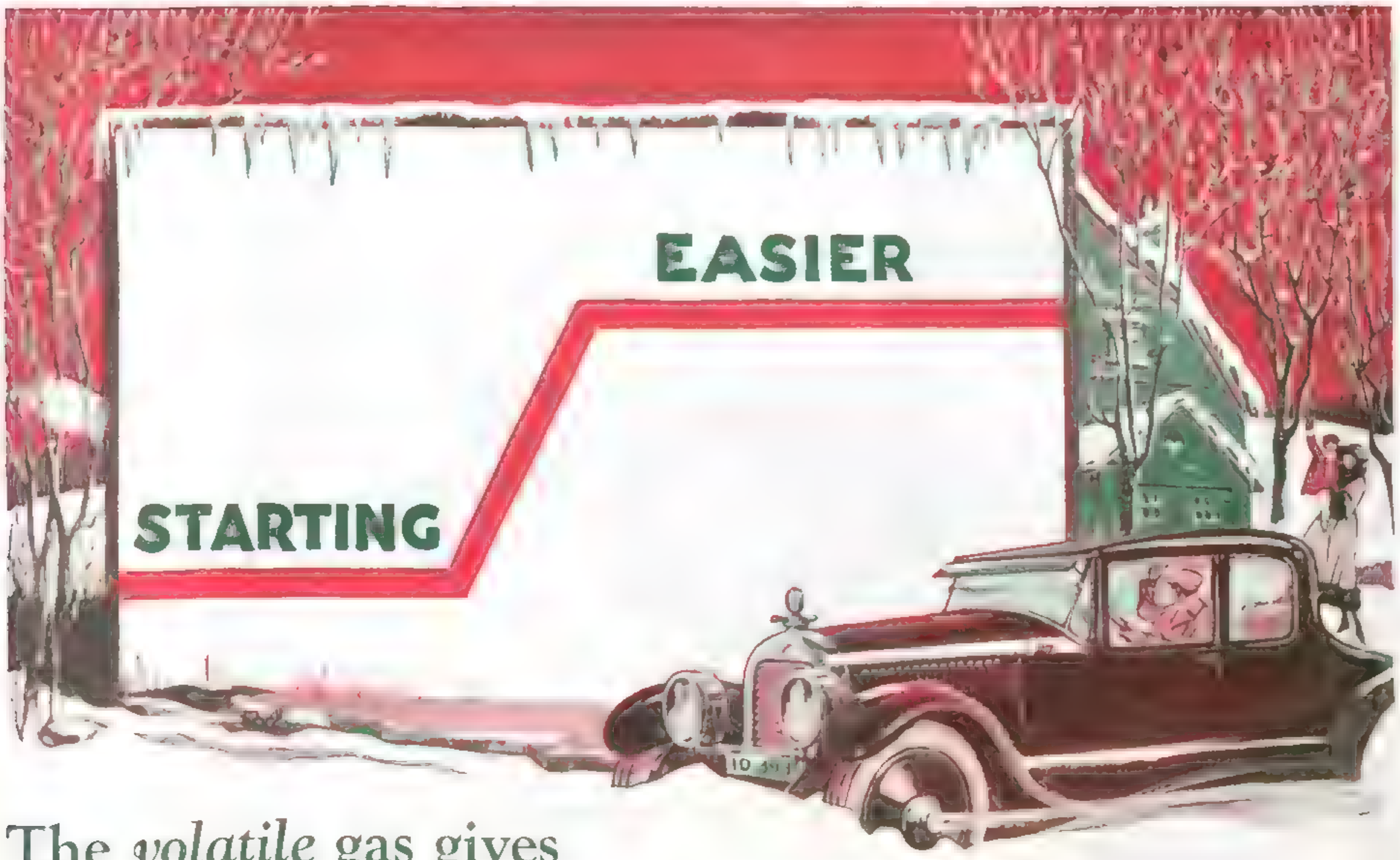
Yours to serve,
HERMAN J. TRUE, Mayor.

It was with intense surprise that, following this, the citizens of Chibosh received in the later edition of Peoples Pictures, that very day, the first news, or even intimation, of the unanticipated collapse of its chief executive. In busy offices, in restless streets, in both humble and palatial homes, they read with a distinct sense of shock the unexpected headline:

STRICKEN MAYOR SAILS FOR EUROPE

Beneath, in the center of the page, on a photograph of the great transatlantic steamship Imperatrix was indicated the bed about which the mayor's family and physician, Dr. George Barclay Beagle, had gathered before his sailing. Beneath this were disposed the various popular portraits of the active mayor—while speaking in defense of the American flag, while addressing the Schützenbund on Justice for Germany, while pushing the baby carriage of a constituent, and while patting the last fire-department horse on the nose.

(Continued on Page 97)



The *volatile* gas gives instant response at any temperature

After hours of standing in a snow drift, or after a long night in a cold garage—the car run with Texaco gasoline is ready to *go* at a touch of the spark.

Every atom of Texaco gasoline is alive with *ready* power—under all conditions, in all temperatures.

Run your car with Texaco this winter and see how different the car feels: more responsive, more alive, from the moment of starting.

And with Texaco Motor Oil—the clean, clear, golden colored, full-bodied lubricant (it flows freely at zero) in the crank-case——you have the perfect combination for any engine in any temperature.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

RUN IT WITH TEXACO GASOLINE SAVE IT WITH TEXACO MOTOR OIL

TEXACO

GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

One arm or one eye?

TURNED down again! The same reason—only one arm. "I'm sorry," said the Employment Manager regretfully, "but I'm afraid we have no place for you here now. I'll keep you in mind if anything turns up."

This man who has lost his arm finds it difficult to get a job because industrial efficiency demands that there be a complete man at every machine. Yet the successful applicant is frequently much less fitted for his work than the one-armed man. For Employment Managers are hiring "one-eyed workers" without knowing it. In America there are 25,000,000 people who don't realize that they need glasses.

The "one-eyed" men of Industry

Call them "one-eyed"—for two eyes which do not see properly may be of no more use than one. Think of it! Three out of every four workers are thus afflicted.*

These employees with defective eyesight are unconsciously barred from giving their employers the sort of service which they are striving so hard to give. Thus it's small wonder that so many employers are puzzled over the problem of getting maximum production. Three-fourths of America's factory workers are victims of bad vision, and don't know it. Nor can they be expected to know it without an eye-examination, that sole standard of eyesight efficiency, the foundation of the movement for good eyesight in industry.

Where wage-earner and wage-payer agree

Thanks to the ceaseless efforts of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff and other agencies, employers are discovering that this movement stands for increased efficiency, that it means top-notch production from every human being in the plant. Employees are finding that good vision stands for a fat pay envelope and promotion.

And while bad vision does not proclaim itself as openly as an empty sleeve, it can be detected readily and corrected by an expert. The formula is simple:

If you are an employer, have your employees' eyes examined without delay; and make plans for regular examinations in the future.

If you are an employee and your employer has not done this, have *your* eyes examined at once.

*Herbert Hoover's Committee on Elimination of Waste in Industry found an overwhelming percentage of bad eyesight uncorrected. Out of 2,906 garment workers, for instance, only 748, or 25%, had normal vision.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH
PRODUCTS
for Better Eyesight

All that Science can give;
all that Artistry can add

Copyright 1923, American Optical Company

(Continued from Page 94)

On its inside pages, elaborating the breath-taking news more fully, it said:

SICK MAYOR SENT ABROAD

MEMORY IS ENTIRELY GONE. MENTAL OVERSTRAIN CAUSES SUDDEN COLLAPSE, SAYS FAMILY PHYSICIAN, DR. GEORGE BARCLAY BEAGLE

In the opening of the explanatory text it said:

Stricken by mental overwork, his memory a blank, Herman J. True, mayor of Chibosh, was removed this morning from his desk at City Hall to the great transatlantic steamship Imperatrix, which sailed for Europe this noon. His case is diagnosed by Dr. George Barclay Beagle, the great public-health expert and Mayor True's family physician, who was with him until sailing time, as follows:

"Brain collapse," said Dr. Beagle to a Peoples Pictures interviewer on the Imperatrix this morning. "There you have it in two words. Brain collapse, from his work for the people of Chibosh—that is all! But that is quite enough—from his standpoint, for his mind, his memory, is now a blank.

"As a brain worker, I have never seen his equal. Fourteen or fifteen hours a day of prodigious and protracted brain work, for the people of Chibosh—that was his regular program. Now he pays the penalty. Physically he is well enough; but his mind, so far as memory goes, is gone—a blank.

"Rest—nothing but rest will save him. For months, perhaps for years, he must hear nothing of public affairs. For years, without doubt, he and his family must devote themselves to the building up and recovery of his memory, which is now entirely lost."

Supplementing this, the headlines and text of the Evening Truth said:

AMNESIA STRIKES DOWN MAYOR

SEVEN DEAD MEN LAST STRAW

LATEST SUCCESS FOR PEOPLE SENDS MAYOR TRUE IN COLLAPSE TO EUROPE. HIS LAST MESSAGE IS TO WOMEN OF CHIBOSH

His memory a blank, surrounded by his family, in a state of coma, Mayor Herman J. True is now on his way to Europe, paying the penalty for his overwork in his latest success in behalf of the people of Chibosh—the arrest of John Gallagher, the so-called Seven Dead Men of the great Central Bridge horror graft investigation.

The last words of Mayor True, on being stricken at his desk in City Hall, were: "It is all right all right! My Women Home Defenders have got the Seven Dead Men!"

Following this came complete collapse, both speech and memory failing him. Dr. George Barclay Beagle, the family physician, being called in, pronounced it an extreme case of amnesia; and it was decided, upon his advice, to send the mayor at once for treatment to Doctor Proginthog, the great amnesia specialist in Vienna.

Doctor Beagle, in commenting on his condition, upon leaving the steamship, said concerning the patient: "You cannot tell just when he may recover. It may be days, it may be weeks, it may be years before his memory returns. Only one thing is certain—for months, at least, he must hear no mention of public affairs in Chibosh. That would be absolutely fatal."

IV

UPON Tuesday morning—so fast were events moving in Chibosh—the sudden going of Mayor True, though still vivid in all minds, was displaced upon the front page of the Morning Truth for its leading headline by the question:

HABEAS CORPUS FOR SEVEN DEAD MEN?

Elaborating this, it gave an interview with the attorneys of the arrested man, Goldfish & Goldfish, who spoke with indignation upon the legal outrage which was being perpetrated under the eyes of all the citizens of Chibosh upon not only their client but the American people:

"Whether or not this man is guilty," said I. Goldfish to the Morning Truth reporter, "we will not discuss at this time. But we say this, and we say it loud so there will be no mistake: The issue here is bigger and stronger than this one man. It concerns every American citizen, to whom the same thing may at any time happen, if this iniquitous legal outrage is put over.

"The primary guaranties of the Constitution are being denied in this case. The wisdom of our forefathers distinctly specifies that no man can be railroaded to prison, as they are doing here to this man. We shall demand the constitutional right of habeas corpus, and no court will deny it. We stake our professional reputations on this."

Nevertheless, later on in the morning, the right of habeas corpus was in fact denied to their client, Mr. Gallagher. This development, though given first place in the Evening Truth, was awarded second consideration in Peoples Pictures. In a later edition of this the leading headline said:

BOSS MEEGHAN'S BROTHER OVERCOME!

Below this it gave the pictured record of an interesting story its photographic staff had secured on the water front, showing the taking away from the city for treatment of the brother, it was alleged, and business partner of Chinese Meeghan. Different snapshots showed the ambulance and the attendants, and the stretcher on which the patient was taken aboard the steamer. The face of the sick man was not shown, but other portraits given showed the great personal resemblance between the stricken man, who it was said was on his way to Europe for treatment, and his more celebrated brother and partner, Chinese Meeghan, the silent master politician of Chibosh.

The text published with these pictures was more than usually scant. Neither the ambulance attendants nor the house of the sick man desired to give details beyond the fact that it was he who had gone. And Chinese Meeghan himself could not be found.

It was upon Wednesday morning that the error in this account was corrected and the full facts revealed by the headlines and text of the rival popular publication, the Morning Truth, when it said:

MEMORY GONE, MEEGHAN GOES!

In explanation it said:

Chinese, or Silent, Meeghan, known as the uncrowned king of Chibosh, was suddenly stricken and entirely deprived of speech after luncheon yesterday afternoon, and was removed at once, on the advice of physicians, to shipboard for treatment by European specialists.

"His speech may be recovered," said Dr. George Barclay Beagle, his physician, in a statement to the press; "but his memory, for now and probably for months to come, is gone. There is a deep lesion affecting all the memory centers. It may be years before he can remember consecutively."

A silent, masterful personality, shunning the fierce spotlight of publicity of the present day, Meeghan's method of leaving anonymously in an ambulance, even his face covered over on his stretcher, the city he had ruled is characteristic of the man. Little known or seen by the citizens of Chibosh, those who knew him best describe him as a self-made man, often kind to his mother and the poor in his ward, and state that the story of his having murdered his younger brother over a game of craps in early life, though often repeated, has never been substantiated in any court of law.

His sudden mental collapse and his leaving for the baths of Baden, following the sudden breakdown of Mayor True, and at just the time when Meeghan's decision on the mayoralty candidate for next fall is usually being brought to a head, has thrown great confusion into the political councils of Chibosh. But his leaving was, it is alleged, absolutely unavoidable.

"You can take it from me," his physician, Doctor Beagle, stated positively yesterday, "the man's whole memory is gone. There is nothing left."

It was on this same afternoon, of the day following the news of the refusal of the issue of habeas corpus to John Gallagher, the Seven Dead Men, that his attorneys, Goldfish & Goldfish, sat in deep conversation with Mr. Michael F. Melody, manager of the Phantom Factory of Mayor True.

Entirely unexpectedly to himself, by the sudden and unnatural movements of his principals during the past few days, this official still sat in the offices which he had so long directed, holding them very calmly by default. His calm, still face still looked blandly across his desk at Messrs. Goldfish and Goldfish as they addressed him from under the great identical portraits of Mayor Herman J. True, until recently the mayor of Chibosh, speaking warningly, as they repeated their offer.

"Take it or leave it! It's our last offer!" said Mr. I. Goldfish.

"One hundred thousand dollars!" said Mr. A. Goldfish, smiling damply.

"If you don't take it you're lost!" said the younger attorney in a hard voice.

"One hundred thousand!" repeated the older alluringly.

"You know what Meeghan will do to you," stated the younger, "if you don't come through! How long you'll be out of jail when he knows you've done him finally!"

"The same as with Gallagher," said the older Goldfish. "Meeghan speaks the word—bing! Gallagher goes to the chair! He sends a wireless—bing! You go back to Federal prison!"

"Will it do you any good all this?" asked Mr. Melody, speaking, but merely to gain time.

"That's our business," said I. Goldfish coldly.

"Sure it will do good," said his more amiable father. "Ain't we got Gallagher where we want him—sewed up? And can't we sew up that safe-deposit business for months and months with the legal acts we know? Ain't the woman and you all there is left?"

"Yes; and when I come through for you, what about me?" asked Mr. Melody. "How'll I know I'll be protected?"

"We'll fix that up," said I. Goldfish.

"Easy! Easy!" said his friendly father.

"And what can these women do for you," asked I. Goldfish, "when Meeghan once gets after you?"

"Nothing," his father answered for Mr. Melody. "Nothing, nothing! Not even keep him out of jail!"

"Well, what do you say?" demanded the younger, gruffer Goldfish. "Make it snappy!"

"One hundred thousand!" said the alluring older Goldfish once again, smiling still more poignantly.

"Two hundred thousand and I'll do it!" said Mr. Melody.

"Two hundred thousand—for just one little wedding!" said the older, more emotional Goldfish, shaking a sad head. "Crazy! Crazy! All gone!"

"Will you start right after her tonight?" his more abrupt son asked Mr. Melody, interrupting with a gesture.

"In thirty seconds," said Mr. Melody.

"You're on!" said I. Goldfish.

V

IT WAS Friday, the second morning from this, giving Mr. Melody but one day of work on his new enterprise, that Peoples Pictures once more startled the reading population of Chibosh with its opening statement indicating more news in this remarkable case:

HUGE PLOT TO WED SEVEN DEAD MEN

Below this were pictures of Mr. Gallagher, the so-called Seven Dead Men, of Mrs. Bridget Henry, his captor, who alleged she had been offered a huge bribe to wed the former, of the widow's sitting room, in which this was said to have taken place; and still another, purporting to be—but not really being—a likeness of Mr. Michael F. Melody, the most carefully unknown man in Chibosh. In the story on its inner page it said:

WIDOW SPURNS GIGANTIC BRIBE TO WED CELEBRATED WITNESS

ALLEGED SENSATIONAL ATTEMPT TO THWART JUSTICE. WARRANTS ISSUED

Having received offers of a large sum of money, alleged to be between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars, if she would wed John Gallagher, the so-called Seven Dead Men—held as a principal and witness in the great Central Bridge horror graft investigation—Mrs. Bridget Henry, masking her indignation, says she encouraged the negotiations and notified the office of the special Federal district attorney, John Henry Peters, who is in charge of this case.

Accordingly, secreted in a room adjoining hers in the house where she boards, agents of the Federal official heard and took down, it is alleged, evidence showing an offer of a great bribe which would be Mrs. Henry's if, by performing and pleading a secret marriage to Gallagher, her testimony should be rendered useless to the state from the fact that she was his wife.

The offer of the nuptial bribe is said by the Federal authorities to have been made by one Michael F. Melody, a man of mystery, who has for some years conducted an enterprise known as the Peoples Political Forum in the Central Empire Building. This man is still at large; but a warrant is said to be out for his arrest—and, it is said, others. The names of two well-known political lawyers are also mentioned in the affair. Repeated visits by representatives of Peoples Pictures to Melody's headquarters disclosed merely the fact that it was empty.

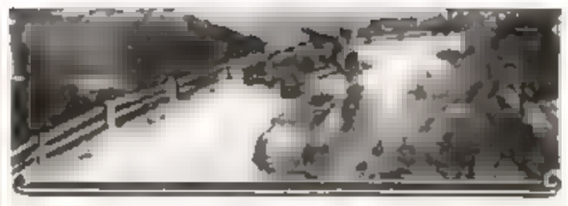
The Truth, in its evening edition, following a story similar to this in the morning, gave the following news its leading headlines:

GOLDFISH & GOLDFISH GO

STATE GALLAGHER'S MEMORY IS GONE

DR. GEORGE BARCLAY BEAGLE SAILS TO JOIN MAYOR TRUE IN VIENNA. OTHER POLITICAL NOTABLES ON EUROPEAN VACATION

Leaving temporarily in other hands the case of Gallagher, the so-called Seven Dead Men, whose attorneys they were, but denying that the latest revelation in the celebrated graft



Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote

Which are new cars?

Every day you see hundreds of sparkling new cars go flashing by. But which are really new?—which have been renewed at home with Murphy Da-cote?

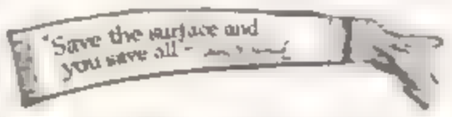
It's hard to tell, for more than 2,000,000 car owners have used this smooth-flowing enamel to bring back the youthful brilliance of their cars.

All you do is give the car a good cleaning. Then take a soft varnish brush and flow on Da-cote,—black, white or any of ten smart colors.

Don't worry about brush marks or laps. They naturally melt away as you paint, leaving a surface smooth and lustrous as satin.

Da-cote dries overnight and in the morning you have a new car. Let it stand another day if convenient and it'll be ready for the road—another new car to go flashing by!

Da-cote is also widely used on porch and kitchen furniture, baby carriages and all kinds of wood and metal surfaces. Wonderfully durable.



Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited
Montreal, Canadian Associate

case—the gigantic wedding plot exposed by the Truth this morning—had any effect on their decision, Goldfish & Goldfish, the well-known lawyers and politicians, sailed this morning upon the Utopia for Europe.

"It is only a legal matter of highest importance which would take us from our client at this time," they stated. "We shall be back at the earliest possible moment and in ample time to take up the interests of our client, when the date is set for the continuation of the investigation.

"Besides, it would be useless for the prosecution to try to examine him now. Gallagher has always been a drinker—a hard-drinking man. The shock of arrest has thrown him into delirium tremens, and his memory is useless—a total blank."

Dr. George Barclay Beagle was also a passenger upon the steamer. He stated to an Evening Truth representative that he went in response to wireless messages saying that Mayor True's memory is no better, and asking him to meet him for consultation, as his family physician, with Doctor Proginthog, of Vienna, the great amnesia specialist. Dr. Beagle also states that before returning he will probably consult with his other patient, Mr. Martin, or Chinese Meeghan, at Baden.

A large number of other leaders in the political life of Chibosh were also passengers on the steamship.

It was on Saturday that further light was thrown upon the baffling matter of greatest sentimental and sensational interest in Chibosh, the wedding conspiracy of the Seven Dead Men, by the Morning Truth's leading headline:

ORGANIZED WOMEN IN WEDDING PLOT

PROSECUTOR PETERS ADMITS TRUTH'S CONTENTIONS. STATES CAPTURE AND DETENTION OF SO-CALLED SEVEN DEAD MEN DUE SOLELY TO WOMEN'S VIGILANCE. "WAS, BUT IS NOT MAYOR TRUE'S WOMEN HOME DEFENDERS," HE AVERS

In opening its story it stated:

John Henry Peters, the prosecutor of the Federal investigation of the Central Bridge horror graft case, made a sensational admission to the Morning Truth last evening, in the statement that the pursuit and capture of the so-called Seven Dead Men, and the uncovering of the great wedding plot—yesterday laid bare by the Morning Truth—was, as the Truth has stated from the first, the work of a huge organization of women who have been upon this trail for months.

"These women are livewires," he said. "You will hear from them later."

In response to a question from the Morning Truth representative as to whether the organization behind these women was not in fact Mayor True's Women Home Defenders, the special prosecutor said, "It was, but it is not." Further than this he refused to speak, saying that this was a matter which must be announced by the women themselves when they were prepared to do so.

Left suspended in the air by this new mystery in the mysterious wedding bribery case in the career of the mysterious Mr. Gallagher, the citizens of Chibosh were not advanced to a further understanding until the following morning, when the enterprise of the Morning Truth led them further, through the following headlines and text:

SEVEN DEAD MEN'S CAPTORS KNOWN

SIX MILLION WOMEN ON TRAIL OF MALE POLITICIANS IN AMERICA AND CHIBOSH. REORGANIZATION OF WOMEN HOME DEFENDERS. PLAN TO ELECT JOHN HENRY PETERS MAYOR

Declaring the women voters will yet reform both the Federal and local governments of the United States, Miss Adelaide Winthrop, one of the two women of mystery who planned and carried out the sensational seizure of John Gallagher, the so-called Seven Dead Men in the Central Bridge horror investigation, laid bare to a representative of the Morning Truth yesterday the ambitious plans, carrying out which she and one other accomplished the capture of Gallagher, the seizure of Mayor True's women's organization, the True Home Defenders, and by a bitter irony of fate expect now to bring about through the last the election of the chief rival of Mayor True for the mayoralty, John Henry Peters, at the polls of Chibosh next fall.

"The stage is all set for this final action in our plan," she said. "But it is not to us two that the credit is due, but to the class of women voters of Chibosh and the United States who are now coming forward everywhere to put principles into politics.

"It is this kind of women in Chibosh who secretly joined and now have taken over the old-fashioned fake political organization, first known as the True Women Home Defenders. They have at least 95 per cent of its membership, and have now reorganized it under a new name, with their own officers, including Miss Dorothy Jones as president and myself as secretary."

"Miss Jones is the other woman in this case?" asked the representative of the Morning Truth.

"My associate—yes," said Miss Winthrop, "from the first, when we started on this campaign alone, but always certain of success, because of our knowledge of the type of women who are coming into the new women's political work. It was as representative of this type that we early decided—although then alone—that we would really and thoroughly clean up the city of Chibosh politically, would arrest this Mr. Gallagher that you newspapers have named the Seven Dead Men, with such others as might be found responsible for this Central Bridge horror, and elect a man of the caliber of Mr. John Henry Peters, the prosecutor of this investigation, as mayor of our city next fall.

"From all present indications our purposes will all be carried out, including the last. For you gentlemen of the press know better than I how often a successful prosecution of this kind in Chibosh has carried its prosecutor to the highest political offices in this city and the nation. And that, gentlemen, is all I have to say to you today."

"Now Meeghan Sends Down His Threats to Me: It Will Mean My Life if I Do Not Hand It Over"

VI

IT WAS on Sunday, the morning following this interview, that Miss Dorothy Jones, the new president of the Chibosh Women Voters' Association—recently the True Women Home Defenders—and Miss Adelaide Winthrop, its secretary, were in their modest rooms in the older residence section of the city, according another interview to the newspaper representatives of the metropolis on the women's political movement of today, and an estimate of its membership.

"Tell us, won't you, Miss Winthrop," asked the blond lady reporter, speaking for the three male reporters with her, in the easy but deferential way she had, "all about the women in politics—just where they have arrived today. How they compare with the men in politics."

The three men reporters gazed with her at the severe but sophisticated figure before them.

"They compare very well, in my opinion," she now asserted, "in spite of many common misconceptions. For instance," she stated, going on, "the women are the really organized sex in this country. I suppose you know that."

The three male reporters gazed back a little dimly. But the blond lady reporter again spoke for them.

"You must tell them, Miss Winthrop," she said. "Men don't understand."

"Any man must know," the latter said, scrutinizing the male reporters, "that his own women now belong to more societies than he does himself—and more important ones. That is, among the better-class women, the really American women, especially in the past ten years.

"There are six million members of women's organizations in this country today," she asserted—"all organizations of the better class, who constitute the new element in American politics, under active women leaders."

"Political organizations?" hazarded the youngest male reporter.

"No and yes," replied his instructress. "They were not organized primarily for politics. They were organized often along other lines—literary, social, religious, temperance—along higher lines of principle. But gradually their principles took them into politics.

"You may object," said the speaker, gazing at them, as one practical person to another, "that all this organization of women is academic, utopian, impractical, entirely different from the so-called practical politics of men. And in that, I am glad to say, I agree with you.

"What," she asked now logically and severely, "is the great outstanding feature of the so-called practical politics in America today as it has been conducted by the men?"

The male reporters indicated by shaking their heads that they did not know

"That it is founded upon a system of discards," she asserted. "Is it not?"

"A system of discards?" repeated the oldest male reporter, quite clearly puzzled by the expression.

"Certainly," said the speaker. "You must know that. It is written all over the American history of the past fifty years. The more prosperous and busier and more successful men do not take time to perform their political duties—you know that. They discard the whole matter of politics, and it falls necessarily, by default, into the hands of the less successful and less intelligent, who find it worth their while to take it up. So not only the voting but the conduct of politics, discarded, falls into the hands of social and economic discards."

"You mean?" asked the lady reporter politely.

"I mean," returned their teacher, "what you all know, that men in political life—public men, officials, and especially political managers—are largely the discards of the more attractive and lucrative professions; men who have not fitted in, usually have not ability to fit in elsewhere. They are discards. And when it comes to great cities the discard is pretty deep. For the type of men in practical politics there—rising largely from the slums—are the discards not only of the city but of their own section; men who have failed as a class to measure up to the better jobs provided even by the poorest section. How could it be otherwise, with the present attitude of men toward politics? But I need not tell you this," she said, appealing to her listeners. "You know that from meeting politicians in your profession."

Three of the four reporters seemed to nod assent to this statement, though somewhat slowly and thoughtfully.

"So when they speak of corruption as the main fault in our political system as it has been conducted by men," continued their instructress, "I am inclined very much to dispute the statement. It is not honesty that we so much lack—bad as that lack is—but intelligence; a lack brought about by the process of discards which I have just outlined to you—the American man's system of government by discards—the so-called practical politics of the men of this country. They have succeeded—the men—in organizing politics of this country from the bottom up. That is the net result of their boasted practical politics. On the whole, I prefer, if necessary, the more impractical form of politics—if it is impractical—as organized by the women."

"Just what is that," inquired the blond lady reporter, "if we may ask?"

"Women organize—or have so far—from the top down; and I for one prefer this type of organization—from the women's clubs and the church societies and the temperance organizations down—to the men's organization of their so-called practical politics from the bottom up—from the slums up, in other words. It furnishes rather more character, and certainly as much brains," she said.

"If we do say so!" broke in the other and younger woman, the president of the new organization, who had been listening without speech, with merely an occasional bright, cordial but baffling smile.

"Why shouldn't we say so if it is true?" asked her companion with a rigid insistence. "Why shouldn't we say that woman's coming brings a new force into American politics, both morally and intellectually? That the church is founded on the work and loyalty of woman, that the temperance movement was hers, and most of the welfare work—that she today has more leisure, more interest to give to public affairs than man? And that she is rapidly transferring some of the zeal and devotion which went into her religion, especially in the comparative leisure of her later life, to public affairs?"

"Then you think," asked the blond lady reporter, gazing a little quizzically at her male companions, "that on the whole the woman voter is apt to be a better citizen than the man?"

"Let the facts speak for themselves," the one questioned replied. "In what parts of Chibosh is the largest percentage of registration and voting by the men? In the slums and the less prosperous and less educated sections, is it not?"

The male reporters nodding, admitted this.

"And what about the women?"

"It is just the other way around," said the lady reporter triumphantly. "I looked it up. You'd be surprised. I was. They can't make the women register and vote in the poorer districts."

"Exactly," said the secretary of the Chibosh Women Voters' Association. "Women organize and function in politics from the top down—directly opposite from the men. And that is why we are going to elect John Henry Peters mayor this fall. Aren't we?" she said to the male reporters, now questioning in her turn.

"How can you help it," replied one, "since his work on this bridge-graft investigation?"

"It will be unanimous, as far as I can see," the second one confirmed him. "Who'll oppose him? The old gang has all skipped town."

(Continued on Page 102

100,000 miles and more —

Owners' records of continuous sustained transportation

WHITE TRUCKS, as far back as 1917, had made 100,000 miles a standard of measure for motor truck performance. Hundreds of those veterans have since run on to 200,000 miles, then 300,000 miles—some even more than 500,000 miles. And other hundreds of later White Trucks each year pass the 100,000-mile mark.

Isolated accomplishments are not performance standards. A delivery truck may do 200,000 miles on fine, level roads with ordinary load. Another truck, laboring with heaping load out of a gravel pit many times a day, or snaking its way over cobblestone streets, hauling massive steel girders, may deliver equal truck value long before its actual mileage reaches even 25,000 miles.

Assuring continuous sustained transportation everywhere

But White Trucks—all models—have built up mileages in multiples of 100,000, in all lines of work, under all conditions of road, load and climate.

White Trucks go everywhere—over mountains, through uncut timberlands, through deep snow, over rut-torn or trackless oil fields, through deep sand or clinging mud, in the heat of the tropics or the sub-zero of the frozen north.

There are 2,362 White Trucks of all models recorded here, each one's mileage vouched for by its owner. There are many additional Whites, not listed, with equal mileages of which we have no accurate record. This list is published annually. No other truck manufacturer has ever approached such convincing proof of sustained, continuous transportation.

144 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 300,000 MILES AND MORE EACH

Arteslan Well and Supply Co	1	Foster & Kleiser Co	1	Lehnhardt Candy Co	1	Park Auto Transportation Co	3	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co	1
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	1	The Fuller Cleaning Co	2	Lexington Dry Goods Co	1	Peerless Stage Co	2	Tacoma Brewing Co	2
Frank Bird Transfer Co	7	General Petroleum Corp	2	Lloyds Transportation Co	4	Peninsula Rapid Transit Co	15	J. M. Traxler	1
Bludwine Bottling Co	1	Good Hope Water Co	1	Long's Transfer Co	1	Perfection Bread Co	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co	2
Blue Shore Stage Line	3	C A Hagen & Co	2	Lynnfield Community, Inc	2	J J Potts	1	United States Bakery	1
Boulevard Transit Co	1	Hancock Bros. Fruit Co	2	E. M. McKay	1	Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co	4	United Transportation Co	2
Boulevard Transportation Co	3	Wm M Hendrickson	1	Madera-Fresno Stage Co	3	Sacramento-Auburn Stage Co	1	Valley Transit Co	15
Bower Transportation Co	1	Hershey Cuban Railway	2	R M Mathis	1	Santa Rosa-Petaluma-Sausalito Stage Co	2	Vitagraph Co	1
Bradford Baking Co	3	Humptulips Logging Co	1	Mesaba Motor Co	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1	Westfield Laundry Co	1
Buffalo Drug Co	1	Interstate Bus Lines	1	Mesaba Transportation Co	2	Seattle Transfer Co	1	White Transit Co., Inc.	6
Clover Leaf Dairy	1	N. S. Koos & Son Co	1	John Michalick	1	H. O. Seiffert Co	1	Woodhouse & Co	1
The Columbus Bread Co	2	Joseph Langevin & Co	1	H. Minkwitz	1	Chas Selpp Baking Co.	1	Wouters Laundry	1
George M. Cooley Co	1	S Laskau	1	Motor Transit Co (Los Angeles)	3	T. Shanahan, Jr.	1	Yosemite Laundry Co	1
Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co	5	E. W. Layer	1	New Bedford Dry Goods Co	1			R. B. Young	1
				Adam Novitzkie	1				

344 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 200,000 TO 300,000 MILES EACH

Abraham & Straus	1	Bridgeman Russell Co	2	Crystal Spring Water Co	1	Fullington Auto Bus Co	1	J. B Kelly	1
Armour & Co	2	Broadway Taxi Operating Co	8	Dallas Transportation Co	2	General Petroleum Corp	3	Kewanee Boiler Co	1
Atlantic Refining Co	1	W O. Broyles Furniture Co	1	Dalton Bus Line	1	Gifford's Express Co	1	Keystone Express Co	1
Austin Motor Transportation Co.	1	Bullock's	4	F Delomey	1	Hansen Motor Trucking Co	1	Kirchner s	2
Avondale Mills	1	Burgess-Nash Co	1	Denholm & McKay Co	1	H H Harbaugh	1	C. W. Klemm, Inc	1
Bach Transfer Co	1	Burns & Campbell Co	1	Duluth-Virginia White Bus Lines	2	Harper Garage Co	1	Kratzer s Ice Cream Co	1
C. L. Bailey Grocery Co	1	California-Fresno Stage Co	1	Dumani, Ltd	3	Haverty Furniture Co	1	S. Laskau	1
Baum's Home of Flowers, Inc	1	California Transit Co	7	Duncan & Goodell Co	1	W J Hay Co	1	Lexington Dry Goods Co	2
Bellingham Bottling Works	1	Central Torpedo Co	2	Eastern Torpedo Co	1	M B Hickman	1	City of Los Angeles Police Dept.	1
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	2	Chehalis-Raymond Transit Co	1	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd	3	The Higbee Co.	2	Peter McCabe	1
Bergner Plb., Heat. & Sup. Co	1	Clover Leaf Dairy	1	Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co	1	Hightower Transfer Line	1	McCormick Transfer Co	1
A E Berry	1	Clovis-Fresno Stage Co	2	Edwards Motor Transit Co.	2	Highway Transit Co	2	C. K. McDonald	1
J B Blood Co	1	R E. Cobb Co	1	Emerson Piano House	1	Holt Stage Line Co	2	J. A. McIntire	1
Bludwine Bottling Co	1	The Coca-Cola Bottling Wks Co	1	Farmers Mercantile Co	1	Hoquiam Ice and Cold Storage	1	E M. McKay	1
Bonwit, Teller & Co	3	Coes Wrench Co	1	Tony Fazio	1	Huddleston Park	1	McLaughlin Transfer Co	2
Boring Auto Truck Co	1	Commercial Transfer Co	1	Mike Ferro	2	The Hudson's Bay Co	1	McMahon Transportation Co	4
Boulder Bottling Works	1	John L. Conseu	1	Fleming Brothers	1	M. L. Hullett	1	Madera-Fresno Stage Co	2
Boulevard Transit Co	1	W. D Corliss & Co	1	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	2	Interstate Bus Lines	1	Main Court Garage	1
Boulevard Transportation Co	1	Couer-Barrow Co	1	W. C Fogwill	1	Interurban Autocar Co	1	Mahandre Bros	1
Bower Transportation Co	1	Crescent Silk Dye Co	1	Fowler, Dick & Walker	1	Jefferson Highway Trans. Co	1	Maryland Transportation Co	4
Bradford Baking Co	10	Crystal Ice Co	1	The Fuller Cleaning Co	2	Johnson's Express Co	1		

—*Continued on next two pages*

WHITE TRUCKS

Owners' records of 100,000,

200,000 TO 300,000 MILES—(CONTINUED)

Mendham Garage Co	2	Pacific Brewing and Malting Co.	1	H. E. Rooks	1	Smith, Richardson & Conroy	1	Tri-State Tel. and Tel. Co	1
Mesaba Transportation Co	6	Park Auto Transportation Co	3	Saka & Co	10	South Florida Bus Service	1	Tuscola Produce Co.	1
John Michaltek	1	Frank M. Paull Co	1	Sanderville Coca-Cola Bot. Co	1	The W. P. Southworth Co	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	12
Julius Miske	1	Peerless Stage Co	2	San Francisco Municipal Ry.	4	E. P. Stacy & Son	1	Union Auto Transportation Co	1
Thos. Monelle	1	Peninsula Rapid Transit Corp	9	Santa Ana Commercial Co	1	Star Transfer Co	1	United Stages, Inc	4
Motor Transit Co. (Billings	3	Perfection Bread Co	2	Santa Rosa-Petaluma-Sausalito Stage Co	7	Chas. M. Stieff, Inc	1	United States Laundry Co	2
Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles)	21	Petersen Beverage Co	1	John Sauer	1	F. S. Stimson Co	1	Valley Transit Co.	5
Mount Wilson Stage Line	1	Phelps-Dodge Corp	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1	F. F. Sturtevant Dept. Store	1	W. Walker & Son, Ltd.	1
J. Mullany & Co	1	Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co	2	Henry Schofer's Sons	1	Tacoma Brewing Co.	1	Warden & Leese	1
National Shawmut Bank	1	Ramos Brothers	1	Schulze Baking Co	1	Tacoma Gas and Fuel Co	2	Warner & Co	1
North Shore Express Co	1	T. S. Reed Grocery Co	2	Arlington Setzer	1	The Telling-Belle Vernon Co	4	M. F. Westergren	2
Ocean County Coal Co	1	G. F. Reed & Son	2	Shepherd & Story	2	Thompson & Smith Trans. Co	7	White Transit Co., Inc	12
Orange Tip Co	2	Mark Regan & Son.	1	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co	1	A. C. Titus & Co	1	C. F. Wing Co	2
Oregon Box and Mfg. Co.	2	William S. Roe	1			J. M. Traxler	2	Wood Mosaic Co., Inc	1
Pacific Baking Co	1							Yost Auto Co	2

423 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 150,000 TO 200,000 MILES EACH

Acme Furniture Co	1	J. B. Cox Transportation Co	1	Hauser Packing Co	2	J. M. Moore.	1	A. Schlehuber, Inc	2
J. N. Adam & Co.	2	Crouch Brothers Co	1	Herrmann & Grace Co	1	Moran Trucking Co	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
Adams & Pigott Co	2	John A. Cunningham	1	Highway Transit Co	2	J. J. Moreau & Son	1	Schulze Baking Co	15
Addison Auto Bus Co.	1	John B. Daniel Co	1	Holm & Olson	1	Morrison-Skinner Co	1	C. L. Scott	1
Akron Pure Milk Co.	3	The Denecke Co	1	Holmes & Wheeler	1	Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles)	26	Sherlock Baking Co	1
Akron Storage and Contr. Co	1	Dixon Transfer and Storage Co	3	Holt Stage Line Co	1	Murphy Transfer Co	1	J. L. & A. R. Sherrill	1
Alabama Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	1	Duluth-Virginia White Bus Lines	3	The Hudson's Bay Co	1	Muscatine, Burlington & So. R. R.	1	Silva-Bergtholdt Co	1
Alamo Foods Co	1	The East Ohio Gas Co	1	M. L. Hullett	1	National Shawmut Bank	1	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co	3
A. L. Ammen Transportation Co.	6	Eastern Torpedo Co	2	The Humphrey Co	1	Nelson Farms	1	Southwest Welding Co	1
Andre & Andre	1	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd	2	The Hunt Mercantile Co	1	New Orleans Item	1	Spearin Transfer Line	1
Atlantic Ice and Coal Corp	3	Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co	1	Independent School Dist. No. 51	1	Joe O'Neil	1	St. Bernard Mining Co	1
Christian Atz	1	Eberhardt-Hays Music Co	1	Indianapolis Abattoir Co	1	The M. O'Neil Co	1	E. P. Stacy & Son	3
C. W. Baker	1	S. Edmondson	1	I. M. Iralson & Son	1	O'Neill & Co	1	The Star Baking Co.	1
Baltimore Transit Co	10	Chas. F. Eggers Co	1	Jefferson Highway Trans. Co	2	Orange Tip Co	1	Stroh Bros. Delivery Co	4
The Barton Co	3	Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co	3	Johnson's Express Co	1	Orchard & Wilhelm Co	1	B. R. Summers.	1
Bensinger Bros	1	Erie Food Products Co	1	Johnson & Chronis	1	Oregon Box Co	1	Tacoma Taxi. and Bag. Tr. Co	1
The Berz Co	1	Famous Players-Lasky Corp	1	Jones-Scott Co	1	Ottawa Hills Co	2	The Telling-Belle Vernon Co	5
Bessemer Taxi Co	3	W. W. Farnsworth Co	1	Jonesboro, Lake City & East. R. R.	1	Pacific Baking Co	3	Tooke Bros., Ltd.	1
The Bledsoe Co	1	Flint Furniture Co	1	R. E. Keister	1	Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.	1	Tubbesing & Nelson	1
Block & Kuhl Co	1	Florida Motor Transportation Co	3	Kern County Transportation Co	3	Pacific Northwest Traction Co	5	20th Century Heat. and Vent. Co.	1
J. B. Blood Co	1	Hugo H. Foerster	2	Kimberly-Clark Co	1	Paige Brothers	2	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	3
Bonwit Teller & Co	2	Foley Auto Delivery	1	The Kirk Co	1	Panama Lubricants Co	1	United Cape Cod Cranberry Co	1
The Botzum Bros. Co	1	Foster & Kleiser Co	1	S. Kohn & Sons Co	1	Pennzoil Co	1	United Home Dressed Meat Co.	1
Boulder Bottling Works	1	Francis Carriage Co	1	Kratzer's Ice Cream Co	1	Perfection Bread Co	2	United Railways and Elec. Co	11
Bradford Baking Co	13	William L. Freeman	1	S. Laskau	1	Pierce Bros. & Co	1	United States Bakery	4
George M. Brice	1	Friends Hospital	1	C. C. Lilley	1	Pierce Desk Co	1	United States Trucking Corp	1
Brooklandwood Farms	1	The Fries & Schuele Co	1	City of Los Angeles, Police Dept.	1	W. E. Pierce Desk Co	1	Verner Springs Water Co.	1
C. Earl Brown	1	George B. Fritz	1	Los Angeles Gas and Elec. Corp	2	Pierce Trucking Co	1	John D. Wager	1
Brumby Chair Co.	1	The Fuller Cleaning Co	1	Lyons Express Co	2	Pioneer Truck Co	1	City of Wakefield	1
Bullock's	4	Ralph Furness	1	McArdle & Casazza	1	J. A. Poole	1	W. Walker & Son, Ltd.	2
W. A. Burpee	1	Gatti-McQuade Co	2	Peter McCabe	1	The Portland Hotel	2	Ward Lumber Co., Inc	1
City of Calgary, Police Dept	1	Gearty Brothers.	1	C. K. McDonald	1	Pray Brothers	1	Philip J. Welch	1
Calgary Brewing and Malting Co.	1	General Petroleum Corp	8	J. A. McIntire	1	Public Service and Auto Co	1	West End Dairy Co.	1
California Truck Co.	2	Georgia Railroad	1	M. J. Malloy	2	Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co	2	Western Grocers, Ltd	1
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co	2	Georgia Railway and Power Co.	1	Manchester Reed Works	1	Redwood Transfer	1	Western Undertaking Co	1
Chicago Cooperage Co.	1	Neil Gibbs	2	H. L. Marshall	1	The Reemsnyder Co.	1	D. J. Whelan Estate	1
Frank A. Cholewinski	1	Gifford & Cullum	1	James Masi	1	Rez Bread Co	1	White Bottling Works	1
L. J. Christopher Co	1	Gimbel Bros., Inc. (Milwaukee)	1	Massachusetts Baking Co	1	Rhodes Bros., Inc	1	White Bus Line	3
City Ice and Delivery Co	1	A. Graham & Son	1	Paul Masde	1	Rochester Int. Motor Bus Lines	1	White Rapid Transit Corp	1
City of Cleveland, Pub. Util. Dept.	1	Great Northern Power Co	1	The Maxine Co	1	Rocky Mt. Parks Trans. Co	1	White Transit Co., Inc.	4
Clover Leaf Creamery	1	Fred Gunther Co.	1	H. W. Mayberry Linen Sup. Co.	1	Rolfe Building Materials Co	1	Wilshire Oil Co	1
City of Columbia	1	Hadley Furniture and Carpet Co.	1	C. C. Mellor Co	1	The Rosenbaum Co	6	C. F. Wing Co	2
Columbus Packing Co	1	Hale Auto Corp	1	The Memphis News-Scimitar	1	Roshek Bros. Co	1	C. F. Witt Market House	6
The Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co	1	Halliday Bros., Ltd.	1	Mesaba Transportation Co	3	W. Ruse	1	Woodlawn Improvement Assn. Transportation Corporation	2
Geo. Constable	1	Hamilton Beach Mfg. Co	1	John Michalick	1	Frank Salmon Furniture Co	1	Wood Mosaic Co., Inc	1
The Constance Lumber Co	1	Hardy Furniture Co.	1	Michigan Seating Co	1	San Francisco Municipal Ry.	1	Wood River & Alton Bus Line	1
Consumers Ice Co	1	Harley Smith Furniture Co	1	C. J. Milligan Co., Inc	1	Santa Ana Commercial Co	1	Wouters Laundry	1
Cook's Taxi and Transfer Co	2	Harris & Mowry Co.	1	J. E. Monahan	1	Sardis Coca-Cola Bottling Co	1	Yost Auto Co	3
Cowlitz & Chehalis Railway Co	1	Charles E. Harris	1	Monarch Laundry Co	1	Sarraino Bros	1		

1,451 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 100,000 TO 150,000 MILES EACH

Abraham & Straus	7	The H. S. Barney Co	2	Buckeye Furniture Co	1	Cleveland-Akron Bag Co	2	Aug. Doemling	1
Acme Cash Stores	1	A. L. Bartlett Co	1	N. F. Buff	1	Cleveland-Akron Bus Line Co	2	Stanley Dolazinski	1
J. N. Adam & Co	5	Bauer & Black	1	Buffalo Plumbing Supply Co.	1	The Cleveland Burial Case Co.	2	Dorchester & Rose	1
Adams & Pigott Co	3	F. X. Baumert & Co	1	W. Burgess	1	The Cleveland Cut Flower Co.	1	Douglas Bros	2
Addison Auto Bus Co.	2	Bay Shore Lummie Stage Co	1	Burns & Campbell Co	1	The Cleveland Provision Co.	7	Downes Lumber Co	1
The Akers & Harpham Co	5	Bayuk Bros., Inc	1	City of Butte, Police Dept.	1	The Cleveland Tool and Sup. Co.	1	Drake Bros. Co.	5
The Akron Grocery Co.	1	The Beaver Board Companies	2	W. L. Byrnes, Inc	1	Closset & Dever	1	Drewry & Sons Co	3
Alaska Transfer Co	1	Chas. F. Becker Mov. & Team Co.	1	Cable Piano Co	1	Clover Leaf Dairy	2	Dufresne Bros. Motor Trans. Co	2
Albemarle Grocery Co.	1	Henry S. Beidler	2	Caine-Grimshaw Co	1	R. E. Cobb Co	1	Duluth Marine Supply Co	2
R. T. Allen & Bros., Inc	1	Bekins Van and Storage Co	1	Calgary Brewing and Malting Co.	2	Cody Transportation Co	1	Duluth-Virginia White Bus Lines	1
Allen Lumber Co	1	Bellevue and Allied Hospitals	1	California Ice and Coal Co.	1	Cohen Brothers	3	Duncan & Goodell Co	1
Alling & Cory Co.	1	Belmar Moving and Storage Co	1	California Transit Co.	31	John Collins	1	Dunn Mercantile Co	1
Alpine Baking Co.	1	Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	4	California Truck Co	1	The Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co	2	F. B. DuPree	1
American Auto Transit Co.	3	Bennett Gasoline and Oil Co	2	Camus Stage Co., Inc	2	Consumers' Ice Co	1	Duquesne Transfer Co.	2
American Boiler and Tank Co	1	H. Bercovich Cigar Co	1	Campbell Baking Co	2	Continental Condensed Milk Co.	4	The Eagle Poultry Co.	1
American Can Co	1	Bergner Plumb., Heat. & Sup. Co	1	The Canton Provision Co	1	William Cook	1	The East Ohio Gas Co	1
American Chain Co.	1	The Billow Undertaking Co.	3	H. C. Capwell Co.	2	Cooks Taxi and Transfer Co.	1	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd	5
American Ice Co.	4	Samuel Bingham's Sons Mfg. Co.	1	Carbon Coal Co	1	County of Barbour	1	Economy Auto Supply Co	1
American Railway Express Co.	23	Block & Kuhl Co	1	M. Catalano & Sons	1	County of Fayette	1	Edgewater Beach Hotel	2
American Stores Co.	1	Blue Ribbon, Ltd	1	J. E. Cavanagh	1	Criss Brothers	1	Edwards Motor Transit Co	1
American Transfer and Stor. Co.	2	Boggs & Buhl	3	Central Coal and Coke Co	1	Crissey-Fowler Lumber Co.	1	Chas. F. Eggers Co	3
A. L. Ammen Transportation Co	10	The Louis H. Boice Co	2	Central Maine Power Co.	1	Cudahy Packing Co	1	L. Eisenmenger Meat Co	1
K. A. Anderson	1	John Bollman Co	1	The Central Paper Co	1	Culmerville Auto Transit Co	1	C. R. Elder	1
Andre & Andre	1	Boonville Bottling Works	1	Central Torpedo Co	6	John A. Cunningham.	1	E. M. Elder	1
Andrews & Horigan Co.	1	Henry Bosch Co.	4	Chaffee & Co	1	John T. Cunningham	1	L. E. Elliott	1
Geo. Antamaros	1	Boston Fresh Tripe Co	1	W. A. Chambers	1	Curtis, Yale & Holland	1	M. E. Elliott Transfer Co	2
Anthony Brothers, Inc.	3	Boston Furniture Co., Inc	1	D. & S. Champlain	1	Clifford S. Dailey	1	E. H. Emery & Co	1
John Arata & Son	1	Boston Iron and Metal Co	1	The Chandler & Rudd Co	6	Dalton Bus Line	1	Excelsior Laundry Co	2
Joseph R. Arbiter Co	1	Bourne-Fuller Co	3	Cheshire Decorating Co	1	W. J. Daly Co	2	The Factory Oil Co	2
Applebaum & Sons	1	Boyd & Mattley Stage Co	1	Chicago Butchers Calf Skin Assn.	1	Dannemiller Grocery Co.	2	Fairmont Wall Plaster Co	1
Armour & Co	3	Bradford Baking Co	4	City Coal Co	1	Darling & Co.	2	Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co	1
Aronson & Palace	3	The Brager Store.	2	City Fruit Co	1	Davis Furniture Co	1	Marshall Field & Co	7
City of Atlanta	2	The Brandt Co.	6	City Ice Co	3	Decatur Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	1	Field & Poorman	2
Atlanta Baggage & Cab Co.	3	Bra-Nola Co	1	City Ice and Delivery Co.	1	Denver & Pueblo Construc. Co	1	Carl Fish	1
Atlantic Ice and Coal Corp	15	Brennan Packing Co	1	City Ice and Fuel Co	1	Frank J. Derry	1	Flanigan Bros	2
Atlantic Refining Co	5	George M. Brice.	2	City of Cleveland, Police Dept	3	Des Moines Auto Co	2	Fleck Bros. Co	1
Augusta Chero-Cola Bot. Co.	2	Bridgeman-Russell Co	1	City of Cleveland, Water Dept	8	Diamond Spring Brewery.	1	The Fleischmann Co	1
Bakersfield Brewing Co	1	Eugene W. Bronecki	1	City of Columbus, Board of Edu.	1	J. E. Dickerson	1	Fleischman Floral Co	1
Bakersfield Truck Co	1	Brooklyn Daily Eagle	6	Cleveland Elec. Illuminating Co.	7	Fred W. Dillow	1	Fleming Brothers	1
E. R. Ballinger	1	Wayne R. Brown	1	Cleveland Transfer Co.	25	The Doc & Bill Furniture Co	1	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	18
Barnes Baking Co	3	W. O. Broyles Furniture Co	1	Clark Hotel	1			J. L. Fluehr	1

WHITE TRUCKS

200,000, 300,000 miles and more

100,000 TO 150,000 MILES—(CONTINUED)

Fly & Hobson Co 3
The Flynn-Froelk Co 1
Forbes Lithograph Co 2
Ford Transfer Co. 1
Fort Valley Coca-Cola Bot. Co 1
Foster & Kleiser Co 3
Alexander Fowler 1
Fowler Furniture Co. 3
The Francis Cartage Co 2
Frank Franklin 1
Franklin Dairy Co. 2
Harry V. Franks 10
W. F. Frederick Piano Co 2
The Fries & Schuele Co. 1
Friestedt Underpinning Co 1
Fullington Auto Bus Co 1
Chas. Gaffney 4
Garfield-Passaic Transit Co. 2
The Gazette Printing Co., Ltd 1
General Baking Co. 1
General Petroleum Corp. 2
Georgia Railway and Power Co 8
Gimbel Brothers 25
Stacy G. Glauser & Son 2
Golden State Auto Tours 6
The Goodyear Tire and Rub. Co. 2
Goodwin's, Limited 1
Gordon, Ironside & Fares, Ltd 1
Grady Hospital 2
A. Graham & Son 2
Grand Rapids Lumber Co., Inc 1
Graton & Knight Mfg. Co 1
J. H. Gray & Co. 1
Grays Harbor Fuel Co. 2
Great Northern Paper Co. 1
Great Northern Power Co. 2
Greer Furniture Co 1
T. H. Greer 1
Greenfield Elec. Light and Pr. Co. 1
Greenfield Transfer Co. 1
Gregory Electric Co. 1
Charles Griggs Transfer Co. 1
Grote-Rankin Co. 1
B. E. Grover 1
Gulf Refining Co. 1
Gutta-Percha and Rubber, Ltd. 1
Hadley Furniture and Carp. Co. 1
Halcomb Steel Co. 1
Hall & Wilkins 1
Halle Bros. Co. 10
Hallett Ice and Coal Co. 2
James A. Hamilton 4
Hansen Motor Trucking Co. 1
Hansen Packing Co. 7
W. T. Hardison & Co. 1
Hardware and Supply Co. 1
Hardy Furniture Co. 2
The Harris Co. 1
Harrison Hdwe. and Furn. Co. 1
F. W. Harrison & Son 1
E. W. Harrold 1
Geo. B. Hart 1
Jesse B. Hart & Bro 1
Louis Hartman & Sons 1
The Haverty Furniture Co. 6
Hawaiian Pineapple Co. 1
R. C. Hazeltine 1
J. Clark Helms 1
Herrmann & Grace Co. 2
Hession, Florist 1
A. H. Hews & Co., Inc. 1
M. B. Hickman 1
The Higbee Co. 1
Highland Motor Transfer Co. 2
Highway Transit Co. 1
R. A. Hilborn 1
Hitchings & Co 1
Hochheimer & Co. 3
W. N. Hodge 1
Holder Coal and Lumber Co. 1
Hollywood Fireproof Storage Co. 4
Holmes & Wheeler 1
Honeyman Hardware Co. 6
Paul Honkavarra 1
Horstmeyer's Grocery 1
Hotel and Railroad News 1
Houghton County Bus Co. 2
The Hudson's Bay Co. 1
M. L. Hullett 1
The Humphrey Co. 1
Sam Hunter Co. 1
Huntley-Hill-Stockton Co. 2
Albert Hupper 1
Hursen, Inc. 1
Idaho Com. and Transp. Co. 2
Independent School Dist. No. 51 1
Independent Torpedo Co. 3
Interstate Auto and Supply Co. 1
Interurban Autocar Co. 1
M. L. Isham 1
A. J. Ives 1
Jackson's Express and Van Co 1
Jacksonville Coca-Cola Bot. Co 1
Jarnagin Grocery Co. 1
Jasper Coca-Cola Bottling Co. 1
Jefferson Highway Trans. Co. 4
W. K. Jeffries 1
Ben Jesselson Co 2
George Jindra 1
Otto Johnson 1
Johnson Educator Food Co 1
B. J. Johnson & Sons Co. 1

The Jones Store Co. 4
Joplin Coca-Cola Bottling Co. 1
Joplin Hauling Co. 1
Frank R. Joscelyn 1
Judy & Elliott 2
The J. G. Justis Co. 1
Kaufmann & Baer Co 2
Kee & Chapell Dairy Co. 2
Kellogg & Co. 1
F. S. Kelly Furniture Co. 1
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co. 1
J. Kennard & Sons Carpet Co. 3
James A. Kenney 3
C. D. Kenny Co. 1
Kentucky Creameries 3
Kentucky Parfay Co. 1
Kerckhoff-Cuzner Lumber Co. 1
Kern County Transportation Co. 3
Kern County Union High School 1
Key Motor Express Co. 1
Keystone Express Co. 2
Kimberly-Clark Co. 1
Kingan Provision Co. 1
Kinnett-Odom Co. 1
The Kirk Co. 6
George C. Kirkhope 1
The W. H. Kistler Stationery Co. 1
Knickerbocker Storage Co 1
The Knight-Campbell Music Co. 1
Knoble Brothers 1
G. W. Koehler 1
Kohlberg Bros. 1
Kohn & Sons 1
The Kraus Plumb. and Heat. Co. 1
Wm. Kreuger Co. 1
J. A. Kroschewsky 1
Theodor Kundtz Co. 4
Kusamaul's Express 1
LaCrosse & S. E. Ry. Co. 1
Lafayette Home Telephone Co. 1
La Jolla Stage Co. 1
Lambert Transfer and Stor. Co. 1
F. Landon Cartage Co. 1
Edward Larro 1
G. Lewis Lavine 2
Lawman & Hanford Co. 1
Lawrence Ice Cream Co. 3
The Lee Bros. Furniture Co. 1
Lehi Roller Mills 1
Lehnhardt Candy Co. 1
Leitch Drayage and W. H. Co. 1
P. E. Leone 1
City of Lincoln, Police Dept. 1
Linde Air Products Co. 1
Lindsay & Morgan Co. 1
John N. Lindsley 1
Livingston Furniture Co. 1
Logan Coal and Supply Co. 1
Los Angeles & Santa Barbara Motor Express 3
Louisville Provision Co. 1
W. F. Lowery 1
The Walter M. Lowney Co. 1
C. Luchessa 1
J. B. Lukens 1
Lutz Co., Inc 1
Albert A. Lydecker, Jr. 1
Lynnfield Community, Inc. 2
E. B. McAlister & Co. 1
Peter McCabe 1
A. J. McCarty 1
McCormick Transfer Co. 1
McCreery & Co. 1
J. A. McIntire 1
Dorman McFaddin 1
McMahon Bros. 1
McMahon Transportation Co. 4
The McNally-Doyle Co. 1
R. A. McWhirr Co. 1
John Michalick 1
Manchester, Dept. of Highways 1
Mackechnie Bread Co. 1
City of Macon 1
Madary's Planing Mill, Inc. 6
Mandel Brothers 14
Manhattan Oil Co. 1
Charles W. Mann 1
Marathon Auto Draying Co. 1
The Marathon Co. 1
Marietta Undertaking Co. 1
Marshall-Wells Hardware Co. 2
The Marsh-Murdoch Co. 1
Marvin Auto Trucking Co 1
C. W. Marwedel 1
Marx & Jones, Inc. 2
Mason Tire and Rubber Co. 1
Massachusetts Baking Co. 1
May & Co 1
The May Co 1
Henry P. Mayer Music House 1
May, Stern & Co 1
Mark Mayons 1
The John Meekes Sons Co 2
Mecklenburg Chero-Cola Bot. Co. 2
Memphis Baking Co. 1
The Merchants Biscuit Co 1
Merrimack Valley Motor Express 1
Mesaba Transportation Co. 7
Messina Bus Line 2
Michaud Brothers, Inc. 3
Michigan Seating Co. 1

W. R. Miles 1
Findlay Miller Timber Co. 1
Miller & Holmes 1
Miller & Rhoads, Inc. 1
P. Milliron 1
Milwaukee Macaroni Co. 1
Minnesota Roofg. & Corn. Wks 1
Missouri Dairy Co. 1
Monarch Laundry Co. 1
S. Monday & Sons 1
J. H. Montague & Co. 6
Montowese Brick Co 1
Moody & Thomas Milling Co 1
J. M. Moore 1
Moore-Handley Hardware Co. 2
Moore Transfer Co. 1
Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd. 1
Morgens Bros. Clng. and Dye. Co 1
Morrison Motor Car Co. 1
Morrison-Skinner Co. 1
Fred Morton 1
The Motor Bus Co. 2
Motor Transit Co. (Douglas, Ariz.) 2
Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles) 20
Motor Transportation Co., Inc. 1
Mott-Franz Decorating Co. 1
Mowbray's Undertaking Co. 1
Mt. Wilson Stage Line 1
C. F. Mueller Co 2
Charles Murray 1
C. F. Murray-Smith Co. 2
Timothy Murphy 1
Murta, Appleton & Co. 1
R. M. Myers Paper Co. 1
The Nakoma Co 1
Nashville Builders' Supply Co. 1
National Acme Co. 1
National Casket Co. 3
National Milk Co. 1
National Plumb. & Heat. Sup. Co. 2
J. A. Neeson 1
Neuer Bros. Meat Co. 2
New Dolington Hotel 1
City of New Haven, Police Dept. 2
New Haven Carriage Co. 1
New Haven Hospital 2
New Haven Water Co. 1
T. A. Newman & Bro. 1
New State Ice Co. 1
Louis Nickolaus 1
The Noe Farm, Inc. 1
Isaac Noonburg 1
Norcross-Cameron Co. 1
A. J. Norris 1
Northeastern Stor. and Dist. Co. 2
North St. Paul Casket Co. 1
Norwich Motor and Machine Co 1
Town of Norwood 1
V. G. Nottoli 1
Oak Ridge Lumber Co. 3
Frank Oechslin 1
A. C. Oelschig & Sons 1
Olson & Rouch 2
Omaha Taxicab and Transfer Co. 8
O'Neill & Co. 2
Oppenheim, Collins & Co. 2
Oppenheim, The Trunk Man 1
Orange Tip Co 1
Orchard & Wilhelm Co. 1
Oregon Box Co 1
Original Stage Line 5
City of Oshkosh 1
Ott Hardware Co. 1
Pacific Baking Co 1
Pacific Fruit and Produce Co. 2
Pacific Mills 1
Frank Padry 1
Page & Shaw, Inc. 6
E. F. Pahl & Co. 1
Paige Bros 2
The Palais Royal 1
The Parmelee Co. 5
Pearson Paper Box Co 1
John W. Peck & Co., Ltd 1
Pecos Valley Southern Ry. Co 1
Peerless Stage Co. 2
The Pelletier Co. 1
Peninsula Paper Co. 1
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co. 3
Pennsylvania Milk Products Co 1
The People's Store Co. 2
Perfection Bread Co. 3
Perkinswood Transportation Co. 1
Perrett & Glenny 2
Peters Bottling Co. 1
Pere Petropol Fruit Co. 1
Phoenix Furniture Co. 2
Philadelphia Inquirer 1
F. Phillips 1
Walter Pickett 1
Pierce Oil Corp. 1
Pierson Engineering and Con. Co. 1
Pilsener Brewing Co. 5
Pinehurst, Inc. 1
Pioneer Baking Co. 1
Pioneer Sand and Gravel Co. 1
Pioneer Truck Co. 2
Pittsburgh Gage and Sup. Co. 2
E. R. Porter Hardware Co. 1
E. Porter Products Co. 2
Portland-Damascus Milk Co. 3

Portland Gas and Coke Co. 1
Portland-Sebago Ice Co. 3
Postum Cereal Co. 1
J. J. Potts 4
Powers Mercantile Co 3
Samuel M. Prentis 1
Preble Cotton Mills 1
W. F. Prouty 1
Puget Sound Power and Light Co. 3
Pullman Taxi Service Co. 1
Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co 2
City of Racine, Dept. of Pub. Wks. 1
Raith Bros. Produce Co 1
Raleigh Chero-Cola Bottling Co. 1
Ralph Raffaelly 1
The Red Rock Co. 2
Redstone Lumber and Supply Co. 1
Reed Oil Co. 3
Caradoc Rees 1
A. W. Reiser & Co. 1
Reliable Furniture Co. 1
Rhode Island Distributing Co. 2
Rhodes Brothers 1
Rhodes Furniture Co. 1
Ridge Road Passenger Lines, Inc. 1
The Riechman-Crosby Co. 2
The Riggs Co. 1
Riverview Dairy Co. 1
Rocky Mt. Parks Transport'n Co. 2
William S. Roe. 2
Rooks & Hubbard 1
The Rosenbaum Co. 3
Rothschild & Co. 3
Russell Mfg. Co. 1
Russell Transfer Co. 1
Ryan Fruit Co. 1
Sacramento-Auburn Stage Co. 3
Arthur H. Sagendorph 1
Salt Lake Transportation Co. 3
Samuelson, Florist 1
County of San Bernardino 3
Sanderson Fertilizer Co. 1
Sandusky Furniture Store 1
San Francisco Municipal Ry. 5
San Joaquin Baking Co. 1
Santa Ana Commercial Co. 2
Santa Rosa-Sausalito Stage Co. 7
Sardis Coca-Cola Bottling Co. 1
Savage-Schofield Co. 2
A. Schlehuber, Inc. 2
C. Schmidt & Sons Brewing Co. 1
J. S. Schofield Co. 2
Schulze Baking Co. 2
Schuneman & Evans, Inc. 1
Schuster-Gormly Co., Inc. 1
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Co. 4
Seattle Municipal Street Railway 1
Seattle Transfer Co. 1
George Sessions Sons Co. 3
Seymour Metal Goods Co. 1
Shaw Transfer Co. 1
Shelley Hygiene Ice Co. 1
Shenberg & Rublnoff 1
The Shepard Co. 1
The Shepherd Stores 1
Shepherd & Story 1
Shurtleff Ice Cream Co. 1
Sidwell Garage Co. 1
Silva-Bergtholdt Co. 2
Frank Silvers 1
Franklin Simon & Co. 3
L. R. Slater 1
Slimp Oil Co. 1
W. & J. Sloane 2
O. J. Smith 1
Smith's Bakery 2
Smith Bros. & Burdick Co. 1
Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co. 4
Smith, Florist 1
The Smith-Green Co. 1
Smith Premier Works 1
Snelling & Andrews 1
Augustus Snyder 1
Adolph Soefling & Co. 1
South Bend Wholesale Gro. Co 1
South Florida Bus Service 2
Southern Door and Glass Co 1
Southern Dray Co. 2
Southern California Music Co. 1
Southern California Tel. Co. 1
Southern Utilities Co. 1
The W. P. Southworth Co 1
John Spangenburg 1
City of Spartanburg 1
Spartanburg Roller Mills 1
Spearin Transfer Line 1
J. W. Spooner 1
St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum 1
The St. Paul Daily News 1
St. Mathews Coca-Cola Bot. Co 1
E. P. Stacy & Sons 1
Stadler Products Co 2
Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky 5
Standard Oil Co. of Ohio 1
Standard Steel Works Co. 1
The Star Store 1
Star Transfer Co. 2
Sterchi Furniture and Carpet Co. 1
Sterling Products Co. 3
The Sterling & Welch Co. 7

Stern Brothers 2
The Steubenville Coal & Min. Co 2
Stevens Hardware Co., Inc. 1
Stewart Dry Goods Co. 1
Stewart Taxi-Service Co. 18
Stolzenbach Baking Co. 1
Strang Garage Co. 1
Strathroy Creamery 1
Homer Strong 1
The Strouss-Hirshberg Co. 1
Sturgis-Jones Last Co. 1
Suburban Ice Co 1
Supan Auto Livery 1
Swift & Co 3
Tacoma Brewing Co 2
Tacoma Grocery Co 3
James A. C. Tait 1
Frank Teareau 1
Telling-Belle Vernon Co. 7
Terre Haute Brewing Co 3
Thistle Mfg. Co. 1
Thomas & Howard 2
Thompson & Smith Trans. Co. 4
Tipping's Secondhand Store 1
T. K. & N. R. R. Co. 1
Toledo Builders' Supply Co. 2
Tooke Bros., Ltd. 3
Toronto Plate Glass Imp. Co 4
Towns Transfer Co. 2
Trask Bros. 3
Tyrell Trips 2
Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend R. R. 1
Tufts Express and Van Co. 1
Turner & Stevens Co. 1
Turner & Westcott, Inc. 1
Twin City Motor Bus Co. 6
Twin City Rapid Transit Co. 1
R. B. Tyler Co. 1
Union Bleachery 1
Union Lumber Co. 1
Union Motor Transportation Co. 1
Union Transfer Co. 4
United Stages, Inc. 3
United States Army, Q. M. C. 2
United States Bakery 8
United States Laundry 2
United States Music Co. 1
United States Rubber Co. 1
United States Trucking Corp. 2
United Transportation Co. 1
Universal Film Co. 1
Vallejo Bus Co 2
Valley Packing Co. 1
H. L. Vandigriff 1
Van Dorn Iron Works Co. 2
Verner Springs Water Co. 1
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc. 1
John D. Wager 1
L. L. Walker 1
Anton Walter Supply Co. 2
Waltham Laundry Co. 2
John Wanamaker 1
G. G. Ward 1
Charles A. Warren 1
A. A. Wassell 1
Watkins Brothers, Inc 2
Watson Paint and Glass Co. 1
Wauwatosa Stone Co 3
Webb & Hendricks 1
Webb, Hendricks & Hamilton. 1
Weber Baking Co. 1
Webster Transportation Co. 1
M. Weiland 1
Weinacker Ice and Fuel Co. 1
Chas. Weinhagen & Co. 1
Weiss & Lewis Motor Truck'g Co. 1
William Weller 1
Welsbach Gas Lamp Co. 2
West. Canada Flr. Mills Co., Ltd. 1
Western Newspaper Union 1
Western Motor Transfer 1
Westinghouse Lamp Co. 1
D. J. Whelan Estate 1
White Bus Line 2
White Hardware Co. 1
White Rapid Transit Corp 1
White Star Bus Co. (Peoria, Ill 1
White Transit Co., Inc. 6
W. M. Whitney & Co. 6
The Willard Storage Battery Co. 1
Geo. J. Wilmot's Sons 1
Wilson & Co. 3
Winkler's Motor Service 1
Winter Haven Wtr., Ice & Lt. Co. 1
Winzeler Undertaking Co. 1
Wm. Wittmer's Bus Line. 1
Wood River & Alton Bus Line 5
Woodward & Lothrop 1
Wooten Marble Co. 1
Worcester Baking Co. 1
Wouters Laundry 2
Yarborough & Bellinger Co 3
Yerks & Co. 1
City of Yonkers, Police Bureau 1
Yost Auto Co. 1
T. J. Young & Co. 1
Young Hat Co. 1
Young's Market Co. 1
The Zettelmeyer Coal Co 2
Zimmerman Brothers 1
Peter H. Zink 1
John Zitterbart 1

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

*6 of the world's largest businesses

have adopted for use Dunlop Truck Tires such as are being built in the greatest of all Dunlop plants at Buffalo, U.S.A.

*Last of these six businesses—each the largest of its kind in the world—will be furnished on request

DUNLOP

TRUCK TIRES

Built on honor to honor its Builders

(Continued from Page 98)

"Since you let loose the Seven Dead Men on them," said the third, who, being Irish, had a ready sense of humor

"Exactly," said Miss Winthrop, and stopped, being interrupted For her younger companion, the president of the new women's organization, was now speaking, after looking with the cordial but somewhat puzzling smile she had over toward the Irish reporter with the crooked, humorous grin.

"You have forgotten," she said then to her associate, "to speak of organized women's greatest power in politics." As she said this she placed her hand upon the high card-catalogue cabinet, about which they were all standing. "You have spoken of woman's organization in politics, of her better education, of her greater zeal, her moral force," she continued; "but not a word of this!"

Saying this, and with a half-humorous look, she patted on the high cabinet as upon the shoulder of an old friend.

"What is that?" inquired the four representatives of the press.

"It is one little part of what the six million organized women of this country know today about the men politicians of the United States."

"Tell us about that!" cried all four reporters eagerly.

And for the next two hours the two women did so.

VII

IT WAS at the expiration of this time—when the reporters had gone—that a discreet knock at the door indicated another visitor, and the younger of the two women politicians opened it and let him in.

"Mr. Melody!" she cried, stepping back in surprise.

"Yes," he admitted.

"I thought you had gone abroad!"

"Having lost your memory," said the older woman in a severe and caustic voice.

"Of all you promised us," added the other one, in tones of continued accusation.

"I'll tell you the truth," said Mr. Melody hurriedly. "I'll tell you the truth. I didn't go abroad because I couldn't. I've been chased so—you've given me so much publicity in this thing—that I haven't been able to get home and get a clean collar, or dare to buy one!"

Looking at him, they saw he spoke the truth.

His calm immaculateness was all gone. His collar was not fresh, nor his shirt. He was not well shaved. His light checked suit was that of a man who has slept, with poor accommodations, away from home. Only his diamond rings and his patent-leather shoes still shone, and the latter were slightly spotted with mud.

And now he was pleading with them—flushed, excited—to forgive his faults; making one final appeal to woman's mercy.

"I know. I know I did you dirt," he said. "I know I double-crossed you."

"Or tried to!" the younger one corrected him.

"Tried to is right," asserted Mr. Melody with a bitter, rueful smile. "But now won't you do this? Won't you let me go abroad with the rest of them? What good will it do you to put me back in prison?"

The two women looked at each other, the more severe unmoved, the younger woman evidently more interested.

"But what's keeping you?" the latter asked.

"Publicity!" cried Mr. Melody in a sharp voice. "This darned publicity about me in all the papers!"

"Well, what can we do?" asked the younger woman, with just a touch, Mr. Melody felt, of mockery in her smile. "Why do you come to us?"

"Of all persons!" said the other.

"Because I must," said Mr. Melody poignantly.

"Why? How is that?" they asked him together.

"To ask you to let up—let up, for heaven's sake!" cried Mr. Melody harshly. "Stop feeding all this publicity about me to the newspapers. If you'll only let me drop off the front page I'll do the rest. I'll get abroad all right."

"And what will you do if you get there?" inquired the younger woman after a slight pause.

"I'll be all right. I'll be all right," said Mr. Melody eagerly. "I'm on the track of a job there—with big money—that I know I can land."

"What's that?"

"I've got a chance to go right in on the European publicity stuff—you know. The propaganda work for that European bunch—in the United States."

"To get us to deliver to them what is left! To enable them to foreclose on our shoes!" said the older in an unfriendly and even hostile voice.

But the other one was more responsive to his look of pleading.

"Why not let him go?" she asked with her polite smile. "After all, he couldn't send over anything worse than that stuff the international press agents are sending over here now."

Eventually this counsel of mercy prevailed.

"We'll hold off on the publicity we give you," promised the younger one. "We won't speak of you to the papers—till you get off!"

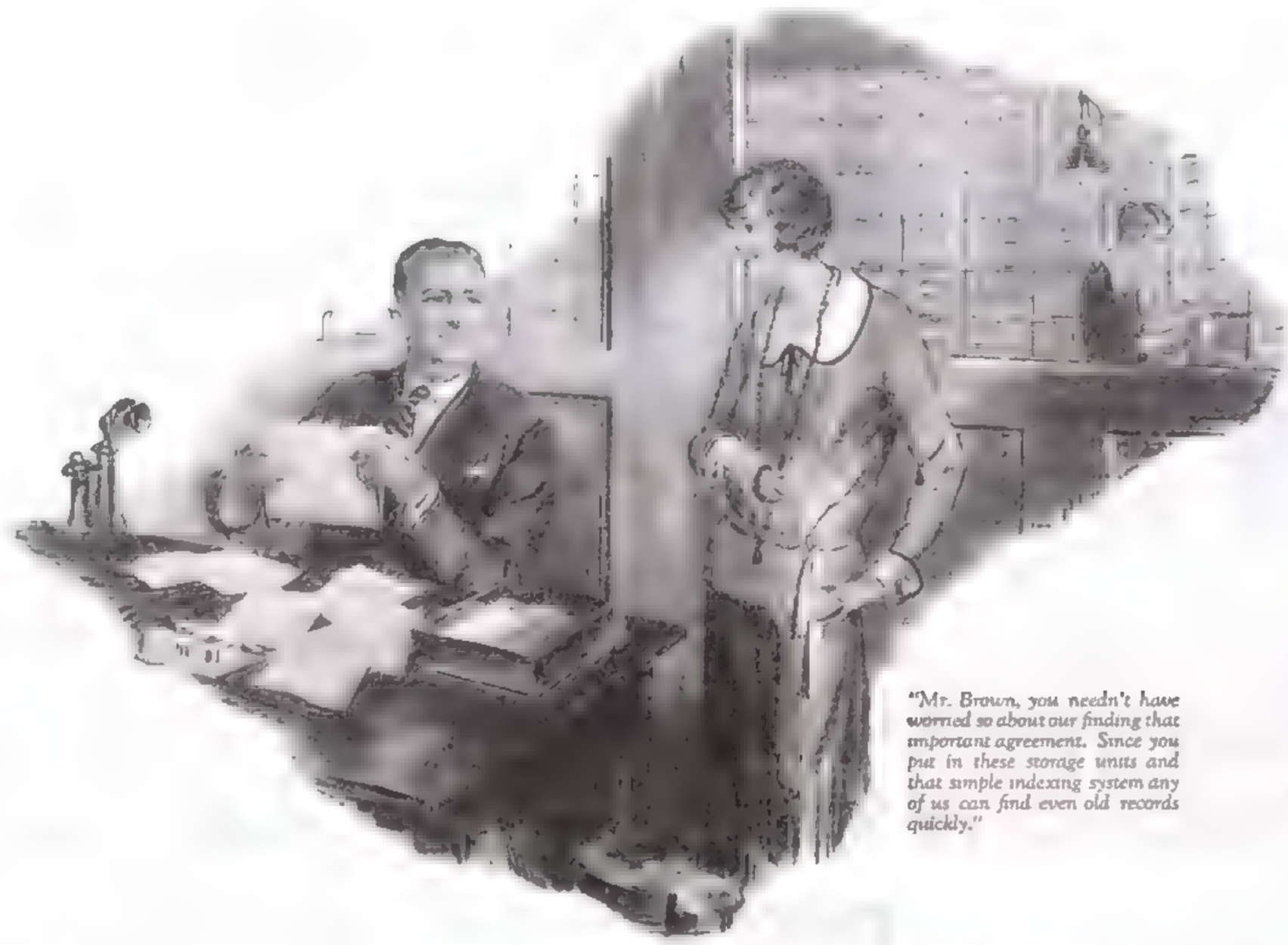
"Oh, thank you, thank you, ladies!" said Michael F. Melody, taking her hand with an almost moving-picture emotion.

"You are thoroughly welcome," she answered him in that voice of extraordinarily cordial, almost cooing politeness she assumed at times, but soon withdrawing her hand from his.

Readjusting the lapels of his somewhat unpressed spring suit, with more self-confidence than before in the past forty-eight hours, the most carefully unknown man in Chibosh—once the manager of Mayor Herman J. True's Phantom Factory—left the room with the high card-catalogue cabinet, on his way to follow his former associates, now on the Continent of Europe.

The name of Michael F. Melody, after its one brief appearance, now dropped again from the press of Chibosh—its owner hoped, forever. But the Seven Dead Men, set loose by his captors, the two women politicians with the card catalogue, still dominated the front pages of the journals of that great city, and through them the great mass of the citizen voters; destined, as all in that marvelous metropolis now knew, to lead on the great current political revolution there to its end; to choose as mayor in the coming fall a youngish red-headed attorney, John Henry Peters—already hailed by all the press as the choice of all the people, following his remarkable success in the investigations which have led to the widely famous indictments in the case of the People of Chibosh versus John Gallagher, the so-called Seven Dead Men, and a large group of other defendants, now nearly all of parts unknown.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of stories by Mr. Turner.



"Mr. Brown, you needn't have worried so about our finding that important agreement. Since you put in these storage units and that simple indexing system any of us can find even old records quickly."

Where do your old letters go?

A LETTER or a canceled check, perhaps two or three years old, may be worth thousands of dollars to you next year. Will you know where to find it if you need it?

If your old letters and records are bundled on shelves, or stowed away helter-skelter in obsolete transfer cases, it may take days to find them—perhaps they won't *be* found.

Under the Baker-Vawter plan, you can find your old records immediately. One of our several methods of transfer will fit your type of business; with your records indexed by our Quick-Glance system and stored in our fire-resisting steel storage units, you'll have previous years' papers always at your instant command.

A prominent Chicago loop bank writes us:

"We first started to buy steel transfer cases from Baker-Vawter Company in 1917.

"We now have about five hundred in use for filing away our five year transfer records.

"The simplicity of Baker-Vawter transfer methods enables us to lay our hands on any drafts, certificates of deposit, ledger leaves, or letters, quickly and without fuss.

"These strong, sturdy storage units have given us excellent service

"Their compactness in stacking appeals especially to us as our transfer file space is limited."

Our steel storage units don't cost much. We make them in seven (7) sizes: Letter, Legal, Invoice, Ledger-leaf, Large Check, Standard Check and Tabulating Machine Cards, etc. They're sturdy, stack rigidly and will increase your present storage space at least 20%—maybe 50%.

You'll be pleasantly surprised to find how easily and inexpensively we can take care of your transfer problem. Won't you let us suggest methods? There's no obligation.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Filing Equipment

General Offices: BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

Manufacturing Plants at Holyoke, Mass. • Benton Harbor, Mich.
Kansas City, Mo. • San Francisco, Cal.

We serve and sell nationally through our own representatives—not through retail stores. Offices in 55 cities.

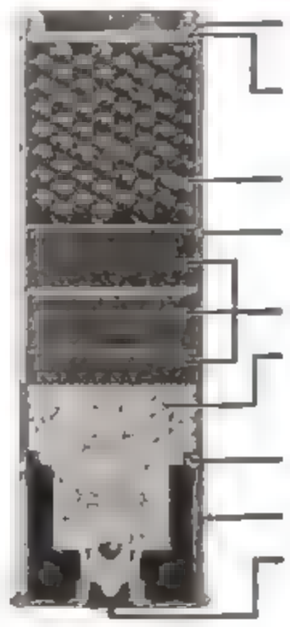
Attach to your letterhead and mail

Baker-Vawter Company, Benton Harbor, Michigan
Please send me your transfer story, "A memory for your business."

Mr. _____ P-11

NOTE—Remington Game Loads are loaded exclusively in "Nitro Club" Wetproof Shells. Wetproof means just what it says.

What makes a Game Load



Wetproof Crimp: Kept hard, firm and even by the exclusive Remington Wetproof Process.

Wetproof Top Wad: Exclusively Remington. The Wetproof Process makes an absolutely water-tight joint where crimp and wad meet.

Shot: Made by Remington. Size and quantity selected by Remington.

Waterproof Shell Body: Completely Wetproofed by the exclusive, patented Remington Process.

Wadding: Finest hair felt—*and nothing else.*

Powder: Chosen by Remington from America's best. Tested by Remington. The right quantity loaded to give *uniform and predetermined* velocity, pattern and penetration.

Base Wad: Remington's own. Hard, firm, strong, gasproof and waterproof.

Base: Firmly locked to shell body and base wad.

Primer: "The heart of the shell." Designed and perfected by Remington to give instantaneous and even ignition *every time.*

What happened at Bridgeport changed the way Thousands of Sportsmen buy Loaded Shells

These are the Facts disclosed by Remington's Ballistic Tests

A—A given weight of the same kind of powder doesn't always give the same velocity, pattern or penetration.

B—Powder varies batch by batch—even the same kind and make. One batch, for instance, gives a velocity of 925 feet per second. Another may fall as low as 840 feet per second.

C—This is nobody's fault. Powder comes that way.

D—The man who buys his shells by the weight and kind of powder often misses a lot of game, and never knows why.

FIRST you will want to know the facts represented by paragraphs A, B, C and D, given in the panel at the left. These were brought to light by Remington's tests on loaded shells at the Bridgeport ballistic laboratory.

These tests are changing more ammunition ideas than anything that has happened in the last decade.

* * *

Remington Game Loads are the result of these discoveries—developed through two new conceptions in loaded shells—

First, to load shells for *specific* game.

Second, to load them so that each one gives *the same results* as every other of the same kind and gauge.

Consider what this means to you as a sportsman.

You are going out, let us say, *for quail.*

Instead of trying to determine what kind and weight of powder you ought to have in your shells, you simply ask the dealer for the *Remington Quail Load.*

You get a Remington "Nitro Club" *Wetproof* Shell that is *right* for quail.

The right size of shot and the right amount of shot *for quail* have been determined for you by Remington.

The best velocity, pattern and penetration *for quail* have been worked out for you by Remington.

Remington selected the powder.

Remington tested the powder and loaded *just enough* in the shells you buy to give the definite, predetermined results. The next Remington Quail Loads you buy might have *more* powder in them *or less.* But they will have identically the *same shooting qualities.* Powder varies—*Remington Game Loads do not.*

No make of powder is marked on the shell. The responsibility is Remington's—*and Remington's alone.* The load is made by Remington and backed by Remington—all of it—*including the powder.*

And you get the quail.

Write for Booklet A—"The Complete Story of Remington Game Loads."

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
25 Broadway, New York
Established 1816

Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

SWEDISH PUNCH

Continued from Page 17

pointed at it by many folk who believed all that they heard, and consequently thought that the Gothenburg System restricted drinking as advertised.

Theoretically the Gothenburg System united all trade in spirituous liquors in a given territory in the hands of one company the Gothenburg System Company. This company was permitted to make only a certain per cent on all sales. Stockholders in the Gothenburg System Companies received 5 per cent on the capital invested, and all net profits in excess of 5 per cent were turned over to the government. Above all, the Gothenburg System Companies were supposed to be in the liquor trade exclusively in the interests of morality and the general welfare. Unfortunately the Gothenburg System Companies seemed unable to work themselves into a lather of excitement over morality or the general welfare. They crudely and coarsely devoted themselves to selling the cheapest varieties of hard liquor that could be sold with the minimum of labor, expense and mental exertion. They farmed out the privilege of selling the more expensive stuff, like whisky and brandy, to private tradesmen who would be financially interested in getting rid of their stock and therefore work harder at the job; and they also farmed out similar privileges to first-class restaurants as well as to restaurants that were supposed to be first-class but that amounted to little more than ordinary saloons.

To a great extent the Gothenburg System wrecked the Swedish saloons, especially in the country districts; and the Swedish saloons of the old days had about the same effect on those that frequented them that a hearty sandbagging by a gang of thugs, followed by a drop down a deep mine shaft, would have had. Consequently the Gothenburg System deserves a certain amount of credit. But as far as the over-enthusiastic Swedish drinking habits were concerned, the Gothenburg System merely transferred the scene of the drinking from the saloon to the home.

Doctor Bratt's Campaign

Anybody at all could go to the shops of the Gothenburg System Companies and buy as much Akvavit, cognac, whisky, Swedish punch or other potent liquid as he might desire for his own use or the use of anyone else. He might be a habitual drunkard or a wife-beater or a waster. His personal or social standing made no more difference to the Gothenburg System Companies, who were supposedly operating in the interests of morality and the general welfare, than they would have made to any distiller, who has no interest whatever in the effects of his product on the consumers so long as his profits are unimpaired.

Not only could anyone get as much spirits from the Gothenburg System Companies as he desired, but he was unable to purchase less than one liter at a time—a liter being slightly in excess of a quart. He had to buy a liter or nothing; and since the Swede is seldom wasteful and often adventurous, he seldom stopped short of consuming the full liter, although he might have been satisfied with a small glass if he could have bought as little as that.

The result of all this was that travelers were just as apt to be astonished and alarmed by Swedish souse parties as in the good old days.

About fifteen years ago a young Stockholm physician, Dr. Ivan Bratt, being a member of the Stockholm City Council, began to set up a penetrating hue and cry to the effect that the Gothenburg System was about as much interested in promoting morality and the general welfare in its sale of liquor as it was in securing a green-cheese concession on the moon.

"How," asked Doctor Bratt of the Gothenburg System in a pregnant manner—"how can you claim that you are striving to cause as little damage as possible in the sale of alcohol, when you do not even know to whom you are selling it or how much you are selling to the individual; when you thus cannot hinder even the most wretched, impoverished and castaway individuals from buying the drinks which have brought them to ruin and which prevent them from rising?"

The inquisitive doctor asked a number of other embarrassing questions, in the face of which the Gothenburg System Companies maintained the usual lofty and injured silence that is maintained by liquor interests when distressing questions are hurled at them. The doctor consequently embarked on a campaign to supplant the Gothenburg System, which to all intents and purposes was of no use whatever, with a system that would prevent those who oughtn't to have drinks from getting anything to drink, and that would at the same time eradicate in the breasts of private individuals the universal craving to roll up large profits, even by selling liquor to persons who shouldn't have it.

A terrific scream thereupon rose throughout Sweden from the folk who were fearful that their personal liberty was about to be severely cramped—personal liberty, in their case, being the liberty to sop up as much intoxicant as they could or couldn't hold.

These personal-liberty weevils, like their brothers all over the world, are never heard raising their voices to insist that everyone shall have personal liberty to do anything else he pleases, but only to get drunk.

Their howls, however, were fairly well nullified because of a general strike which took place in Sweden in 1909. Because of the strike, the police ordered that the sale of intoxicating liquors should be stopped. This order remained in force for six weeks. During these weeks no capital could be persuaded to back any smuggling or illegal distilling enterprises because of the possibility that the strike and temporary prohibition might come to an end at any time. Consequently the nation's supply of hard liquor was totally cut off; and drunkenness, crimes of drunkenness, riotous rum parties, and all the other liquor evils instantly vanished away where the fillilloo bird warbles his plaintive wood-note wild.

Enthusiasm for Temperance

The Swedish temperance party laid eager hands on this golden opportunity and held a voluntary plebiscite of all residents of Sweden over twenty-one years of age as to whether or not they were in favor of prohibition for the country. The population of Sweden at that time was about 5,500,000 and those over twenty-one years of age probably numbered about 3,000,000. The antiprohibitionists generally refrained from voting, and less than 40,000 voted against prohibition. Those who voted in favor of it, however, numbered 1,720,000, which plainly showed that the bulk of the country thought, with Doctor Bratt, that the Gothenburg System was of little value.

Doctor Bratt, who has some unusual ideas—among them the fairly common European idea that there exists in America no art, no literature and no activity of any sort except money-making—is not an ardent advocate of prohibition.

"I have never," he states, "entertained any hope that it would be possible in the long run to further the cause of temperance by total prohibition. The ease with which alcohol can be produced; the enormous profits that may be obtained from its sale so soon as the legitimate trade in it has been stopped; above all, the psychological reaction in the minds of a large section of the people who regard moderate indulgence in alcohol as a legitimate pleasure, and are unwilling to acknowledge that it is ever deleterious if consumed with proper self-control—all these points would, I believe, undermine the people's sense of the sanctity of the law."

So the doctor jumped in on the crest of the wave of temperance enthusiasm and submitted to the authorities a set of proposals as to the manner in which Swedish rum enthusiasm might be curbed.

In addition to curbing the soaks, Doctor Bratt longed to go into the wholesale cure of soaks. He has always denied indignantly and at great length, interlarding his remarks with scientific Latin terms a yard long, that there is any such disease as chronic alcoholism or any species of diseased drinking mania.

"My opinion," says he, "is that drunkenness and the prolonged use of alcohol are due to faults of character and to a slackness of will power fostered by reprehensible drinking customs."

At any rate, the doctor held out for a system which would unearth all the gentlemen who are in the habit of getting themselves nicely corned every little while,

Cold Weather Driving Comfort

With all your cold weather precautions you will still worry about your engine unless it is equipped with a Winterfront.

Winterfront automatically opens to admit cooling air or closes to retain the heat, keeping the engine at highest efficiency.

The shutters are opened and closed by the thermostat, actuated by the rise and fall of the engine temperature, without thought or trouble on your part.

Winterfront therefore delivers greater engine efficiency all through the Winter, Spring and Fall. It effects economies in oil and gas, it cuts down upkeep and eliminates many repair expenses.

The entire Winterfront is of metal in the very highest finish. It becomes a part of the car and serves to emphasize its beauty.

But over and above all these economies, Winterfront assures comfortable driving without worrying and forebodings.

Read what E. N. Gine says:

We engines must have food just as humans must.

If unprotected in the cold we must have more food to keep us warm just as you need more.

If we don't get enough food we will stall on the job, just as you do.

If we get too cold, our joints get stiff just as yours do.

If we are forced to stand outside for hours on a cold winter's day without the protection of a Winterfront, we will get chilled to the bone and lose our pep.

We may choose to start but you shouldn't blame us for knocking over such treatment.

Get a Winterfront the same day you put on your own overcoat.

E. N. Gine

PINES MANUFACTURING CO.
404–412 N. Sacramento Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

Installed in a Few Minutes

Let your Dealer put on a Winterfront today; if he does not have one in stock for your car he will gladly get the right model and it will take him only a few minutes to install it.

Pines Manufacturing Company,
404–412 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: I am interested in your statements about Winterfront and would like to have additional information before making my decision
My car is _____ Model _____
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
S. L. P. 11-3

ANY MOTOR WILL RUN BETTER WITH A
PINES AUTOMATIC
WINTERFRONT
TRADE MARK REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

and force them to work under restraint, thus earning money for themselves and their families and at the same time keeping them well out of touch with the pernicious Akvavit and the potent punch.

The activities and the ideas of Doctor Bratt finally worked into the Stockholm, or Bratt, System of Liquor Control; and it is the Stockholm System under which all Swedes within the boundaries of Sweden, as well as all foreigners who sojourn on Sweden's hospitable but expensive shores, do their occasional as well as their steady drinking at the present time.

So far as is known, it is the only system imposed on a nation by law that has ever been able to regulate the drinking of the citizens of that nation in the approximate manner in which it is supposed to be regulated.

The Stockholm System is a company authorized by law to control the sale of spirits throughout Sweden. The country is divided into 120 districts, each one of which has its own system company, with the central or governing office of the system in Stockholm. The capital for the operation of the system companies was supplied by private citizens, who receive 5 per cent on their investment. All earnings above 5 per cent go to the state.

In all countries the greatest opposition to efforts which are made to reduce the consumption of alcohol invariably comes from the distillers, the brewers and the liquor trade generally. This opposition in Sweden was overcome by Doctor Bratt and his friends by the simple expedient of raising enough money to buy out all the spirit distillers and all the wine and spirit wholesale dealers in the country. There were some two hundred of these concerns, and they were merged into one concern, known as Aktiebolaget Vin and Sprit-Centralen, or Sprit-Central for short. The Stockholm System Company controls the Sprit-Central and their central offices are in the same building in Stockholm. The Stockholm System buys its liquor from the Sprit-Central, and the Sprit-Central has no interest in furthering the consumption of liquor, since those who subscribed the money that made it possible can by law receive only 7 per cent on their investment. All earnings above 7 per cent are turned over to the state.

Thus the Sprit-Central and the Stockholm System Company exercise complete control over all the stocks of liquors in Sweden, have the exclusive right to manufacture, buy from foreign countries and sell, and can prevent adulteration, false labeling and price changing on any liquors sold anywhere in the country.

Two Kinds of Drinking

These two devices alone would never be sufficient to regulate the Swedish appetite for hard beverages; and it is by the introduction of a third tricky invention, known as the Mot Bok, or pass book, that drinking Swedes are prevented from getting themselves handsomely ossified every little while in the good old time-honored manner.

It should be understood, before elucidating the mysteries of the Mot Bok, that two sorts of drinking are possible in Sweden under the existing system: One is the sort that is done in better-class restaurants, and the other is the sort that is done at home or at picnics or up an alley or in any place removed from the place where the liquor is purchased.

If a person is satisfied to do his drinking at mealtime and at a restaurant, and to worry down his dinner with the assistance of two or three shots of Akvavit followed by beer chasers, four or five varieties of wine and a couple of pints, more or less, of Swedish punch, he only needs to drop into any good Swedish restaurant and proceed without further formality. As long as he doesn't fall out of his chair or start throwing bread at the waiters he will be served with all the drinks that he can hold, within reasonable limits.

But if the person hasn't the price to eat in good Swedish restaurants, or if he wants to drink hard liquor in the privacy of his own home or anywhere else, then he must have a Mot Bok in order to buy even a pint of said hard liquor. If an American or a Frenchman or an Englishman in Sweden wishes to purchase a couple of bottles of Akvavit or a Robert McNish & Co.'s Doctor's Special Scotch to nurse through a gloomy Swedish evening, he, too, must have a Mot Bok. The Swedes want to know all about everybody that craves to buy a bottle of spirits in Sweden, and they come fairly close to doing it. For this reason the acquisition of a Mot Bok is slightly more complicated than the purchase of a second-hand copy of Little Women would be.

One begins the operation of acquiring a Mot Bok by going in person to the office of the Stockholm System Company in the district in which one lives. After passing through several doorways one finds himself in a room colored dark brown in the Swedish manner, off from which open several smaller private chambers into which one retires to confess one's sins, peculiarities and heart's secrets to the high priests of the Stockholm System.

In the confessional room one seats himself beside the desk of a kindly appearing gentleman who peers anxiously at the applicant and asks pointedly how much he wishes to buy. Now the greatest amount of spirits that any individual is permitted by law to purchase on a Mot Bok is four liters a month—four bottles slightly larger than quart bottles; so the applicant always says that he wishes to buy four liters.

The Official Inquisition

The confessor thereupon takes his pen and a large blank registration card and begins to question the applicant more rigorously. What is the applicant's name? When and where was he born? Where does he live? What does he do? Why does he do it? How much does he earn? How much does he expect to earn? How much rent does he pay? How much income tax does he pay? Is he married? Whom did he marry? How many children has he? How old are they? What are their names? Is he telling the truth? Has he ever been drunk? How many times has he been drunk? When he gets drunk does he get very drunk? Has he ever been arrested? For what was he arrested? Has he ever been in jail? Does he expect to drink his four liters all at one time, or does he expect to save some of it for a rainy day? How much does he think he can drink in three months? In six months? In one year? And so on. The confessor asks him almost every question of an intimate, personal nature that could possibly be asked except where he gets his hair cut, whether or not his wife is a nice girl and what he thinks of Sweden.

Having satisfied his gnawing and morbid curiosity concerning the applicant's dark past, the confessor dismisses him noncommittally, telling him that his application will be answered in a few days' time. He then proceeds to check up on his statements with the local police, who work with the Stockholm System Companies. The police provide full information as to his criminal record, if any; his drunkenness, if any; whether he has ever had to be financially assisted by the town or city in which he lives, whether he has ever vacationed in an asylum, whether he has ever been addicted to throwing chairs at his wife or beating her with a rolling-pin, and whether the community has ever been forced to interfere with his private life in any way. All this information, when received, is entered on his registration card, and the card then goes to the directors of the company for judgment as to whether the applicant shall be allowed to drink, and if so, how much.

Nobody under twenty-one years of age can have a Mot Bok under any circumstances. A woman can have one if she is earning her own living, but only after the company has carried on a special investigation to find out why she wants an occasional drink, and whether she needs it or merely wants it. She is usually only permitted to purchase a very small amount each month—scarcely enough gin, for example, to pour on her hair to bring out the golden glints after she has had it shampooed. Sometimes a woman gets a Mot Bok which permits her to purchase only two liters in one year's time.

In the case of a family, the head of the family is usually the only one who can get a Mot Bok, though the System Company has no particular objection to issuing one for the wife if the husband hasn't one. Both husband and wife, however, are seldom allowed to have them. If the applicant for a Mot Bok is earning a good salary, has no physical defects, is holding down a good job, has never been arrested for any reason, has always paid his taxes promptly, doesn't owe anybody any money and has attained years of discretion, he gets a Mot Bok which carries with it the right to purchase four liters of hard liquor each month at a branch shop of the Stockholm System Company.

If the applicant seems to be a little young -say only twenty-five or twenty-six years old and isn't earning a very high salary, he may be given a Mot Bok, but not allowed to purchase more than two liters a month. If he has been arrested for drunkenness in the dim past, and has been somewhat dilatory in paying his taxes on a few occasions, he may be given a Mot Bok that carries with it the right to purchase only one liter a month. And if he is getting a very poor salary, or shows signs of shiftlessness, or has been hauled up for misdemeanors on sundry occasions, he doesn't get any Mot Bok at all.

The city of Stockholm has a population of some 450,000 souls. Of that number, a great many are boys and girls under twenty-one years of age, and a great many more are wives who aren't entitled to Mot Boks. At the headquarters of the Stockholm System Company I was told that 135,000 Mot Boks had been issued to residents of Stockholm alone, which would indicate that everyone who was entitled to one hadn't been at all backward in applying for one. In all Sweden there are approximately 3,000,000 voters—3,000,000 men and women over twenty-one years of age.

Maria and Her Record

Approximately 1,000,000 Mot Boks have been issued for all Sweden—a surprisingly large number for a country that cast nearly 1,800,000 votes for prohibition not many years ago. These figures ought to have a very potent meaning for prohibitionists and antiprohibitionists in America and England. Past experience tends to prove that both sides will be able to make them mean anything they want them to mean.

At the central offices of the System Company there are rooms filled with filing cases in which one can instantly locate any resident of the district who has a Mot Bok, or who has applied for a Mot Bok and been refused, to say nothing of those who are such bad actors that they must never be allowed to have a Mot Bok in case they should ever apply, and of those who once had Mot Boks but who have them no longer because of their subsequent insistence on beating up policemen or choking waiters who refused to let them have another drink of Akvavit, or thinking that they were being pursued by purple pterodactyls and orange squirrels.

Into these central offices come periodical reports from the police concerning all persons who have in any way transgressed against the community's laws, and these reports are regularly checked on the cards of all Mot Bok holders.

Each central office contains a complete drunk record of persons resident in the district. Some of these records make interesting reading, especially those that go back to the old days when many people got drunk as frequently as they bought a daily paper.

My guide showed me with some pride the record of a sixty-one-year-old dame named Maria —— Maria's record occupies the major part of a section that usually sufficed for ten ordinary drunks. She had been officially drunk on five hundred separate and distinct occasions since 1896, when her record started; but the number of occasions when she was unofficially drunk in that period can only be conjectured. It is probable that if her drunks had not been interrupted by arrests, her many drunks would have merged in one endless state of ossification. Her big year was 1915, when the records showed that she had been stewed on sixty-five occasions; but by 1922 the Stockholm System had begun to get in its deadly work and she had only fallen off the wagon, so far as the police were concerned, five times. It is barely possible, of course, that the monotony of picking her up and transporting her to the bastille had begun to pall on the police by that time; but the System takes the responsibility. The officials of the Stockholm System make a half-hearted attempt to rob Sweden of the credit of having produced this finished specimen of the souse family by claiming that when she is drunk she speaks French, and therefore isn't Swedish at all. This seems a poor reward for a lifetime of ceaseless endeavor.

A Bewildering Array

When an applicant receives his Mot Bok it specifies the shop of the System Company to which he must go in order to buy his spirits. In Stockholm, for example, there are thirty-four System Company shops; and a Mot Bok holder is, of course, assigned to the shop nearest his place of residence, unless he asks to be assigned to some other shop. In the shop to which he is assigned is placed a record card, sent there by the central office of the System, and on this card appears his signature. The Mot Bok holder is not allowed to buy spirits at any other shop unless he changes his residence; and whenever he buys a bottle of spirits he must sign for it. Before he gets it, his signature is compared with his registered signature, and his purchases entered on the card.

There is no more chance for the holder of a Mot Bok to get more liquor from a System Company shop than there would be for him to get the cashier of the First National Bank to hand him out a thousand dollars on a ten-dollar check.

One isn't limited in his choice of liquid at the Stockholm System Company's shops. Every shop counter has on it a pile of little white, yellow, cream-colored, pale pink, deep pink and light green catalogues, each one devoted to the names and prices of various sorts of drinkables. One of them lists all sorts of Akvavit, domestic and imported, and every variety of cognac, from Angier Frères Grand Champagne of 1836 at the equivalent of nineteen dollars a bottle, down through Hennessy's Extra at twelve dollars a bottle and Sayer's Six Star at six dollars a bottle, to the Vin and Sprit-Centralen's ordinary Swedish cognac at about ninety-five cents a bottle—and be careful not to spill any on your shoes if you don't want a hole eaten through the leather.

Another catalogue lists nearly every known brand of Scotch whisky—thirty-six different brands, to be exact, the average price being three dollars a bottle, though a Swedish brand of Scotch brings one dollar and sixty cents, and would be cheap at half the price. Another lists all sorts of cordials; another schedules all sorts of port, madeira, sherry, vermuth, and so on; various brands of champagne may be found in another, while still others deal in cordials, German wines and French still wines.

When one enters Sweden he would imagine, to hear the Swedes talk, that their liquor restrictions were such that one had to use unexampled ingenuity in order to get a drink. On beer, however, there are no restrictions of any sort whatever, so far as the purchase of it is concerned. It is illegal in Sweden to manufacture beer which contains more than 3.2 per cent of alcohol; and the Swedish Government apparently figures that if any Swede is able to get a glow

(Continued on Page 110)

Buy a touring car for its light weight and economy

—and then add Rex Equipment for closed car comfort and enjoyment—with low gasoline and tire expense

Will the new car be an open or a closed model? The choice is by no means an easy one, for each offers distinct advantages.

On the one hand is the admittedly superior performance of an open car, with lower first cost and decided economy of operation. On the other is assured comfort in all weather and all seasons, year 'round usefulness and the added enjoyment of closed car ownership.

Because this problem faces every automobile buyer, it is not surprising that motorists in rapidly increasing numbers are turning to open cars Rex-equipped, as the ideal answer.

The Rex-equipped automobile retains its ready responsiveness to wheel and throttle; it is still light in weight (Rex Equipment is no heavier than a single additional passenger)—sparing of tires, oil and gasoline.

At the same time, a Rex Top or Enclosure supplies every closed car requirement—complete protection, snug comfort, sturdy construction, distinctive beauty.

Rex Equipment is specially designed for each of the makes of cars listed below. Lines are planned to harmonize with the lines of the body; sparkling glass gives clear vision; windows are adjustable for control of ventilation; finish and equipment are richly complete. A Rex-equipped car is a source of genuine pride in any company.

Select the make of open car best suited to your needs, then have your dealer install a Rex Top or Enclosure before delivery is made. Enjoyment of the new car will not be delayed, for a Rex installation takes but a few hours.

Rex prices add but little to the amount of your new car investment. The great production of the world's largest manufacturer of CaliforniaTops has cut costs to a minimum and made surprisingly low prices possible.

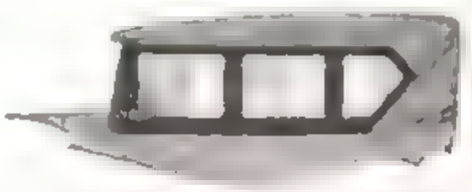
Write, giving the name of the car you own or are thinking of buying, and we will send you an illustrated folder showing how well that car will look when Rex-equipped.

Rex Equipment is furnished FOR THE FOLLOWING MAKES OF CARS ONLY, *and installation is made in a few hours by any authorized dealer in these cars:*

BUICK CADILLAC CHEVROLET ESSEX AUBURN DODGE BROTHERS HUPMOBILE HUDSON HAYNES NASH OAKLAND REO STUDEBAKER

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA

(37)



The Rex Enclosure fits the top already on an open car, giving closed car protection at a price heretofore thought impossible—$75 f. o. b. Factory—tax extra.

Rex Tops and Enclosures

ECONOMICAL CLOSED CAR COMFORT

Announcing 21 New Paramount

GENUINELY sensational news has been the rule rather than the exception in the comparatively brief history of the art of the screen.

You film patrons have known that marvelous productions were possible and surely would arrive. You have acted as a constant stimulus to progress.

From season to season Paramount has responded with a tremendous investment of funds and creative energy. One of the mighty sparks recently thrown off was, for example, "The Covered Wagon," in itself the most vital symbol of progress the industry ever saw.

And now comes the Program of Twenty-One Pictures for the new season, a program destined to astound the world.

In these pictures Paramount has so much confidence that it is willing to submit them to the acid test.

Demonstration theatres in key communities will commence showing them right away. What these thoroughly representative audiences say today it is believed America will say tomorrow.

The great underlying emotions of America are the same throughout the land, and if representative communities rise up and respond to the art of Paramount, national success for Paramount Pictures so demonstrated is foreordained.

If you live in a key community you will be one of the Paramount first-nighters.

If you do not you will see none but demonstrated pictures, the greatest screen-shows made.

Watch your newspaper for full size announcements of the Paramount Demonstration Plan.

FAMOUS PLAYERS LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President

Pictures —and the STARS DIRECTORS and Supporting Casts

TO BE SHOWN AFTER NOVEMBER 1, 1923

"His Children's Children"
A Sam Wood production, with Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, James Rennie, George Fawcett, Mary Eaton, Warner Oland, Hale Hamilton and others. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn from the famous novel by Arthur Train.

"The Light that Failed"
By Rudyard Kipling. A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont, Sigrid Holmquist and David Torrence. Scenario by F. McGrew Willis and Jack Cunningham

"The Spanish Dancer"
Starring POLA NEGRI. A Herbert Brenon production, with Antonio Moreno, supported by Wallace Beery, Kathlyn Williams, Gareth Hughes, Adolphe Menjou and Robert Agnew. Written for the screen by June Mathis and Beulah Marie Dix, from the play "Don Cesar de Bazan," by Adolphe D'Ennery and P. S. P. Dumanoir

"Stephen Steps Out"
Starring DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., with Theodore Roberts, supported by Noah Beery, Harry Myers, Forrest Robinson Directed by Joseph Henabery. From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Scenario by Edfrid Bingham. Presented by William Elliott and Jesse L. Lasky.

"The Call of the Canyon"
A Zane Grey production, with Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Estelle Taylor. Supported by Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Charles Ogle. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder and Edfrid Bingham. Directed by Victor Fleming.

"Flaming Barriers"
A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno, Charles Ogle, Walter Hiers. By Byron Morgan Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

"West of the Water Tower"
Starring GLENN HUNTER, with Ernest Torrence and May McAvoy. Supported by George Fawcett and Zazu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon. Adapted by Doris Schroeder from the novel by Homer Croy.

"Wild Bill Hickok"
Starring WILLIAM S. HART (in an original story by himself), supported by Ethel Grey Terry and featuring Bill Hart's Pinto Pony. Screen play by J. G Hawks, a Wm. S Hart Production.

"Big Brother"
By Rex Beach. An Allan Dwan production, with Tom Moore and a distinctive cast Adapted for the screen by Paul Sloan

"Speejacks"
A motion picture record of A. Y Gowen's famous voyage around the world in a 98 foot motor boat

"The Humming Bird"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON. A Sidney Olcott production. From the play by Maude Fulton. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"My Man"
Starring POLA NEGRI A Herbert Brenon production. Written for the screen by Fred Jackson and Eve Unsell from the play "Mon Homme" by Andre Picard and Francis Carco.

"Every Day Love"
A William de Mille production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt and Nita Naldi. Supported by Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Rod La Rocque From the novel "Rita Coventry," by Julian Street Screen play by Clara Beranger

"The Heritage of the Desert"
A Zane Grey production, with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery. Directed by Irvin Willat. Adapted by Albert LeVino

"Pied Piper Malone"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Supported by Lois Wilson and a big cast. By Booth Tarkington. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

"North of 36"
James Cruze's production with Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence and Lila Lee. By Emerson Hough

"To the Ladies"
A James Cruze production of the play by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly With Edward Horton and a great comedy cast

"When Knights Were Bold"
Starring GLENN HUNTER. Francis Wilson's famous comedy. By Charles Marlowe Edited and titled by Ralph Spence

"Triumph"
CECIL B. DE MILLE'S production with Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque, from The Saturday Evening Post story by May Edginton. Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson.

"The Stranger"
A Joseph Henabery production with Richard Dix, Leatrice Joy, and Lewis Stone From the story "The First and the Last" by John Galsworthy. Adapted by Edfrid Bingham.

"Argentine Love"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON Screen play by Julian Johnson from the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. An Allan Dwan production.

"The Next Corner"
A Sam Wood production of the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"

Authors and Playwrights

BOOTH TARKINGTON	RUDYARD KIPLING
EMERSON HOUGH	ARTHUR TRAIN
WILLIAM J LOCKE	JOHN GALSWORTHY
VICENTE IBANEZ	REX BEACH
ZANE GREY	JULIAN STREET
MAY EDGINTON	BYRON MORGAN
R HARDING DAVIS	MARC CONNELLY
KATE JORDAN	GEORGE KAUFMAN
MAUDE FULTON	ANDRE PICARD
CHARLES MARLOWE	ADOLPHE D'ENNERY
TOM GERAGHTY	MONTE KATTERJOHN
JACK CUNNINGHAM	EDFRID BINGHAM
JEANIE MACPHERSON	CLARA BERANGER
ALBERT S Le VINO	JULIAN JOHNSON
FRANCIS CARCO	P. S. P DUMANOIR
DORIS SCHROEDER	F McGREW WILLIS
LLOYD SHELDON	LUCIEN HUBBARD
RALPH BLOCK	RALPH SPENCE
PAUL SLOAN	BEULAH DIX
WALTER WOODS	JUNE MATHIS
EVE UNSELL	FORREST HALSEY

William de Mille

James Cruze

Allan Dwan

Sam Wood

Herbert Brenon

Alfred E Green

George Melford

Victor Fleming

Joseph Henabery

Irvin Willat

Rollin Sturgeon

Agnes Ayres

Jack Holt

Jacqueline Logan

Theodore Roberts

Lois Wilson

Charles De Rochie

Sidney Olcott

Hale Hamilton

Edward Horton

Noah Beery

98 Quality Products

THOUSANDS of times a can of *Whiz* Radiator Stop Leak has saved a car owner its small cost over and over again.

Have you never experienced the trouble, inconvenience and expense caused by a leaking radiator? If you haven't, you are fortunate. If you have, you know that it is often very considerable—

and so easy to avoid

A can of *Whiz* Radiator Stop Leak always on hand for use in an emergency—will do it.

There are 98 *Whiz* Quality Products to keep cars looking well and running well. Ask your dealer about them.

Send for this Handy Manual

It contains helps, suggestions and information of value to every motorist. Just say on a post card—"Send me book No. 24."

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO.
Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.
Branches in 18 Principal Cities

Serve and Save

(Continued from Page 106

out of any quantity of such a mild beverage, he has earned his good time and can go right ahead as often as he wants.

All Swedish restaurants, expensive and inexpensive alike, dispense beer as a matter of course. In Sweden, as in most other European countries, one almost has to fight in order to get a drink of ordinary water out of a carafe.

Wine of all sorts can be bought in the high-class restaurants, which are granted short-term licenses by the Stockholm System Company and which have their licenses yanked away from them if they permit patrons to become ossified or plastered while enjoying their hospitality. Consequently the waiters keep a careful eye on their charges, and begin to grow forgetful of orders for more drinkables as soon as they threaten to become the worse for wear.

Nor is there any restriction on the purchase of wine at the shops of the Stockholm System Company, so long as the purchaser is the holder of a Mot Bok. For example, if a person owns a Mot Bok entitling him to purchase two—or three or four—liters of spirits each month, he can only get the amount of spirits to which his book entitles him; but he can buy all the champagne or Burgundy or Moselle or Sauterne or port or sherry that he wants.

Paternal Leeway

Everything that he buys, however, is registered against his name in the shop to which he is assigned; and if the shop directors should suddenly happen to wake up to the fact that an individual is purchasing enough wine to float a battleship or put out a fire in a piano factory, they naturally deduce that the purchaser is selling the wine to somebody who shouldn't have it. If their suspicions are thus aroused, they put a bevy of Swedish gum-shoe artists on the case; and if their suspicions prove to be correct, the guilty gentleman finds himself left out in the cold, cold world without a Mot Bok.

Hard liquor—the powerful Akvavit, the insidious cognac and the subtle whisky—are the beverages against which the Swedish restrictive laws are directed; and the restaurants which have the right to sell hard liquids are forbidden to sell more than five centiliters to any one person—and the person must order a meal in order to get anything to drink at all.

Five centiliters is the equivalent of three small drinks of brandy or Akvavit. For the average Swede, this is nothing at all. For the more tenderly nurtured foreigner from softer southern climes, three quick shots of Akvavit on an empty stomach are just about enough to make him lift up his liquid tenor and apostrophize that old favorite, Mandy Lee, assuring her that her eyes they shine like diamonds, love, to him, and that it seems as though his heart would break without her—though there is less danger of his heart breaking than of his voice breaking.

A certain amount of paternal leeway is permitted to the administrators of the Stockholm System. In a good Swedish restaurant, for example, the waiters like to know a little something about their patrons before they serve them with even the amount of drink that they are entitled to have by law. If an unknown man accompanied by a young lady were to drop into, let us say, the Opera Restaurant, which is one of the best of Stockholm's many excellent restaurants, and both were to call for Akvavit as a preliminary to their dinner, the man would get a full glass while his companion would probably receive only a partly filled glass. If the young lady shows that she has a regular Swedish capacity, she will be given a full glass when she comes back again. And if anyone starts to become noisy or argumentative after his first drink of Akvavit, there is no possible way in which he can persuade his waiter to bring him a second glass.

On the other hand, if a person has been a frequent patron of a restaurant, and is known to the waiters as a person with a copper-lined stomach, who holds his grog with all the quiet aplomb of the perfect Swedish gentleman, he can get a good deal more than his legal five centiliters if he really wants it.

The Stockholm System has organized and improved restaurants of all classes, especially the so-called low-class restaurants, so that their patrons may get better food at cheaper prices and in better surroundings than ever before. As a result the Swedish table-d'hôte meal, which was always plentiful enough to satisfy the Cardiff Giant, has become larger and better than ever; but the amount of hard liquor that one can get with it in the low-class restaurants that are under the supervision of the system wouldn't even provide a lap dog with a case of the hiccups.

The System isn't always so strict. For example, a man who holds a Mot Bok that entitles him to a limited amount of spirits each month, and who is known to be a respectable and law-abiding citizen, may easily get all the whisky and Akvavit that he wants if he has a genuine reason for wanting it—such a reason, for instance, as the giving of a large dinner party for twenty or thirty guests. In such a case, he merely goes to the central office of the Stockholm System and tells them all about his dinner party and how important it is that his guests should be well oiled with Akvavit before they dive into the Smörgasbord. Almost invariably the paternal central office gives him an order for all the liquor that he wants, pats him on the back and tells him nicely not to let any of the guests fall through the conservatory roof or go to sleep in the bathtub without shutting off the water.

The fatherly attitude of the central office is frequently invoked by wives who secretly visit the father confessor of the system and complain bitterly that their husbands keep coming home drunk. The system promptly writes to these erring husbands and demands their presence. When they appear they are informed coldly that evidence has been discovered that tends to show that they don't use alcohol in the proper manner and that if they don't mend their ways their Mot Boks will be taken from them. The wives, meanwhile, have been instructed to come back in a couple of weeks and tell the central office whether or not their husbands are being good boys.

Frequently, when a wife has a heavy-drinking husband, the central office gives her a Mot Bok so that when Saturday comes around she can give the old man a little dash of schnapps now and then, and thus, theoretically, prevent him from dashing out on the street and getting a skinful of the meaner prune juice which is distilled by local talent or bootlegged into Sweden, as it is into every country that has any sort of restrictive laws.

The Plebiscite on Prohibition

The figures tend to show that the Stockholm System has resulted in a great improvement in drinking conditions. Even the opponents of the system -many of whom oppose it because they would like more to drink, while many others oppose it because they would like to see everybody deprived of the privilege of having anything to drink—say that the introduction of the Mot Bok system has brought about greatly improved conditions.

Doctor Bratt states that as a result of its introduction, "soberness at the places of employment increased; while accidents and truancy from work decreased. Intoxication on the streets decreased; and the police have stated that the otherwise so usual necessity for police interference indoors at night with carousing parties ceased almost entirely."

The per capita sale of spirits in Stockholm after the adoption of the Mot Bok was just about half what it was before the Mot Bok came into use. The trials for drunkenness in Stockholm now are one-third of what they used to be before the Mot Bok's days, and are still going down.

The voluntary plebiscite of 1909 showed over 1,720,000 voting for prohibition, and less than 40,000 voting against it. In 1922 another plebiscite was held, based on a recently adopted change in the Swedish constitution which allows the opinion of the people to be taken in questions of special importance before decisions are made. Those who wished to introduce total prohibition were asked to vote Yes; those who did not wish it were asked to vote No. Total prohibition would have meant the prohibition of all liquors containing more than 2.25 per cent of alcohol.

The final vote showed that 880,000 wanted prohibition and that 915,000 didn't want it. The proprohibition vote was cast by 400,000 men and 480,000 women. The antiprohibition vote was cast by 570,000 men and 345,000 women. The country districts of Sweden and the sparsely settled north, where the climate is more violent and would therefore seem, according to the arguments of most wets, to demand the use of stimulants, were largely in favor of prohibition. The cities and the more densely populated areas returned a majority vote against prohibition.

Soon after the introduction of the Mot Bok, the Allied blockade of Germany prevented the importation of spirits into Sweden, while a scarcity of potatoes in Sweden prevented the distillation of as much Akvavit as was usually turned out. As a result, the maximum amount of liquor that could be obtained on a Mot Bok was cut to eight liters a year instead of the present four liters a month. As a result of this cut, which remained in effect until 1920, quantities of bad liquor were smuggled into Sweden, and everybody who had an old still up in the attic, or knew how to make one out of a milk can and an oil stove, busied himself in the production of homemade Akvavit. But as soon as the restrictions were removed in 1920, and Mot Bok holders could again get four liters a month, the smuggling fell off.

Swedish Smugglers

There is plenty of liquor smuggling in Sweden, much of the smuggled liquor coming from Germany and much from Finland. For the most part it is unreliable and higher in price than the liquor that the Swedes obtain from the System Company's shops, so that the trade in it is to a large extent restricted to those who are unable to obtain Mot Boks. Liquor smuggling, moreover, is not viewed by the Swedes with the same complaisance or lack of action that may be noted in some other countries into which there is an incentive to smuggle liquor. There is probably no country in the world that is more law abiding than Sweden, and the authorities jump on transgressors with both feet. Not long ago the Swedish police caught a motorboat that was attempting to smuggle 800,000 liters of German liquor into Sweden. Each member of the motorboat's crew was fined 168,000 crowns, or about $40,000, and given a healthy jail sentence to boot. They had started to serve their jail sentences within three weeks of their capture. With such summary action hanging over the heads of smugglers, the gentle art of bootlegging is not so popular in Sweden as it is in some quarters.

Swedish smugglers are more circumspect in their methods, too, than they are on some sections of the Florida and New Jersey coasts. One of the exhibits at the Gothenburg Exposition was a collection of fancy liquor containers that had been seized from smugglers by the Swedish police. There were cans made to fit over a smuggler's chest and sides, like obese sets of armor. There were triangular cans which fitted neatly into the corners of motorboat seats and looked like parts of the boat. The best ones were large spherical cans which fitted inside woven-rope bumpers and were carried slung along the outside of tugs and motorboats in plain view of every passer-by.

The average broad-minded Swede seems to feel that the Stockholm system of liquor control is a better thing to reduce drunkenness in and for the general good of Sweden than any other system could possibly be.

There are, however, various things about the Stockholm System that the Swedes can't tell you. They can't tell you, for example, whether such a system would work in a larger country, or in a country that is less subject to vigorous police supervision, or in a country whose citizens are more inclined to kick over the traces, or in a country where there would be more difficulty in buying out the distillers and the liquor retailers, or in a country where political graft is more widespread than in Sweden. The general belief is that it wouldn't.

And they can't tell you whether a habitual souse can be prevented from dallying with the insidious prune juice by merely denying him the right to buy it in a government shop; or whether a rising generation is more favorably influenced by its government's participation in the drink business or by its government's refusal to permit any drink business at all, so far as it is able; or whether it is better for a nation to make a profit out of selling liquor to its people—and Sweden makes nearly $35,000,000 a year in that way—or for a nation to lose money trying to root out the whole rotten business.

Until the Swedes are able to tell these things, no country is justified in trying to throw over a prohibition law and substituting the Stockholm System for it.

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
As a boy, forbidden the use of a manuscript work of organ compositions belonging to his elder brother, Johann would steal at night to the room wherein it was kept and copy the work by moonlight. The task occupied about six months, and permanently injured his eyesight.

George Frederick Handel (1685-1759)
Under Zachau's direction Handel progressed rapidly, and at the age of nine was entrusted with the duty of playing the organ in the church every Sunday. When only twelve years old he composed a church cantata. Handel, however, never took kindly to the organ, but preferred the clavichord, which was then the favorite instrument.

When Bach and Handel Were Boys

the world of modern music was dawning

AT this time the new grandeur in music became possible because of a new greatness in the making of musical instruments. Now the lute was to be universally supplanted by the violin that Paganini played; the wind instruments with bellows and pipes became the great church organ for which Handel wrote his gigantic masterpieces; the keyed instruments were turned into the well-tempered clavichord with the result of —Bach's fugues. Thus the great master in music has always *followed* a great development in the mechanics of instrument making. (Witness, for instance, in a still later period, Chopin, who would have been impossible if Bach's well-tempered clavichord had not been changed to the modern piano-forte.)

IT was at this time too, when Bach and Handel were boys, that a descendant of a long line of music-craftsmen, a Saxon lute-maker by the name of Wurlitzer, had two sons, one Hans Andreas (famous lute maker) and the other Hans Adam, whom the Saxon guild in 1732 honored with the title of *Master Violin Maker*. With the development of music craftsmanship since that time, the Wurlitzer family through seven *unbroken* generations has been inseparably identified. In the first half of the 19th Century one of these music craftsmen came to America and founded the firm that bears his name—The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co. Under the management of his sons and grandsons, this has become the world's largest musical instrument house.

Some credit for the growth of the Rudolph Wurlitzer Co. may perhaps be attributed to the ideal, held steadfast in the Wurlitzer family ever since Bach and Handel were boys—the ideal of the *craftsman* in music, the craftsman who, while serving the artist, is himself an artist.

Go to any Wurlitzer store, examine any Wurlitzer product, from a flute or a saxophone to the splendid Wurlitzer piano or the great Wurlitzer Unit-Organ, and you will *see* and *hear* how the best ideals of this best craftsmanship have been maintained since the days when Bach and Handel were boys.

Trade Mark Registered

WURLITZER

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE

Stores from Coast to Coast

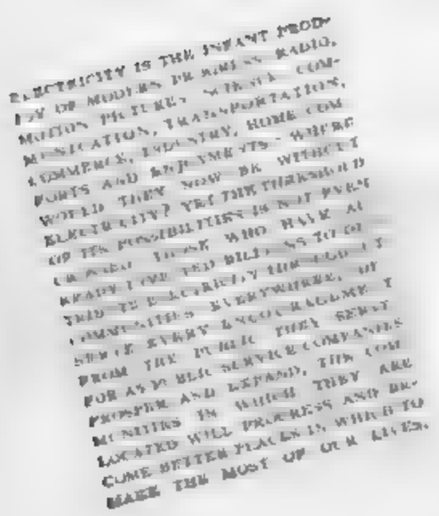
NEW YORK, 120 W. 42nd St.
BOSTON, 841 Boylston St.
PHILADELPHIA, 1010 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH, 615 Liberty Ave.
BUFFALO, 674 Main St.
DETROIT, 339 State St.
CINCINNATI, 121 E. 4th St.
CLEVELAND, 1017 Euclid Ave.
COLUMBUS, 50 E. Gay St.
DAYTON, 130 S. Ludlow St.
SPRINGFIELD, 20 S. Limestone St.
HAMILTON, O., 119 S. Second St.
PIQUA, O., 417 N. Main St.
CHICAGO, 329 S. Wabash Ave.
ST. LOUIS, 1000 Olive St.
MILWAUKEE, 421 Broadway
LOUISVILLE, 658 S. Fourth Ave.
KANSAS CITY, 1114 Main St.
BOSTON, O., 130 N. Second St.
MIDDLETOWN, O., [illegible]
SAN FRANCISCO, 250 Stockton St.
LOS ANGELES, 963 W. Seventh St.
OAKLAND, 568 [illegible]
ROCHESTER, 660 [illegible]
SYRACUSE, 558 S. [illegible]
NIAGARA FALLS, [illegible]

Wurlitzer Dealers in over 200 other cities

Dealers wanted in every city where we are not represented

Copyright 1921 The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

"—the Nap lasts longer when a Hoover is used"


ELECTRICITY IS THE INFANT PROD-
IGY OF MODERN BUSINESS. RADIO,
MOTION PICTURES, SURGICAL COM-
MUNICATION, TRANSPORTATION,
COMMERCE, INDUSTRY, HOME COM-
FORTS AND ENJOYMENTS—WHERE
WOULD THEY NOW BE WITHOUT
ELECTRICITY? YET THE THRESHOLD
OF ITS POSSIBILITIES IS NOT EVEN
CROSSED. THOSE WHO HAVE AL-
READY FOUND IT SO BILLIONS TO BE
SPENT IN ELECTRICITY THROUGHOUT
COMMUNITIES EVERYWHERE, OF
SERVICE OF EVERY KIND—RADIO—IT
FROM THE PUBLIC THEY SERVE
FOR A PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANIES
PROSPER AND EXPAND, THE COM
MUNITIES IN WHICH THEY ARE
LOCATED WILL PROGRESS AND BE-
COME BETTER PLACES IN WHICH TO
MAKE THE MOST OF OUR LIVES.

In the attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Roe at 25 Piedmont Court, Piedmont, California, the floors are softly carpeted by a dozen rugs—Orientals, Wiltons—all in excellent condition today because, *for twelve years*, they have been regularly beaten, electrically swept and air-cleaned by The Hoover.

There are some twenty-year-old rugs in the Roe collection, yet we doubt if you could pick them out, so well has this efficient cleaner protected them from wear. Some are cleaned every day, others twice a week, which is more often than usual.

The rugs are never sent out for cleaning; Mrs. Roe saves herself thus bother and expense because she finds that The Hoover removes dirt thoroughly, keeps the nap erect and preserves the brightness of colors.

"I have had people who don't own Hoovers tell me that vacuum cleaners wear off nap," relates Mrs. Roe. "I tell them my experience of twelve years has been that the nap lasts longer when a Hoover is used."

Gritty dirt, which ordinarily escapes removal, is what really wears out rugs; gently beating *all* dirt out of them, as only a Hoover does, cannot but increase their life—as it is doing for Mrs. Roe and more than a million other satisfied users.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

SKOOKUM CHUCK

(Continued from Page 27)

But though Marshall's sensitive perceptions were caught by all this, it did not long hold his attention. It was crowded aside by his intellectual apprehension, which was immediately attracted by the fact that barely a hundred feet away another small power cruiser lay at anchor. She was a neat little craft, thirty-five—perhaps forty—feet in length, built with fine lines, painted a dark unobtrusive green. Her davits were empty, and no life showed aboard her. Curiously enough he could make out no name. She was a pretty craft, neatly kept, her varnish shiny, her paint fresh and unmarked. Marshall glanced again around the shores of the pond, and this time his more concentrated examination made out a slowly moving object near the farther end. He remembered a pair of field glasses hanging just inside the companionway. These he reached with a motion of the arm, and began to focus them upon the distant object.

The first blurred image showed as a small boat—probably belonging to the other craft. Then as the definition sharpened, his attention sharpened with it. The occupant proved to be a girl. Of course she might belong on the other yacht—and in any case, Marshall reminded himself, she was to him a matter of supreme indifference. Still, if it were the girl of the silver ring here was an excellent opportunity to study her unaware; to examine at leisure the type Anaxagoras had judged attractive to him.

She had a good stroke, that was one thing! No doubt of that! The upper part of her body swung freely and effortlessly from the waist; the sculls left the water and were feathered for return with a neat businesslike snap. At the distance and under the shadow, however, Marshall could make out little more than this, except that she was bare-headed and bare-armed. He caught the flash of the arms, and an impression of short tumbling hair. Looked as though it might be red, but of that he could not be certain; certainly it was light. Outdoor, breezy type; dizzily blond; bobbed hair. Marshall had seen dozens of them.

He yawned, and returned the glasses to their place. Presently she would return and he would have to go through with it. Nothing bored him more than to be polite to flappers. And within the narrow confines of a small yacht! For an indefinite period! Something akin to a small panic swept through him and was gone. What did he care? What responsibility did he have to be polite to any flapper, red-headed or otherwise? Let her suffer!

He was aroused from these reflections by sounds of life below. After a few moments he heard his name called by the voice of X. Anaxagoras. He descended the companionway.

Behind the yacht's table sat the blandly professional healer of souls whom, the day before, Marshall had encountered in the blue consultation room, but who seemed to have been lost in the roughly clothed, humorous and casual skipper of the yacht. On the table were pencils and paper and an affair that looked like a fever chart. Anaxagoras was dressed, as to his visible parts, once again in the high-collared white starched surgeon's jacket. Bill was nowhere to be seen; but sounds indicated that he had escaped forward through the engine room.

"I trust your rest has been complete and refreshing," he greeted Marshall formally. "Will you please to be seated? I find it advantageous periodically to check up our condition in order that gains or relapses may be recognized and evaluated. Like any other practitioner I appreciate greatly entire frankness and honesty on the part of the patient; but like any other practitioner I do not find that frankness and honesty absolutely essential. I have other methods of arriving at my conclusions. I shall ask you certain questions, as a physical physician would inquire as to your sleep, your appetite, your sensations. You do not in his case consider those questions as impertinences, although often they deal with matters of the greatest privacy. The same attitude of mind I would bespeak for my own interrogations."

"It is a matter of indifference to me," stated Marshall superbly.

"Yesterday," then began the healer of souls, "you extended this indifference to include all things that were. Has it continued quite unbroken from that moment until this?"

Marshall considered.

"I wish to be honest with you," he said at length. "In essence I must answer in the affirmative. As against essential indifference I do not believe I can count small momentary stirrings of curiosity; or even admiration over a well-managed *mise en scène*."

"In other words," said Anaxagoras, "in spite of intervening small pulsations of emotions of one sort or another, you find yourself at this moment in no appreciably different case than you were in yesterday at this hour."

"You express my thought," replied Marshall.

"You do not know where you are at this moment nor why you are here; and you do not care. You do not know in what company you now are nor for how long nor for what purpose; and you do not care. You do not know the reasons for your instructions of last night nor for our subsequent movements; and you do not care. Is that a minutely correct statement?"

Again Marshall considered.

"Perhaps not entirely. I fancy I do know the reasons for some of the matters of which you suppose me ignorant. Your first two suppositions are correct. I do not know where I am nor for what specific purpose I am here, nor how long I shall be here or elsewhere. As to the rest, I can as an intelligent being make moderately accurate deduction. Bill is obviously the crew or engineer or pilot, and his functions may be predicated. As for the red-headed young woman ——" He hesitated.

"My secretary," Anaxagoras supplied blandly.

"Ah, yes—your secretary. I assume that as concerns my own case"—he paused at the words—"her status must rest either on her secretarial duties, which in such event must be slight, or on her sex. You ask me to be honest," he ended in half apology.

"Oh, quite! Quite so!" agreed Anaxagoras amiably.

"As for the instructions of last night, and the mysterious midnight departure, they were quite as obviously a stage setting of atmosphere skillfully arranged, I admit, and interesting intellectually, but in my case without emotional appeal."

"Or effect?"

"None."

"At any time?" persisted Anaxagoras.

Marshall hesitated.

"I wish to oblige you by being entirely candid," he said at length. "I can quite honestly say that none of your prearranged effects impressed me. I did, however, experience a rather strange psychic sense of invasion which I successfully combated. This took place, however, after we had left the harbor, and was induced by a hypnotic combination of the night, the sea, the distant mountain, the stars and the monotonously rhythmic beat of the engines. I do not know as I can describe it to you, but——"

"Give Me That Wheel," He Ordered Shortly. "Get Below and Fix Your Engine"

"You need not try," interrupted Anaxagoras. "I know." He made a note on his papers, then glanced up to catch Marshall's slight smile. "No," he answered the latter's unspoken thought, "this is not a clever exhibition of opportunism on my part. I know because in your case at that moment a natural law worked. Laws do not work because anybody makes them work, you know. All anyone does is to gather together the conditions for the working of the law he desires to place in operation. There is quite a distinction. When the conditions are collected in their proper proportions for any law, you can't prevent its working. I gathered certain conditions—though they were not quite what you think them, I see. You indicate to me quite clearly that I succeeded in gathering the right conditions in approximately the proper proportions. I am gratified."

"I do not see," objected Marshall.

"This psychic invasion, as you call it, indicates that the law worked, even though only momentarily."

"The law? What law?" asked Marshall impatiently.

"The law of permeability."

"Permeability?"

"Of the human soul."

"To what?"

"To life. That's what's the matter with you, you know. Your soul lacks permeability. We've got to assemble the conditions."

"You will pardon me, I know," said Marshall, "but as far as I am concerned you are talking nonsense."

"That does not in the least matter," rejoined Anaxagoras cheerfully. "Laws work whether you know about them or believe in them or not—any laws."

Oars splashed outside. Marshall instinctively turned his head to listen.

"That's Bill," said the healer of souls. "She won't be back for some time; she's had her supper."

Marshall flushed angrily at this interpretation of his movement; but he said nothing, for it was basically true. He had thought it might be the red-headed girl Just natural curiosity.

"I thank you for your candor," X Anaxagoras was saying. "It is invaluable I must, however, point out that most of your deductions are in error. I do this for a distinct purpose; not to refute you or correct you or persuade you to other conclusions, but solely as an influence toward a more open mind. You were instructed to come at midnight not because at that hour the graveyards yawn, but because at that hour the favoring tide sets through the First Narrows, and because a departure at that time brought us to the pass when the strength of the opposing tide had sufficiently abated. The request that you take care that you were not followed was made merely in contemplation of the fact that you had on your person a considerable sum of money and that the water front is at best none too safe. The sum of money is for the current expenses for which you are responsible. It may seem excessive, and it may prove to be so; but there will be no opportunities for replenishment, and it is well to be prepared. It is quite simple."

"And," observed Marshall dryly, "I suppose these same considerations caused you to run out at half speed and without lights."

"That," said Anaxagoras, "is another matter which at present happens not to affect you. To continue: Bill is not the crew nor the pilot nor the engineer. He is the owner of the craft you no doubt noticed anchored near us. He left her here while he went to Vancouver in quest of certain supplies and repair parts. I have given him passage. My secretary has nothing whatever to do with your case. Her presence here is explained by the simple fact that she always accompanies me on the Kittiwake. To relieve you from the trouble of random speculation I will tell you that she is my sister."

He dipped a pen into a bottle of red ink and painstakingly traced a low curve on the chartlike thing before him.

"You will wish," said he, "to dispose of your belongings and to freshen up. I will show you the arrangements for both activities, and will then leave you for a few moments. When you are quite ready, kindly call out, and we will have some supper."

III

WHILE Marshall was shaving he heard the girl come aboard. Her footfalls passed over his head on their way forward, and shortly he heard her moving about in the forecastle cabin, which apparently was her habitation. With the vaguest conscious intention he expedited his toilet. At supper he would at last see what she was really like. It was absurd! Here for nearly twenty-four hours aboard a fifty-foot craft they had been fellow passengers, and as yet he possessed only the following collection of impressions: Item, a neat foot and ankle; item, a tapering graceful hand bearing one hammered silver swastika ring; item, short, presumably red, hair. That was all. Probably she was freckled—most red-headed girls are; and her eyebrows would be white, like those of the majority of red-headed girls; and her eyes milk-blue; typical red-headed-girl stuff. Of course he did not care; still, might as well get it over and done with. He tucked away the last of his things in the deep wall bags over his bunk and gave the requested call.

X. Anaxagoras instantly thrust his head and shoulders into the companionway. Somewhere and somehow he had shifted from his hospital rig. His professional air he had likewise discarded.

"Ready?" he queried cheerily. "All right. Come on up and we'll eat."

Marshall accordingly climbed to the deck, though he did not clearly understand how that would help toward food. Perhaps to give Miss Anaxagoras—Lord, what a name!—a chance to prepare the supper.

But Anaxagoras was hauling the dinghy alongside.

"We're going over to eat with Bill," he explained. He glanced at his patient. "My sister has had supper," he reminded.

Continued on Page 118

SQUIBB Week

Special Offer During Squibb Week Only

Squibb Week begins November 3rd and continues to November 10th. During that time, druggists who display the Squibb Week emblem, shown on the left, will give you one fifty-cent tube of Squibb's Dental Cream, FREE, with every one dollar purchase of Squibb Medicine Cabinet Requisites. Make your selections from this list. Take it to your druggist to fill—and be sure to ask for your free tube of Squibb's Dental Cream:

Squibb's Dental Cream
Squibb's Dental Prophylactic
Squibb's Cold Cream
Squibb's Benzoinated Cream
Squibb's Rochelle Salt
Squibb's Talcum Powder
Squibb's Sodium Bicarbonate
Squibb's Boric Acid Powder
Squibb's Boric Acid Granular
Squibb's Glycerin Suppositories
Squibb's Cod Liver Oil
Squibb's Milk of Magnesia
Squibb's Epsom Salt
Squibb's Castor Oil
Squibb's Sodium Phosphate
Squibb's Milk Sugar
Squibb's Zinc Stearate
Squibb's Nursery Powder

Squibb Week

The Squibb Week emblem

Look for the drug store displaying this emblem during Squibb Week

Copyright 1923, E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York, N. Y.

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT

November 3rd to 10th

There is a frequent need in every home for medicine cabinet requisites. You need them in emergencies, or following your physician's instructions. Squibb Week is the most advantageous time, in all the year to purchase them.

Another triumph of the Squibb Laboratories—Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—for the preservation of sound teeth and healthy gums. Effectively counteracts mouth acidity. A correct dentifrice for adults and children.

FREE

Druggists who display the Squibb Week emblem shown below will give you one fifty-cent tube of Squibb's Dental Cream—free—with every $1.00 purchase of Squibb Medicine Cabinet Requisites made during Squibb Week.

MANY times during this winter you will need certain medicine cabinet requisites. When you do need them you will want them quickly.

Squibb Week is your opportunity to purchase these products in the most advantageous way. With every $1.00 purchase of Squibb Medicine Cabinet Requisites, druggists who display the Squibb Week emblem will give you —FREE—one fifty-cent tube of Squibb's Dental Cream!

No doubt, you are already familiar with the Squibb Medicine Cabinet Requisites, such as Squibb's Sodium Bicarbonate, Squibb's Epsom Salt, Squibb's Milk of Magnesia and Squibb's Castor Oil. For more than sixty years the products of this house have been recognized by physician and pharmacist alike as the highest standard of purity and reliability. You will find them always correct in strength, effective, and as pleasant to take, or as convenient to use, as it is possible to make them.

If you have been using Squibb's Dental Cream, you know that it is unsurpassed for the thorough protection of the teeth and gums. If you have not used it, this special offer gives you the opportunity to try it—FREE.

Select the products you need from the list printed on the opposite page. Take this list to your druggist during Squibb Week—Nov. 3rd to 10th. You will receive $1.50 value for every $1.00 purchase you make.

And you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your medicine cabinet contains pure, reliable products whenever the emergency arises, or your physician advises their use.

SQUIBB

IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Office Easy Chairs

Seats of the Mighty

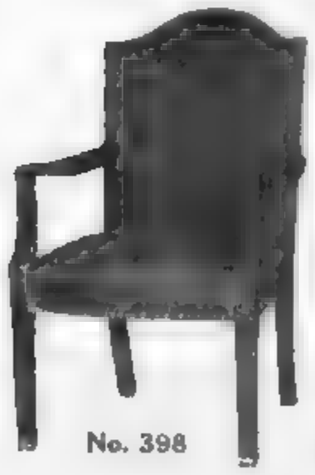
"THE king business isn't what it once was," as King Edward VII remarked. Today *The Mighty* are the business men and financiers. The seats of the mighty are not thrones but office chairs. And among the mighty ones of America Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs lead in popularity.

The man whose brain power is valued at thousands per minute realizes that the mind cannot hit on all six cylinders when the tired body is limping along on four. Every Sikes Chair is specially designed for comfort. It is pre-eminently the easy chair that makes hard thinking easier. In offices where efficiency is not a slogan but a *fact* you will find Sikes.

Among the organizations "chaired by Sikes" may be mentioned Victor Talking Machine Co., Studebaker, the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Co., and many another.

If you are seeking a chair which is at once supremely comfortable, reasonable in price, and of unusual beauty and dignity, visit the nearest Sikes dealer. Write me and I will tell you who he is.

Sikes


No. 398

No. 395

No. 392

SIKES COMPANY CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

(Continued from Page 113)

Marshall bowed stiffly. What concern was that of his?

Bill's boat proved to be much less commodious than the Kittiwake, although its water line was only a little shorter. It was one of the V-bottom type, which makes for speed but not for headroom. The after deck was tiny, and even its space was constricted by what seemed to be a pile of square boxes covered by a tarpaulin. The cabin was low and narrow, with a turtle-back roof; there was no bridge; the pilot house, too, was low. While the Kittiwake gave an impression of comfort and seaworthiness and room to move about, this craft looked all raciness and speed. She was beautifully kept.

In answer to a hail Bill rumbled from below that they were to come aboard. They did so and descended into the cabin.

This, too, was unexpectedly contracted. It was lower and narrower than one might have anticipated, and appeared to occupy a scant third of the boat's length. Its two bunks were closer together than on the Kittiwake, and they had been given generous width only by the expedient of extending them to the skin and under the channel of the side decks. Thus one could sit on the outer half only. The inner halves at this moment were filled with more square boxes. A double pile of the same had been placed on the floor between the bunks, and these it was evident were to serve as the supper table.

Anaxagoras seated himself on one bunk and motioned to Marshall to follow his example on the other. Bill's back was visible around a tiny half partition. After a moment he emerged bearing a coffeepot and a frying pan containing a beefsteak, fried onions and fried potatoes.

"Fly to it!" he growled.

Marshall looked at him with interest. Bill, too, had for nearly a full day remained a mysterious symbol. He was a big and burly man, with a square-cut granite face, an almost aggressive eye, and no expression whatever. He proved to talk entirely with his lips and throat, without play of any facial muscle.

"This is Bill, Mr. Marshall," said the healer of souls.

"Pleased to meet you," growled Bill, extending a dangerously constrictable paw.

"Bill?" repeated Marshall interrogatively as he shook hands and at the same time skillfully avoided being crushed.

"Just Bill," Anaxagoras assured him. "Bill doesn't run very heavy to names; in fact, at times finds them fairly inconvenient. Don't you, Bill?"

Bill made no reply to this.

"Fly to it," he repeated; and himself set the example.

The meal was finished in complete silence, which Marshall did not feel called upon to trouble himself about. Then Bill cleared away the simple utensils, returned to his seat, lighted a pipe and leaned his great shoulders against the side of the deck house.

"All right, Sid," said he; "tell him."

"Sid," remarked the healer of souls, looking Bill steadily in the eye, "is Bill's personal interpretation of my given name. He has difficulty with names beginning with an initial X."

"Sure," growled Bill unexpectedly; "only thing I know that begins with X is xylophone; and I can't call him that. Though I don't know why that should begin with X."

"The fact of the matter is this," pursued Anaxagoras: "Bill wants me to ask you a favor. As I told you, Bill went to Vancouver to get certain supplies"—as though by accident, the speaker's eye strayed to the pervasive square boxes—"and certain parts for one of his engines, leaving his boat here; and I have brought him and his purchases back. Now Bill's partner went up to Nanaimo at the same time, and was to have met him here. The partner, I regret to state, has not met his engagement."

"Soused to the ears, likely," observed Bill.

"That leaves Bill in an embarrassing predicament. He, in turn, has contracted certain engagements at a point which we will name Somewhere in the United States, which he feels he must fulfill at a given time. To do so he must take his departure at once. Now Bill's engines ——"

"They're damn good engines," interposed Bill; "it's the ignition that ——"

"Quite so," resumed Anaxagoras firmly. "They are the very best little engines in the world. But at present, owing to a dastardly plot, probably by the Germans, they aren't up to normal. They require someone to feel their pulse occasionally and perhaps give them bits of cracked ice or tell them a bedtime story from time to time."

"You go to hell!" growled Bill.

"It is obvious that at such junctures oh, very infrequent, I grant you—it is necessary to have someone aboard to take the wheel while Bill plays nurse. He wants you to go along and do it."

"Why should you think me capable?" asked Marshall.

"My dear chap, it is my business to know what I can about my patients. You forget that your Spindrift is a registered yacht. This expedition will be very brief By two days, or at most three, you will be back aboard the Kittiwake. The trip down through the islands is pleasant. I might almost exercise my authority as a physician ——"

"It is unnecessary," said Marshall. "Whether I stay here or go on this craft is, I assure you, a matter of the profoundest indifference."

"That is well," said Anaxagoras briskly. "Bill wants to start in half an hour. That will give you ample time to select such of your belongings as you may desire."

IV

BY THE time all preparations were complete it was the last of twilight. Anaxagoras, after a short low-voiced conversation with Bill, stepped outside into his own dinghy and departed. Bill dived into his tiny pilot house, but immediately thrust his head forth again.

"Want to take a look at her power?" he asked.

The intent was gruffly hospitable. Marshall knew this, and he detected a hidden vibration of pride. Every power-boat man is the enthusiastic proponent and apologist for his engines, or else he is a suppressedly vindictive potential machinocide; there is no middle ground. Like motor car-owners.

"Surely," said he.

"Go right through the cabin, then," rumbled Bill, and withdrew his head.

Marshall, obeying the suggestion, picked his way past the piled boxes to a small door in the forward bulkhead. This was now open and the farther compartment illuminated by electric light. He thrust his head in the aperture, and stopped short with a whistle of genuine amazement

Instead of either the massive two or three cylinder heavy-duty engine, developing perhaps thirty horse power, or the more compact and flimsy fast machine of the same strength, he stared at twin engines of multiple cylinder. No wonder the after cabin was so small! These formidable machines occupied, disproportionately, a full half of the boat. They were beautifully spick and span, all the enamel work fresh and unmarred, the brass brilliantly polished, no speck of oil visible, the necessary tools clean and neatly arranged in sockets or loops. But it was out of all proportion. These engines would have been amply adequate for a craft three times as big. Bill was lovingly wiping an imaginary tarnish from a brass governor ball, and trying to look unconcerned.

"A hundred and twenty each," he answered Marshall's whistle.

"Two hundred and forty horse power!" marveled the latter. "What on earth do you want it for in a boat of this size?"

"I like to go—sometimes," mumbled Bill, turning the gas cock and opening his priming cups.

"Well, you ought to have your wish! How fast?"

But Bill's moment of expansion was over.

"Fast enough for me," was his noncommittal answer.

He inserted a starting bar and turned over one of the flywheels. The engine fired at the first revolution. Bill looked self-conscious, though he tried to conceal it. The other engine, however, did not so instantly respond. Bill fiddled with the carburetor; he reprimed twice. When finally it started, it hesitated, and back-fired, and only at the last possible minute of momentum decided to take up its job. Bill looked at it with honest mortification.

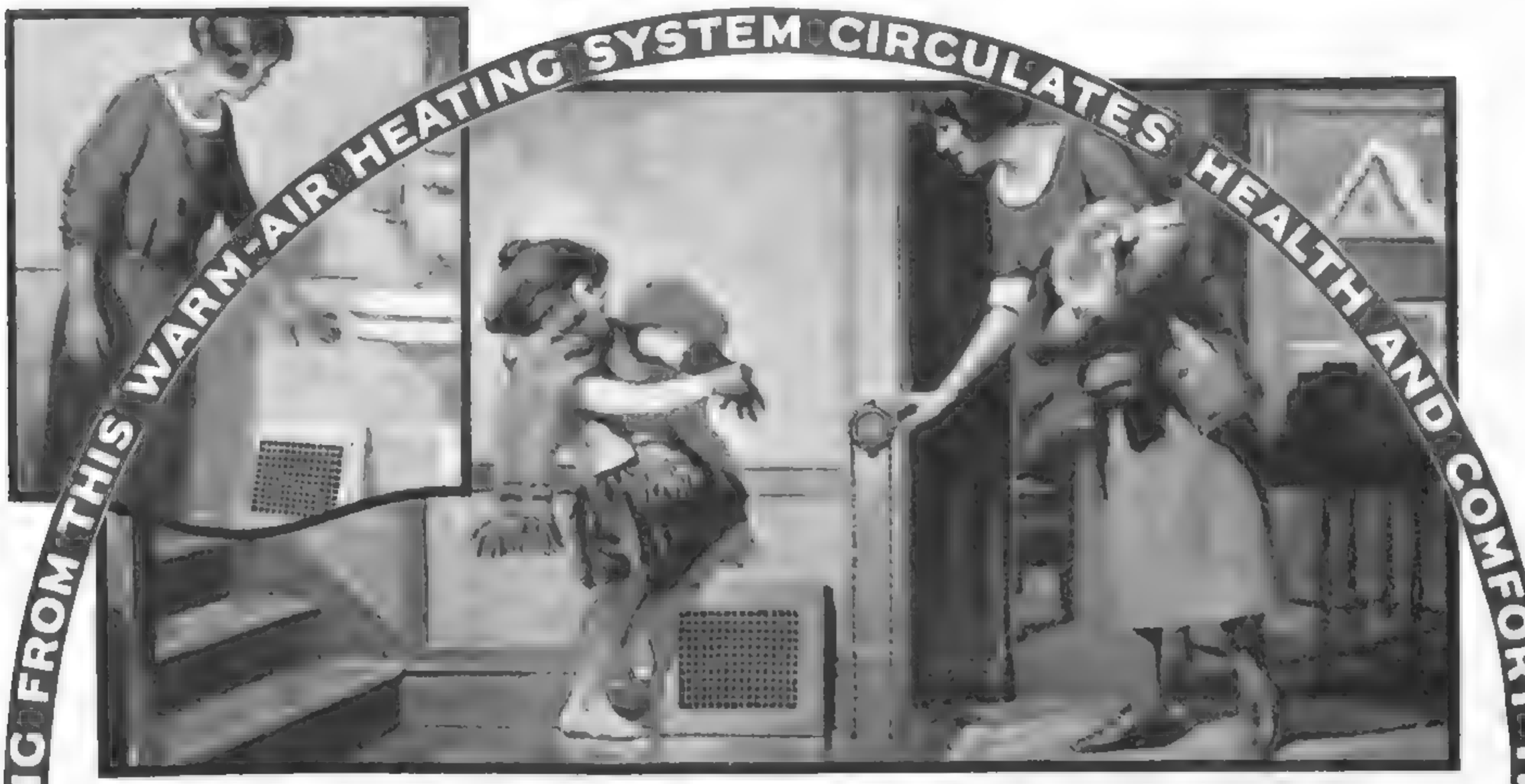
"She just needs warming up," he muttered, but without conviction.

He switched off the lights unceremoniously and clambered up through his little pilot house. Marshall had perforce to feel his way back through the cabin to the after deck. Bill's bulky form was stooped over the anchor cable.

"Any help?" proffered Marshall.

"Nope," grunted Bill.

(Continued on Page 119)



Warmth a-Plenty
In the Warm-Air Heated Home
Where You Want It When You Want It

Just a slight turn of the convenient Sunbeam Wall Regulator and fresh, warm air in greater volume quickly flows wherever you want it—throughout the home. That's because Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating is direct, quick-action heating. The Sunbeam Furnace (Pipe or Pipeless) takes pure, fresh air, warms it abundantly and sends it *directly* into your rooms. You never have to wait for Sunbeam warmth.

If you're faced by a home-heating problem, you'll find food for thought in the pictures above. Don't they suggest a score of different conditions in which Sunbeam Quick-Action Heating would prove a safeguard to the health and comfort of *your* family? Wouldn't it be a great source of satisfaction to you to be able to raise or lower room temperatures almost instantly in winter, spring and fall? *Point blank,*—wouldn't you like to have quick-action heating in your home *this winter?*

You'll want to take immediate action, of course, but November isn't too late, by any means. Sunbeam Quick-Action Heating can be quickly installed by your local Sunbeam Dealer. Write us for his name and address. With them we will send you without charge our new guide to proper home heating, an interesting and valuable booklet entitled, "June Weather Made to Order".

THE FOX FURNACE COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO
Boston Atlanta Cleveland Chicago Denver San Francisco

SUNBEAM
WARM-AIR HEATING

Of Interest to Dealers: We welcome correspondence with established dealers who are seeking an opportunity to render a better, broader heating service and to build a permanent, growing business. The Sunbeam Proposition Book gives our complete dealer plan in detail. Write for a copy.

Copyright 1923 by
The Fox Furnace Company

Sheetrock is easily and quickly erected, at low cost

Sheetrock makes solid, fireproof, permanent walls and ceilings

Have you considered its low cost?

When you make your walls and ceilings of Sheetrock, the fireproof wallboard, you make them of solid, broad sheets of everlasting gypsum. You make them fireproof and permanent.

Considering the *strength*, *solidity* and *permanence* of Sheetrock as compared with ordinary wallboards, you must be surprised at the little difference in cost. To all its surpassing advantages, Sheetrock adds the crowning advantage of low first cost, low construction cost, and lowest ultimate cost.

Then consider what you get in your finished walls and ceilings of Sheetrock that is not possible with ordinary wallboard—walls and ceilings that are uniformly flat and smooth, non-warping, and adaptable to any decoration, wallpaper, paint or calcimine.

Plan to use this *substantial*, *permanent* and *economical* wallboard in your new construction, alterations and repairs. Your lumber or builders' supply dealer sells it. Write us for a sample and a free copy of "Walls of Worth."

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY, *General Offices:* 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago

World's Largest Producers of Gypsum Products • Sheetrock is approved by The Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

SHEETROCK

Reg U S Pat Off

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

(Continued from Page 116)

He stowed the dripping hook, then returned to the pilot house. A great boiling of water under the counter, a quiver of the light fabric—the craft shot forward like an arrow, rising buoyantly forward as though about to take to the air, throwing from either bow wide graceful curves of water like wings. But Bill was evidently only feeling her quality, for almost immediately he throttled down. The bow sank, almost alarmingly; the wide bow wings of water were folded. She became just an ordinary boat, going along at an ordinary decorous six or seven miles, with an ordinary decent and respectable wake. But not too fancifully she seemed to quiver with the joyous guarded secret of her folded wings.

To Marshall the closing of the throttle seemed to have been a rather urgent necessity. Even the brief moment of its open-throated exultation had shot the craft past the Kittiwake halfway across the tiny lake. Now she bore down steadily against what appeared to be a sheer blank wall of the forest trees. Nevertheless, Bill steered confidently. At the last moment the silver gleam of a narrow opening disclosed itself. This led into a hundred-foot channel; and the channel, followed through the arc of half a circle, debouched into a much larger though still inland body of water running approximately north and south. Looking back, Marshall could make out scant indication of the opening whence they had emerged.

The craft now picked up speed once more, though not again the free exultant rush of her first release. Marshall lighted his pipe and settled himself against the canvas-covered pile of boxes on the after deck. The long northern twilight had almost drained away. The land, now near, now distant, now broken by gleams of silver that indicated bays or the separation of islands, looked all alike in its blackness, the swelling contours of its hills; but Bill apparently knew exactly where he was going. Marshall admired his local knowledge. The surface of the water was glassy smooth. Once, however, it was uneasily disturbed, and to port Marshall caught a narrow break in the shore line beyond which glimmered open water—another pass like that by which they had entered that morning, and through which the uneasy tide rushed back and forth. Lights winked here.

Marshall gave himself over to reflection, assembling the elements of a growing suspicion. It might well be that the midnight departure was to catch the ebb tide, as Anaxagoras had said, but why midnight? There are two ebb tides each twenty-four hours. The warning about being followed was accounted for naturally enough by the ten thousand dollars, but why in that case could not Anaxagoras or Bill, or both, have escorted him from the tram line? And why had they left the harbor at half speed and with dowsed lights? And why had the healer of souls and his sister gazed so anxiously astern? And why all this mysterious activity in the little lake harbor of which he in his sleepy condition had been but dimly conscious?

Indeed, when you come to that, why the inordinately sleepy condition? He had turned in between one and two o'clock, to be sure, but that was no reason why he should have slept some eighteen hours. Drugged perhaps at breakfast? To leave the field clear? Clear for what? The transfer of Bill's supplies? And why the anonymous speed boat, with two hundred and forty horse power—such a fabric as might be appropriate to a millionaire sportsman in racing waters, but hardly to Bill in British Columbia wilds. And what was in all these square wooden boxes? Marshall glanced over his shoulder at the north star, nearly astern. Sweet mess he'd let himself in on!

"Pretty clever!" he reflected half humorously.

He was not an enthusiastic upholder of the Eighteenth Amendment, and he had no care how large the liquor-export figures of British Columbia might show. But he did not propose to be made a bootlegger *malgre lui*.

In spite of himself he was inclined to consider the whole plant, from the very beginning, as a mechanism for enlisting his services in this dubious enterprise. Then a moment's consideration showed him the absurdity of this. Why should it be to anyone's advantage? The contrary. Probably the defection of Bill's partner was genuine enough. He had merely happened upon an unexpected crisis, and had been ingeniously drafted as the only available material. A thought of the ten thousand dollars crossed his mind; but he dismissed it. There need be no scheming to get that. Under the terms of the agreement Anaxagoras could get it quite regularly.

Having thought matters out this far it seemed advisable to get more information if possible. Accordingly he made his way by the hand rail on the turtle deck to the pilot house. Bill was standing over the wheel in pitch darkness. Not even a binnacle light was burning, though—Marshall had noted—all running lights were on. Evidently there was no attempt at secrecy, and from that fact Marshall shrewdly deduced that they still navigated Canadian waters.

"Whereabouts are we, anyway?" he asked, but without much expectation of reply.

However, Bill turned to the after wall of the pilot house, fumbled with a catch, and turned a switch. A small electric light, shaded on all sides but one, disclosed an ingenious disappearing shelf on which now at a convenient angle showed a thumb-tacked chart.

"There," quoth Bill succinctly, placing his stubby forefinger.

Marshall bent over the chart with considerable interest. The forefinger had indicated a spot in the outermost of one of the many long parallel island-broken and island-separated waterways that guard the east coast of Vancouver Island. To the south lay the involved maze of the San Juan Islands, and to the south of that the intricacies of Puget Sound.

"That must have been Active Pass back there," he ventured.

"That's her," said Bill.

"Where are we headed?"

"Just down south a ways. Turn her off when you get through," said Bill.

Marshall switched off the light and seated himself on the miniature transom. He considered.

"What am I supposed to do on this trip anyway?" he asked at length.

"Oh, just lend a hand; take the wheel once in a while, if necessary," said Bill.

"I see," replied Marshall thoughtfully.

A silence fell. After a little the silhouette of Bill turned its head sidewise for a moment to listen. Then, one hand on the wheel, he bent back to open the door into the engine room.

"Here," he said with a note of chagrin. "Take her a few minutes. That starboard engine ain't right yet."

"How do I hold?" asked Marshall, rising.

"Straight on her course. We're just coming into Plumper Sound and there's no dangers."

Marshall took the wheel. Bill disappeared into the engine room, where, Marshall presumed, he indulged in the usual painstaking profanity of those who wrestle with the little contrary gods. At least there were symptoms. The boat continued to forge ahead, but she did so uneasily. Sometimes for a few beats she picked up and surged on heavily; again she limped jerkily, twice her engines were turned off and she glided down the diminishing curve of her momentum with the whisperings of small waters. Finally after a long interval the door opened and Bill reappeared

"No go," he growled angrily. "Sta'-board engine's on the blink."

"Can't you run on one?" asked Marshall.

"Don't like to. Twists her," muttered Bill. He was plainly mortified and chagrined, as a parent over the misbehavior of a child.

"What'll you do?"

"Run in here and drop a hook."

He took the wheel and headed unhesitatingly toward the black band of land. With accuracy he steered into a tiny cove and dropped anchor. Marshall could not but admire the skill of his almost uncanny local knowledge and memory.

"You may as well roll in," he told his passenger. "No sense your sitting up all night for nothin'."

Marshall considered this to be good advice. He made his way down to the little cabin, stretched himself out alongside the cases of gin or whisky or whatever they were, and dozed off. Time enough to have this out in the morning.

V

THE opportunity did not seem favorable until after they had left the cove and were driving slowly at half or quarter speed across a wide island-dotted stretch of open water below Plumper Sound. It was a sweet morning, with still the light northwesterly breeze stirring the waters.

Part way over the open water Bill, after squinting carefully across some distant bearings, dived below. A moment later the sound of the engines died; the cruiser forged ahead on her own momentum. Bill reappeared at the after hatch bearing some strange contraption.

There seemed to Marshall no immediate reason why he should remain at the wheel. He made his way to the after deck. There he found Bill squatted against the rail, a telephone headpiece clasped on his head. This he stripped off as Marshall approached, looking up with a grin.

"Well," said he with a cheerfulness that seemed foreign to him, "I figure you're just about back home now; in the U. S. A.," he added, as Marshall looked puzzled, "which puts me in foreign parts, which I don't particularly fancy."

"I imagine not," observed Marshall dryly, "and I suppose you have ascertained the fact by that thing in your hand."

"That?" said Bill, examining the headpiece as though he had just become aware of its existence. "That?" He touched thoughtfully the apparatus to which it was attached. "No. I can tell by the bearing of Skipjack Island yonder. This here thing is a great dingus. She's one of these underwater listening de-vices they used to use to spot submarines with during the war. She's a bear. Want to listen?"

Marshall slipped on the headpiece. At once a curious variety of sounds assaulted his hearing. After a moment's confusion he realized that he was hearing many exaggerations—the impact of the waters against the boat, the silken slipping of tidal streams around each other, the splash and fall of wavelets.

"Hear anything?" queried Bill. His hitherto expressionless face was alight with interest. Marshall noted with surprise that his eyes, now that for the first time they looked squarely into his own, were straightforward and engaging. "Don't pay any attention to that," Bill dismissed Marshall's report impatiently. "Listen down underneath it, sort of."

"I hear a kind of throbbing—a beat—I think," said Marshall hesitatingly.

"That's her!" cried Bill triumphantly. "That's the Island Queen—the sound of her propeller, I mean. She's probably down toward Roche Harbor somewhere."

"How do you know?" asked Marshall.

"Roche Harbor? I don't really; that's just a guess. But she's about that far off, and the set of the current is that way."

"No; I mean how do you know it's the Island Queen?"

"Shucks!" said Bill. "That's easy! I just recognize her. They all sound different, just as different as people's voices. I know a lot of boats that way."

Marshall slipped off the headpiece. The moment seemed right to declare himself, and to his disgust he felt a decided tautening of nerves at the prospect. Bill gave the impression in his uncompromising, square-jawed, stocky-built face, of a single-mindedness it would be neither pleasant nor healthy to cross. Nevertheless, Marshall had his own code of obligation to himself, a sportsman's honorable compulsion to ignore odds or probabilities.

"I suppose you can recognize revenue cutters too," he remarked pointedly.

"Oh, sure," responded Bill with entire cheerfulness. "I know both of them."

"Now look here"—Marshall faced him squarely—"I think we better come to some sort of understanding. I understand perfectly well what this is all about. I'd be a blind man or a fool if I didn't. You are engaged in rumrunning to the United States—bootlegging. I don't object strongly to infractions of the Eighteenth Amendment, but I do object, most strongly, to being rung in as assistant in a dubious enterprise without my knowledge or consent."

Bill looked a trifle bewildered.

"Sid told me you wouldn't care," he proffered. "He told me you told him you didn't care—about anything," concluded Bill.

Marshall checked himself for examination. He found his inner being quite calm. The strength and apparent heat of his words were only reflections of a determination to make his point quite clear. Even a profound and genuine indifference was not incompatible with a determination not to be a jellyfish.

"Well, he's mistaken," the young man replied to Bill, "when he goes so far as to

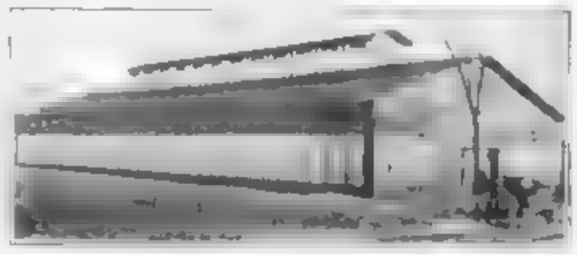
Twenty Years of Truscon Service

When you order Truscon Standard Buildings from one of our fifty branch offices, or direct from the factory, you attach to your building enterprise the largest institution of its kind in the world—a pioneer in many fields of construction—a leader in fireproofing, simplification, and economical building.

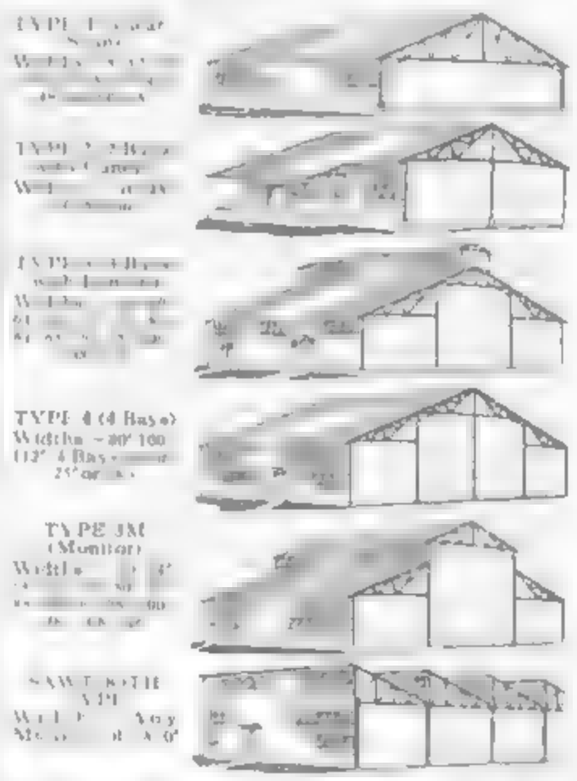
The direct personal service you receive is fitted to your exact needs—a service founded on twenty years of practical experience in meeting varied building requirements.

The Truscon Standard Steel Buildings, developed from this experience, are designed to give long service combined with economy of purchase and maintenance. They meet practically all industrial and commercial needs for one-story and many two-story buildings.

They are moderate in cost and give the utmost value obtainable in any building. Our engineering service in your city helps arrange all details; if desired, our erection crew will install your complete building.



Typical Truscon Standard Buildings
Lengths, Multiples of 2'. Heights, 8'-1" to 21'-5"
Any arrangement of doors and windows.
Lanterns, canopies and lean-tos as desired.



TRUSCON
COPPER STEEL
STANDARD BUILDINGS
Send for these Free Brochures
Whether or not you need a building at present you should have these four brochures in your files for quick reference. Send for them today. Your request involves no obligation whatever
TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN OHIO U.S.A.
Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for
Type
Length
Width
Height
Name
Address
(SP 1 31)

KAHN

Fine Custom Made Clothes

Tailored to Your Individual Measure

THE LAST WORD IN QUALITY TAILORING

Kahn tailored-to-measure clothes are made of the very finest and purest woolens, painstakingly tailored by expert needle men; and Kahn style is *authoritative*—always.

The Kahn dealer in your locality is qualified to take your measure and is now showing an unusually wide range of wonderful fabrics.

Suitings $40 to $75 *Overcoatings $40 to $110*

KAHN-TAILORING-CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS U.S.A.

imagine I will join as participant in such an enterprise without being consulted in the matter."

"He told me you was under orders to do what he told you to do," persisted Bill, but dubiously.

"I am under orders to do what he tells me only as long as he asks nothing dishonorable. I consider this dishonorable—for a gentleman," said Marshall stiffly.

To his surprise this speech failed to arouse Bill. By all congruity, either of looks or of occupation, he should have here seized a belaying pin—or its equivalent—and knocked Marshall into the scuppers—or their equivalent. Instead of which he merely looked troubled and passed a huge hand gropingly over his square chin.

"I'm sorry about this, Mr. Marshall," said he; "I sure have made a mistake. But I don't see what I can do about it now. I got to get this stuff here down south before midnight, and to do that I got to hustle. That delay last night didn't do us no good. There's nowhere I can land you now—not in the U. S. A. Looks as if you were in for it now. And it's sorry I am."

He thoughtfully hauled inboard the underwater part of his apparatus.

"All I may want you to do is to take the wheel once or twice, maybe," he proffered.

"I'll take the wheel gladly provided you turn around and head straight back to the Kittiwake," countered Marshall with decision. "I won't raise my hand to do one thing aboard this boat if you continue down south. I will not be shanghied."

"I can't very well do that," Bill shook his head. "I sure am sorry about this mix-up. I was told different."

He appeared to accept the situation as final. With another shake of the head he disappeared below, leaving Marshall on the after deck. The engines resumed their humming; and, soon after, the forward leap of the little cruiser indicated that Bill was once more in the pilot house and on the job.

VI

THEY crossed more open water full of tide swirls, toward distant blue lands. Islands, single and in groups, detached themselves from hitherto apparently unbroken shores, crept up abeam and dropped astern. To the eastward, many miles distant, rose a splendid snow-clad peak, solitary. Far to southward, dimly, almost hull down, lay a rampart of glittering snow. Marshall's yachtsman's curiosity drove him to the pilot house. No man who has himself ever navigated a boat can long remain content in ignorance of where he is on the chart. Bill, smoking a short pipe, and staring straight ahead of him through the window, did not look around at his entrance. Marshall pulled out the chart table.

"That's Waldron Island off the port bow," volunteered Bill.

Thus directed, Marshall managed to orient himself, after many squintings across the bearings of the different islands. Evidently they were headed for the San Juan group, and purposed making an entrance past Johns Island. But beyond that point the possibilities seemed almost numberless. The maze of passes and passages among the islands offered a dozen or more choices.

"What's the big mountain to eastward?" asked Marshall. He surmised it would not be tactful to make inquiries as to the course.

"That's Mount Baker," answered Bill. "She's a bear. And them down below are the Olympics. Purty, aren't they?"

Marshall agreed that they were pretty, and settled down on the transom with a cigarette. There was no more conversation. Just beyond Spring Passage, Bill shut down and for the second time dropped overboard his listening device. Then he headed her nose past Deer Harbor and toward the channel marked on the chart as Pole Pass.

It proved to be not over a hundred feet wide, heavily guarded by rocks and shoals. A moderate tide was running through it, and the seaweed streamed straight and almost unwavering, like hair blown backward by a strong wind. Bill steered straight at the shore until within a scant fifty yards, then put the helm hard over, skirted the coast so closely that an active man could almost have jumped ashore from the deck, turned sharply out from the rocky spit at the narrowest point and so disclosed a strip of clear water through which he shot into an open baylike stretch beyond.

"Pretty nigh break a snake's back," remarked Bill, glancing astern. "Looks nice and clear, too, don't she? But if a fellow steered straight through, he'd be in a sweet nest of bowlders!"

The cruiser plowed down the more open water toward one of the wide lakelike expanses that so frequently punctuate the charts of this region. Beyond it were other openings leading to other waters. When about halfway across, Bill suddenly reached for his throttle with an exclamation. From behind an island halfway down West Sound darted another cruiser. She swung, and with a white line in her teeth bore down in their direction. Her color was a uniform gray.

"This comes from this damn daylight running," said Bill.

His craft careened as the powerful engines kicked against the hard-over rudder. A boil of water swirled about her stern. Then she straightened out and headed back toward Pole Pass, full speed ahead.

This maneuver safely accomplished, Bill relaxed.

"That fellow can't catch me the longest day he lived," he observed to Marshall. "Watch her go! Ain't she pretty?"

"Revenue boat, I suppose."

Bill nodded indifferently, glancing back at the gray craft. The latter was emitting a series of angry toots from her whistle, much as a traffic officer halts the offender sneaking past.

"He's always wanting me to stop and talk just when I'm in a hurry," complained Bill.

Marshall had taken the glasses from their case and was looking back.

"She's a pretty craft too," he observed with yachtsman's appreciation. "What's her speed?"

"Two knots less than mine," replied Bill with satisfaction.

"Won't she shoot?" asked Marshall after a few moments. "Looks like a gun cover that chap's taking off forward."

"One-pounder," supplied Bill. "Sure; they'll pop off one pretty soon, as a hint to pull up. But they won't aim to hit nothing at first, and they won't begin to until they find out that I'm faster than they are."

"They don't know that, eh?"

"We ain't never yet had what you'd call a real race," said Bill. "Captain Stafford and I have talked it over. He's real proud of that boat of his. I didn't brag too strong of mine; what's the use?"

"Oh, you know him then?" queried Marshall blankly.

"I've swapped howdys with him at Seattle."

Pop! sounded faintly from astern; and, looking back, the men could see a tiny white cloud drifting to leeward of the cutter.

"Signal stuff; black powder," snorted Bill contemptuously.

He reached for a shotgun hanging in slings, thrust it from the door to starboard and pulled the trigger.

"Got to reply to s'lutes," he grinned. The excitement and amusement of the situation seemed to have waked Bill up.

The grin was suddenly extinguished within, leaving only its frozen simulacrum on Bill's face. Without troubling to remove it he turned his head sidewise in alert attention. The smooth even rhythm of the engines had broken ever so slightly, and in like degree the buoyant forward rush had checked as though a weight had been attached astern. Pole Pass was opening just ahead.

Bill glanced appraisingly at the passing water and astern at the pursuing cutter. His broadside of profane remarks seemed to have a wide scatter. Whether the center of their aim was the craft astern, the offending starboard engine, the immortal gods, himself, X. Anaxagoras or his absent and drunken partner no preponderance of evidence showed.

Marshall would have expected that most of it might have been directed against himself, but apparently he was not among those present.

The outburst lasted about ten seconds. Then Bill straightened up and gripped the spokes of the wheel.

Marshall's soul may have been sick to indifference of all things, but what happened next at least touched some old reflex of emotion. Instead of slowing down to thread the short intricate passage through the pass, Bill steered boldly without slackening speed straight out across the bowlder flat.

Marshall rose from the transom where he had been sitting and stared in fascination. To right, to left, straight ahead—all around the kelp streamed from the hidden dangers, the menacing yellow patches of water warned. And the tide twisted and turned

as though bewildered. Under Bill's powerful hands the wheel whirled almost constantly and the cruiser in instant response careened far over, first to starboard, then to port. There seemed no possible way, yet Bill found one, dodging like a boy through a crowd. Hairbreadth escapes followed each other so quickly that the eye barely caught the flash of them. Marshall's every muscle was tense for a crash that it seemed must come, and which was delayed from second to second only by a succession of miracles of the first class.

And then suddenly blue water, and Bill uttering a brief chuckle and looking back. The revenue cutter could be seen broadside on, feeling her way through the angles of the pass.

"Gained a mile or two on her that time," quoth Bill. "I reckoned he wouldn't want none of that. Now we'll just run down through the Wasp Islands and see how he likes the shoals down there."

The starboard engine still ran, but it limped badly. Bill cast a longing eye toward the engine room, but he said nothing. Marshall glanced at the chart by his elbow. Evidently, if the engines had been working properly, and if—as Bill claimed—they had a two-knot advantage over the revenue cutter, a straight run down the clear and open San Juan Channel would shake off pursuit. If he, Marshall, were to take the wheel ——

He shut his lips obstinately. This situation was none of his choosing, and not at all to his taste. He resented being thrust into such a position. Let matters take their course! He even braced himself mentally against a demand which he felt sure must come.

Bill, however, made no requests. He cocked an anguished ear toward the engine room, but said nothing. The revenue cutter had by now emerged from the channel at the pass and was straightened away in stern pursuit. Bill estimated the distance with his eye.

"He'll slow down again when he gets among the Wasp Islands," he confided to Marshall, "and I'll gain enough on him there to make a run for it."

"Run where?" asked the young man.

"Run back home," stated Bill emphatically. "This ain't no place for us with one bum engine. The line ain't so very far north. I wish I could get two minutes on that dang engine," he added as though to himself.

Marshall said nothing.

At the highest speed of which the crippled motive power was capable they dashed into the intricacies of the Wasp Islands. Bill's knowledge of the dangers both above and below tide mark seemed to be as accurate as it was complicated. Under his tense guidance the little cruiser turned and twisted, checked and darted ahead with a complete and positive assurance, finally to tear herself free on the other side of the maze into the wide open waters of the San Juan Channel. Bill feinted for the south until he saw the cutter well involved in the slow navigation through the rocks and shoals; then he turned north.

"Fooled him that time," he chuckled. "If he'd have dreamed I was going north he'd have cut through by Spring Passage." He filled and lighted his pipe. "It's a straight run and a stern chase now," he observed. "If that starboard engine was only behaving, I wouldn't be heading north," he added viciously; "I'd be going due south; and if I couldn't lose that bucko before we passed Smith Island I'd eat a hat." He sighed and looked at Marshall speculatively, but still made no suggestions.

The revenue cutter had by now in her turn come into open water and was doing her best directly astern. Marshall pulled out the chart shelf, determined the position of the boundary line, and made a rough calculation.

"I think we'll make her," Bill supplemented his unspoken conclusion; "if things don't go any worse."

"What's the penalty?" asked Marshall.

"For what?"

"Getting caught rumrunning"—impatiently.

"Oh, that! They confiscate the stuff, of course, and the boat, and maybe fine you and maybe put you in jail; that depends." He squinted astern. "She's sure pulling up on us; but I think we'll make it, at that."

The starboard engine added another miss to its iniquities.

"Damn!" said Bill. "Just as we're getting along toward the tides of Spieden Island too!"

Close along the cliffiike hills of that long and narrow island they limped at an irregular speed that alternately diminished and spurted. Marshall, watching the revenue cutter, saw the sailors who had been standing by the one-pounder cover it up and go aft. Evidently the result of the chase was considered assured beyond necessity of shooting. He snatched the glasses and by their aid could see clearly the faces of the sailors and of the man at the wheel and of an officer who stood beside the latter. They were all grinning.

At the head of the island Bill spun the wheel over and darted around the point.

"Listen here," he said rapidly. "I'm going to run up close enough to that flat rock yonder so you can make it with a good jump. The minute you land, you drop down out of sight. When you're sure they's no one looking you go right up through them there woods to the backbone of the island. You'll find a shack. It belongs to a friend of mine who's off fishing. There's grub and blankets. Just lay low and I'll get means of having you took off in a few days. Watch your eye now!"

Marshall rose suddenly from the transom.

"Give me that wheel," he ordered shortly. "Get below and fix your engine."

Bill stared at him.

"If they catch us you may be in for it," he warned; "without you perjure yourself. It's aiding and abetting!"

"That's all right!" snapped Marshall. "Get below!"

"And they'll shoot."

"Let 'em shoot."

"The law ——"

"To hell with the law!" roared Marshall. "Get below!"

"Steer west till you've opened the island, then north. Water's clear," directed Bill rapidly, then dived for the engine room.

Almost instantly the starboard engine ceased its evil ways. The cruiser again lifted in the exultation of her full power. Marshall headed her west. By the time the revenue cutter had appeared off the point of the island, a comfortable distance had opened between them. Marshall looked back at her and a barbaric exultation swept through him.

"How's she making it?" Bill's voice came from behind him.

"Fine!" he shouted back. "Step on her, old scout! How're things below?"

"Got to nurse her," yelled Bill; "gas line clogged. First she floods and then she starves. Got to stay with the carburetor."

At the words she flooded or starved, and Bill dived down again.

There was for the moment nothing to do but steer. Why was he steering? a vestige of the usual Marshall asked him. Because he dog-gone wanted to! the unreasonable manifestation of the present moment truculently rejoined. Because Bill was a good scout who had been decent about the whole thing. Because he wasn't going to stand by and see those smirking smug bluebellies astern put over anything. Because ——

We will discuss this question later when this hysterical emotion has subsided, coldly interposed the other. It is always reprehensible to get drunk.

This fantastic thought and emotional interplay was shattered to bits by an ominously complete let-down of the offending engine. An instant later the other engine, too, fell silent. Bill wriggled up through the companionway, seated himself on the transom and began leisurely to stuff tobacco into the bowl of his pipe. The cruiser, weirdly quiet, dropped her bow and with a gentle bobbing motion surged forward in the remaining momentum.

"We lose," said Bill briefly.

VII

THE revenue cutter was now overhauling them rapidly. In a moment they heard the engine-room bell reducing the speed. She glided alongside. Alert sailors with lines leaped aboard the cruiser and made fast fore and aft; another sailor deftly interposed a rope fender between the two craft. The pilot houses were opposite each other and only a few feet apart. Bill arose and leaned comfortably out of the window of his own. Over his broad back Marshall saw the customs officer doing likewise just opposite. He was a square-built, grizzled person with a sea-blue eye.

"Well, Bill, looks like we caught you," he remarked genially.

"Looks like," admitted Bill.

"Why didn't you pull up when I signaled you?"

(Continued on Page 125)

Money-Making Ideas for Your Business—Send for them Now

Would you like to have us send you, without cost, business-getting, money-saving ideas—ideas that have proved wonderfully successful for firms in your line of business?

Increased Sales 86% In Dull Season

Would you like to see the letters and sales bulletins that increased a retailer's cash sales 86% in the dullest season of the year? Or a collection of illustrated folders that doubled the sales volume of another retailer in only four months' time?

Increases Manufacturer's Business $25,000 In a Year

Do you want to see actual copies of sales letters, folders, bulletins, office and factory forms that increased a manufacturer's business $25,000 in a year—and that have stimulated salesmen to greater effort, assured better coöperation among employes, reduced overhead and increased production?

Increased Bank Business

Would you like to know how banks, both large and small, have made astounding gains and deposits—secured hundreds of new accounts and increased the average balance of depositors?

Would you like to know how one firm saved $1,000 in printing costs—how another user made $300 profit on one day's work—how jobbers are getting bigger orders from their trade—how churches are enlarging their congregations and solving their financial problems?

You Can Try These Ideas—*FREE*

If you will mail the coupon at the bottom of this page we'll select some of the best ideas applying to your business, and send them to you *free*. There will be letters, folders, circulars and bulletins—all of them tested and proven successes.

We'll tell you just how you can try them out in your own business—prove their value to your own satisfaction—with a

ROTOSPEED STENCIL DUPLICATOR

Rotospeed is a simple, easily-operated machine that prints letters, circulars, folders, bulletins, ruled forms, etc., without the use of type or cuts. Any clerk in your store or office can easily prepare the material and operate the machine. It does this work quickly, cleanly and economically. It eliminates delays, insures privacy, increases sales—and costs less than $50.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

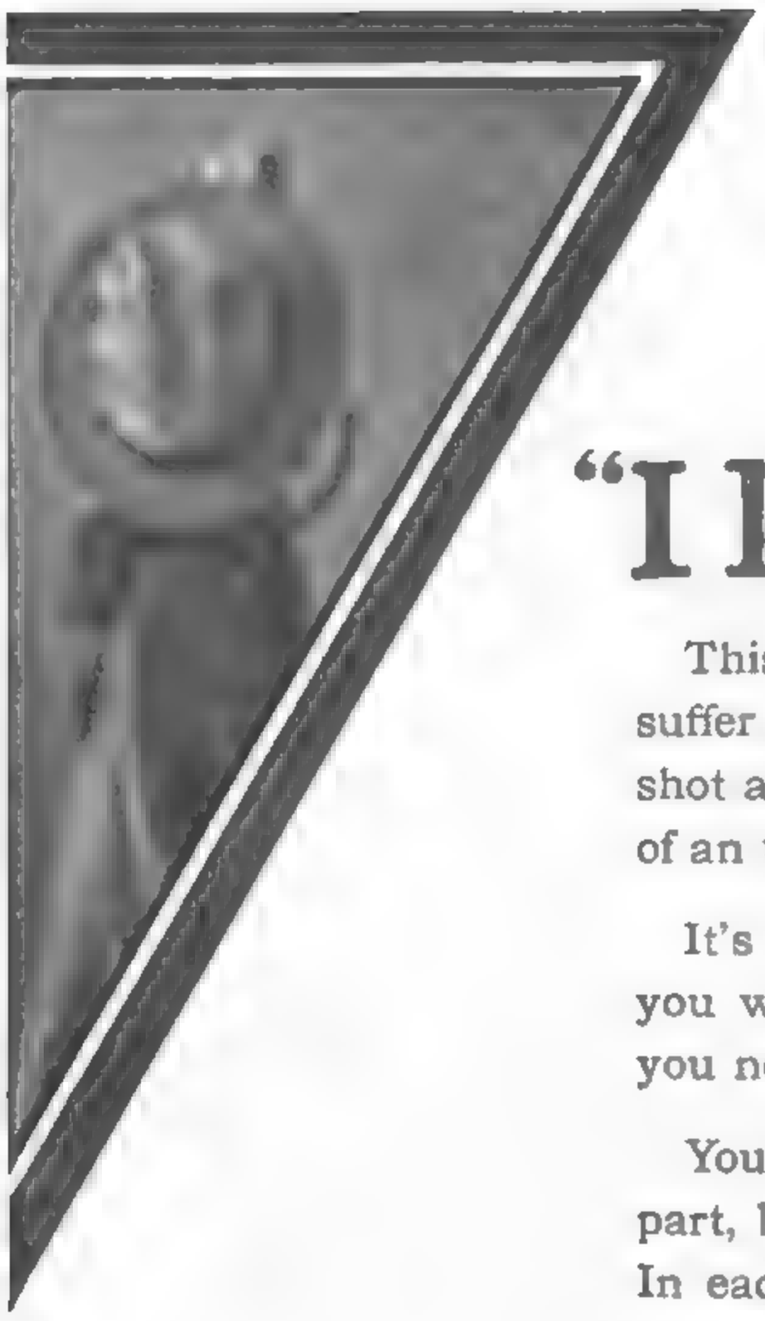
We will send you some actual working samples of ideas that may be worth thousands of dollars to you. At the same time we will tell you how you can have a complete Rotospeed Outfit for 10 days' Free Trial—how you can test the machine and ideas for ten days at our expense. At the end of the trial period you can keep the outfit and pay the small total cost—$48.50—or take advantage of our easy payment plan if you prefer. Or, you can return it without feeling the slightest obligation. Send for this information and the valuable *Ideas* at once. Fill in the coupon and mail it today.

THE ROTOSPEED CO.
Dept. J 3 Dayton, Ohio

Mail This NOW

THE ROTOSPEED CO., Dept. J-3, Dayton, Ohio
Send me at once copies of successful ideas, give me full details relative to the Rotospeed Stencil Duplicator, and your free trial offer. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.
Check here if interested in our easy payment plan
Name
Address
Business
(Print or write plainly)

DTA
CO



"I know what I want"

This couple is much more likely to enjoy their dinner—and to suffer no unpleasant after-effects—than those who take a random shot at the menu or helplessly depend on the suave "suggestions" of an unknown waiter.

It's much the same in buying motor cars. If you know what you want, what you like, what will agree with you and cause you no trouble, selecting your next car is an easy matter.

You should know what to expect of each important working part, by itself, and what to expect of them all working together. In each case—the integral parts and the unit car—the maker's reputation is your best protection.

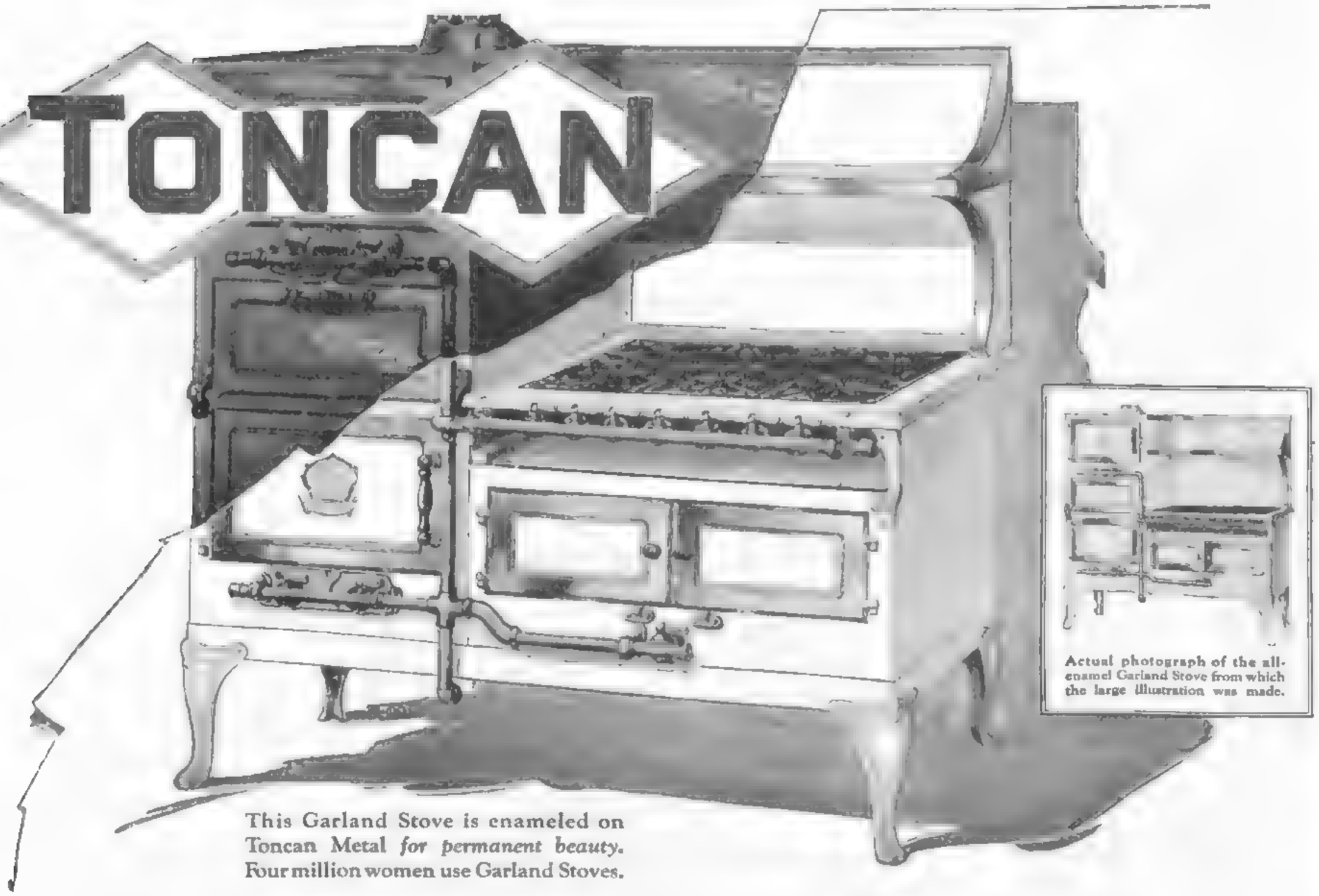
When the salesman says "Timken Equipped" he tells you not only that his car's axles embody the latest and finest features of axle design—simplicity, strength and efficiency—but also that they are engineered into the car.

And that means correct relation to engine power, wheel base, weight, springs and transmission—in a word: smooth, satisfactory running and lower cost of upkeep.

Only an organization of experienced axle specialists can coöperate with the car builder so as to achieve this result in the highest degree.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY - DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Sole Representatives in the British Isles: AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS CO., 3, Berners Street, London, W. 1

TIMKEN AXLES



This Garland Stove is enameled on Toncan Metal *for permanent beauty.* Four million women use Garland Stoves.

Actual photograph of the all-enamel Garland Stove from which the large illustration was made.

What's under the enameling *does* matter—

The beautiful porcelain finish on a stove is baked on iron.

Not every kind of iron will "take" the enamel, give it a smooth, glossy surface, and hold the enamel through long years of hard service. But Toncan Metal will.

This Garland Stove, a delight to any woman's eyes and a joy to cook with, is made of enameled Toncan Metal. It is good for a lifetime of use. With ordinary care, the enamel will not crack, flake nor lose its lovely lustre.

Do not buy an enameled stove, refrigerator or washing machine without asking "What metal is under the enameling?" If the answer is "Toncan Metal!" you can depend upon the article and the men who made it.

Do you make enameled products?

We specially recommend Toncan Metal for enameled

STOVES REFRIGERATORS
WASHING MACHINES TABLE TOPS
SIGNS

If you make any of these, our metallurgists will help you and we will send you sample orders of Toncan that will give you the best results. Write to us.

TONCAN METAL

Toncan is better for the enamelers because it reduces waste—better for the purchaser because it gives a perfect surface of enduring beauty

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO

Branches in Large Cities—Distributors Everywhere

U-LOY STEELS

Special analysis and alloy steels made to your specifications or ours for any required purpose.

MADE BY THE OLDEST AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HIGH-GRADE ALLOY STEEL

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 121)

"Was you signaling to pull up?" drawled Bill with an air of surprise. "Well, think of that! I thought you wanted to race. You always did brag consid-able about your speed."

"You heard me shoot, didn't you?"

"I thought that was the starting gun," said Bill blandly.

The officer laughed briefly and stepped on deck.

"I'm coming aboard," he announced, starting aft.

"Help yourself," invited Bill. "Glad to welcome you."

He thrust himself outside and made his way by the hand rail to his own after deck. Marshall followed, unbidden.

"Cap'n Stafford, shake hands with Mr. ——" Bill hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"Marshall," supplied the latter.

Bill flickered a glance of surprised reproach in his direction, and Marshall realized too late that he had been accorded a chance to pick his own name *pro tem.*

Captain Stafford merely nodded briefly in his direction. He was evidently exceedingly pleased with himself.

"Well, Bill," he said, perching himself sidewise on the pile of boxes underneath the tarpaulin, "I've been looking for this chance a long time. You certainly are a hard man to meet up with."

"That's right, cap'n," growled Bill. "I'm pretty busy as a general thing. Sorry I couldn't give you a better race. My sta'bo'd engine is on the blink. Gas line clogged. I'll try you again sometime."

"That's kind of you," rejoined Captain Stafford dryly, "all things considered. I'll put a couple of men aboard you now and follow you in. No monkey business! Your other engine's going, I suppose."

"That seems to be plumb clogged up too. That's why I had to stop. You don't think, cap'n, that I'm poor enough sport to quit a race right in the middle unless I had to, do you?"

"No," acknowledged the revenue officer; "I'll say you've got your nerve—after watching you through the Pole Pass. I suppose, then, I'll have to tow you."

"Thanks, but I don't believe you need bother," said Bill in the accents of apparent gratitude. "It's dead calm and a flood tide. I'll be able to fix her up in a few minutes. You needn't wait, cap'n; much obliged."

Captain Stafford stiffened a trifle. It was evident that in his mind this fooling had gone far enough.

"Salton!" he snapped.

"Sir?" A form clad in dungarees popped out from the house on the cutter.

"Take a look at this man's engines. Look to the gas line first."

"That's kind of you, cap'n," murmured Bill, unheeded.

"Baxter, you and Henderson will take charge here." He turned to Bill. "You and your man will come aboard the cutter. It's about time we quit this fooling."

Bill heaved himself squarely upright.

"I agree with you," he rejoined with an unexpected crispness. "It's time to quit fooling. Now I want to know what you think you're doing, giving orders aboard my boat?"

The revenue officer stared at him incredulously.

"You're under arrest, and you know it," he answered, after a moment.

"On what grounds, and by what right?" insisted Bill. He turned to Marshall. "I call you to witness," he said.

"For God's sake, do you want all the red tape?" growled Stafford. "I warn you it's not going to help your case any."

"I repeat my question," said Bill. He was a new Bill, an alert, quick-spoken Bill; most surprising.

"You are arrested for attempted liquor smuggling," stated the revenue officer formally.

"You have, I presume, a warrant in my name. I have the right to see it."

"I don't need any warrant, and you know it."

"You must have either a warrant or produce evidence."

"What do you call this?" roared Stafford, losing patience. He slapped the flat of his hand against the boxes under the tarpaulin. "Come, I've had enough of this fooling. You get aboard the cutter and be quick about it."

But Bill did not stir.

"I'd go slow," he cautioned. "You're going to get in a lot of trouble. I warn you. You haven't seen my papers and you haven't produced a drop of evidence. You are witness," he turned again to Marshall.

Stafford hesitated, puzzled.

"What's your game?" he demanded.

"I'm within my rights," insisted Bill.

Stafford gave in with a gust of temper.

"Baxter! Henderson!" he roared. "Break out this cargo."

He turned his back squarely on the other two and stared across toward Prevost Island, ostentatiously indifferent to the next proceedings. The two sailors stepped forward and with the deftness of long experience undid the fastenings of the tarpaulin and stripped it back.

"Open 'em," growled Stafford, after a glance at the unmarked square boxes thus disclosed.

At this moment first one engine then the other started up. All the men on the little after deck cocked their ears sidewise to listen. The explosions ran true and steady, increasing in speed, as the throttle was opened, to a subdued roar. After perhaps a half minute they were shut off. Salton appeared.

"Nothing the matter with the engines that I can see, sir," he reported.

"Look over the gas line? It may clog again."

"No, sir; no obstruction whatever. I tested it throughout."

"Well, what do you know about that!" exclaimed Bill admiringly. "You're a smart young man."

"These boxes are empty, sir," one of the sailors reported.

"Empty!" repeated Stafford. "All of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's a blind. Search her."

The sailors saluted and with businesslike method went about their task. Captain Stafford lighted a cigar and ostentatiously took up a post in the stern sheets, where he showed them his back with his hands clasped behind it. Bill amazingly became chatty.

"They're grand little searchers," he told Marshall. "You see, they've had so much practice. You've no idea how ingenious these awful bootleggers get to be. It's terrible. False skins full of whisky; and flat tanks in the bilges painted to look like ballast bars, and things overside and underwater. All kinds of wicked de-vices. You'd be surprised. But nothing gets by these little bright-eyes. Hello, look who's here!"

Around the lower end of Spieden Island came another gray boat, very much like the first.

"The other revenue cutter, as I'm a living sinner!" said Bill. "Wonderful system! Wonderful age we live in! Wireless, and all that. I'll bet a cooky the cap'n here sent 'em a message when we started our race, and that he hustled down to the end of the San Juan Channel to wait for us to come along so he could see the finish. Thought sure we'd go down that way—as we probably might if our engines had been in shape for a long race. Well! Well! Well!" Bill chuckled. He seemed to be in high spirits.

The cause developed a moment later. The two searchers appeared on deck.

"There's nothing aboard, sir," one of them reported to Captain Stafford's back.

The officer whirled about.

"What? You're crazy!" he cried. "There must be!"

"No, sir; nothing," repeated the sailor.

"There's some new trick. It's impossible."

"I'll stake my job on it," insisted the sailor with a touch of pride.

Stafford turned on Bill.

"What's all this nonsense?" he demanded. "What are you carrying these empty boxes for?"

"The cabin's full of them, too," supplied the sailor.

Bill produced from his inner pocket a bundle of papers.

"Packing boxes for Bellingham canneries," he announced. "Here's the papers, all clear and proper." He was evidently relishing the situation.

The second cutter had by now come alongside. Her captain, a younger man than Stafford, lounged out to the rail, his hands in his pockets.

"Got him at last, eh, Stafford?" he remarked in congratulatory tones. "Well, Bill, I always thought you were too foxy to be caught in broad daylight. But the best of us fall at last."

"Really, my dear sir," rejoined Bill in an affected mincing voice, "I do not know what you are talking about."

The other laughed good-naturedly.

"Where's Parsons?" he inquired. "Down below?"

"Parsons," Bill turned with exaggerated politeness to explain to Marshall, "is my partner whose place you were supposed to take—my much maligned partner." He turned to the revenue officer. "Parsons," said he sweetly, "is running our other boat."

Captain Stafford pricked up his ears.

"Your other boat!" he interposed. "I didn't know you had one!"

"Oh, yes," said Bill sentimentally; "her maiden trip."

"Whereabouts is she?"

Bill flicked a sardonic eye to the southeast.

"Down toward Puget Sound—by now," he answered dryly. "She was not far behind me when we started our little race. I thought Parsons might have come along to see the finish, but he is such a shy sort of a cuss! I reckon he must have just slipped right on through Pole Pass as soon as you and I left the way clear for him, cap'n."

"Well," struck in the other revenue man cheerfully, "we'll get him another time. You're a pretty good prize yourself, Bill."

But at this moment Captain Stafford, who had been turning purple, blew up with a loud report, for though Bill had indeed been caught at last, it was a legally innocent Bill, not subject to detention, no matter what the moral certainties.

Stafford and his brother officer had been cozened, choused, hoodwinked, enticed, seduced and decoyed; and that that which they sought was even now, under charge of the unmentionable Parsons, jogging a humdrum and unmolested way toward its illegal destination. There was considerable more.

Bill listened critically.

"I tell you," he sighed to Marshall, "us coastwise men ain't got a show. It takes a deep-sea education!"

Having finished his remarks in the workmanlike manner that so enlisted Bill's admiration, Captain Stafford came to self-control with a snap. He issued curt orders to his men. Shortly the lines were cast off and the two cutters in convoy disappeared around the lower end of Spieden Island.

VIII

BILL watched them go. "Well, well," he remarked, "that's the worst of these here sporting events; they're liable to make bad feeling." He dived for the cabin and started his engines.

"Where are we headed?" asked Marshall.

"I'm taking you back to the Kittiwake."

"How about your important business with these empty boxes for the Bellingham canneries?" demanded the young man ironically.

"I reckon I'm too late for that appointment now, anyway," said Bill vaguely.

Another silence fell, broken only by the beautifully rhythmical purr of the powerful engines. "Look here," Marshall broke out at last, "are you going to come through, or aren't you?"

Bill hooked an arm over his wheel and half turned.

"I reckon you've got something coming to you," he acknowledged, "but remember the accused ain't noways obliged to incriminate himself."

"Was anything ever the matter with those engines?"

"Those engines?" repeated Bill with honest indignation. "Why, those engines work as sweet and true as a couple of watches. Why, say, I'll bet they'd damn near run on sea water!"

"Then what was all that monkey business last night?"

"I had to let Parsons catch up, didn't I, if we was to cruise down sociablelike together?" Bill grinned.

"Why didn't you just stop and wait for him?" Marshall brushed this aside impatiently. "Why didn't he join you before you started? Why ——"

"You got some great speechmakers in your country," Bill interrupted with irrelevance, and with considerable unexpectedness. "I remember reading one once that tickled me pink. I looked up the words, and they're bears! He said it was 'to add veri-similitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.'"

"Of all the damn-fool—I don't understand ——" broke out Marshall.

"I'm sorry," said Bill, turning back to the wheel, "but that's just it. You maybe ain't supposed to understand."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

In this panel the link of a Simmons Chain is shown twice enlarged. Notice its extreme neatness

for this year and Next~

EXPECT durability in a watch chain! Insist that it be as faithful and as long-lived as its companion, the watch.

More reason, therefore, that the watch chain should be soundly made—and so beautiful in design that you won't tire of it.

Buy a Simmons Chain for this year and next—and for years thereafter. Because it is made by a special process of drawing gold, green gold or Platinumgold over a less expensive base metal, it is reasonable in price—$4 to $15. And yet it is full of wear, and made with as much finish and beauty as a watch chain could be.

Select a Simmons Chain from the variety of styles and designs at your jeweler's.

R. F. Simmons Company
Attleboro, Massachusetts

R. F. Simmons Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto Ontario

"For fifty years unsurpassed in watch chain value."

The jewel says it's a Simmons

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

WEAR the HATCHWAY—the union suit knit to fit without a button and get a new sense of body freedom and underwear comfort. The

HATCHWAY UNION SUIT

puts an end for all time to button bother. No daily buttoning and unbuttoning. No weekly repair and mending. This garment is worn by hundreds of thousands of men and boys who wonder now why underwear was ever made any other way. Your more up to date dealers are ready to show the fall line in a wide variety of styles and fabrics at the right price.

HATCHWAY is made in a complete line of medium and heavy weight suits in cotton, worsted, wool and mercerized fabrics to suit every taste and purse. On sale at most good dealers. If you have any difficulty in getting just the style you want, we shall be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering please state size and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. A beautiful catalogue illustrating the complete line of HATCHWAY UNION SUITS in both winter and summer weights sent free on request.

Men's suits—$2.00; $2.50; $3.00; $4.00; $5.00; $6.00.

Boys' suits—Ages 6 to 16 only—$1.50; $2.00.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO., Albany, New York

Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed manufacturers of these lines in Canada.

ANGEL CHILD

(Continued from Page 14)

her hitherto formless figure was full of undeniable contours. There was no disputing the fact that the Angel Child had burst the bounds of infancy, in spite of all the coffee and other supposedly stunting ingredients which had been poured into her to keep her small. Nature, suddenly asserting herself, had in one short six months shot Angela out of her formless flatness into particularly flamboyant young womanhood which mocked and shrieked at the baby clothes she wore and made a ribald joke out of the claim that she was just under thirteen.

"Angela, stop fidgeting!"

"All right." A certain lurking sullenness behind the round, round eyes. Angela hadn't been fidgeting much. She had only crossed one ankle over the other and then recrossed them, but any slightest movement in this moment of tension was enough to exasperate Mrs. Deer, who was an expert in exasperation, a waspish woman with dry yellow hair and pinchy lips, and a voice which had all the rasping harshness of a worn phonograph record as she snapped, "'All right'! Is that the way mam'zelle teaches you to speak to your mother?"

"No, mamma." An instant change in Angela as she replied with her sweet, sweet smile and in the babyish high-pitched treble with which she might have asked for a new dolly or a nickel to buy candy; the while her head cocked archly to one side and her long curls dangled against her neck.

"That's better," and Mrs. Deer relapsed into the troubled thought for which she might well be excused. It is a sad moment for any mother to realize that her baby girl is growing up. How much more sad when with that realization comes the knowledge that the meal ticket is disappearing—which anybody can understand, mother or no mother.

From far away in the Pinnacle lot came a call for the clown, and right outside the window he practiced a flip-flap before he ran back to the stage, at which intrusion on her thought mother scowled abstractedly, for she was wrestling with that great unsolved problem, What becomes of all the gifted child actresses? What indeed! It is like those other unsolved problems of civilization: What becomes of all the chewing gum which is chewed in the United States? And where do pins go? And where do mules disappear so suddenly when they die?

"Angela!"

"Yes, mamma."

"Now, listen. Mr. Klekoff hasn't seen you for six months, and I don't want you to stand up full height while you're in that room! And don't come close to me. You're half a head taller and ten pounds heavier than I am!" Her vexation over this was so poignant that she felt it necessary to powder her pointed nose, during which hasty and deft process she glared at her little daughter as if the child had been to blame for her sudden and devastating maturity; then she closed her vanity bag with a snap which made the girl wince. "And I want you to greet Mr. Klekoff just exactly as you always did."

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, it's important, if you can understand that. We have only a year and a half of salary left, and that's all, if I don't land you right before the end of your contract. And don't stumble when you run into the room! You're growing to be such a bonehead you don't do anything like you used to. You flounder around like a cow in the little scenes that used to be so cute; and Davidson, in this last picture alone, cut you out of twenty-two medium shots and over thirty close-ups. You ——"

The door opened and a boy admitted them to the private office.

Klekoff sat beside his desk and he threw a cigarette stump in the fireplace as he glanced toward the door in worried anticipation. Little Angela had ever been one of his pets, one of the naïvely innocent spots in a much-spotted profession. Past the door jamb, protruding itself into the vision sidewise at about the height of the door knob, came a curly head and a rosy face, and great, round, innocent eyes and a sweet, sweet smile. Little Angela all right, just as she had been when she went on the Hawaiian location six months before. And what had Director Davidson been crabbing about in his reports? Then, running low, little Angela swooped into the room and, with her arms outstretched to throw around his neck as of yore, circled the desk and threw herself into his lap.

"Huh!" he grunted as that hundred and eight pounds of live load plumped against his wind and upset his dignity. He scrambled violently to keep his chair from overtipping, while warm arms clutched around his neck and a warm face was pressed against his cheek.

"Aren't you glad to see your little Angela?" inquired the babyish treble, as of yore.

"Yes, yes, of course." In the doorway he saw mother beaming affectionately on them both, and in that beam the astonished Klekoff began to find himself. Hastily he touched a button on his desk, unwound the warm arms from around him and ordered, "Stand up!"

Angela glanced swiftly and fearfully toward the door. Mother had changed to such sudden grimness that her hard jaw had the glisten of marble on its edge—the meal ticket was slipping! Mrs. Deer nodded imperceptibly to Angela, and the girl who had been half crouched by Klekoff's chair now rose to her full height—and her baby clothes were a masquerade. She stood in a sort of dumb lassitude, her lips half parted, a dull glaze on her round eyes, her plump arms hanging limply from her shoulders.

But as she caught the angry compression of her mother's lips she straightened instantly, cocked her head archly to one side and piped in her baby treble: "Please, Mr. Klekoff, won't you let me play some growed-up little-girl parts?"

The arch smile faded painfully as she found no warmth of response in Klekoff's now professionally critical eye, and she took refuge in a childish giggle which was so startling in its absence of animating intelligence that Stuart, coming into the room in answer to the buzzer, stopped, appalled.

"Stuart, how soon can you get Mrs. Deer and Angela started for Death Valley?"

"In forty-five minutes," replied the yes man, glancing at his wrist watch and bustling out.

"But, Mr. Klekoff!" Mrs. Deer's breath was suddenly short. "We just got back from Honolulu! We haven't had a chance to rest up, and Death Valley is so blistering hot! And I have some business in San Francisco, and I had hoped that while I ran up there I could put Angela in your charge for a week or so. You're the only one I'd trust with the child, and ——"

Klekoff fixed his eye on Mrs. Deer with so steady a gaze that she stopped abruptly; then he smiled.

"You couldn't leave Angela with me for three minutes on a bet, Mrs. Deer. I have been in this business a long time, and I have been blackmailed so often that there are no new tricks which can be pulled on me. You're starting for Death Valley at once."

Flame leaped into the dry shavings of Mrs. Deer. Her nose reddened and her eyes flashed. She was more indignant than if the thought he had expressed had never entered her mind.

"Be careful how you insult me and my daughter!" she shrilled. "I won't stand it, Mr. Klekoff! She's my baby, and I'll fight for her, I will!" Her voice rose in a rapid crescendo, a warning of the termagant tirade to come, for of all the mothers in the business Mrs. Deer was known as the gold-medal hell-raiser. "I've sacrificed my life to this little girl and, believe me, Mr. Klekoff ——"

He walked over to her easily, almost saunteringly, and standing straight in front of her glared at her with that eye which now had in it a sort of chill glisten, like the eye of a frozen snake.

"If you don't do exactly as I tell you I'll toss your child in the discard. I'm giving her a chance at an ingénue part up there, and I warn you you'd better take it."

He whirled on his heel and walked back to the mantel, and Mrs. Deer watched him in numb fascination. It was a snake at which she dared not spring. On Angela's eyes that dullness had come again. She stood listlessly—her plump arms hanging from her shoulders, her lips half parted, complete vacuity on her features. Stuart came bustling back with a brisk young man who was counting money, and without a word Mrs. Deer followed him on through the reception-room door. Angela roused herself from her lethargy.

(Continued on Page 129)

Over Twenty Thousand Women Bought Eurekas Last Month

Each month the supremacy of the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner becomes more and more apparent. Its record sale indicates the satisfaction it renders to women everywhere.

DURING the month of October, more than twenty thousand women singled out the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner as their choice, from among seventy other possible selections.

In so doing, they clearly established the trend of public opinion, and marked the Eureka as one cleaner meeting the serious consideration of all women who contemplate the purchase of an improved electric cleaner.

This well-defined, nation-wide acceptance of the Eureka is just recognition of its remarkable cleaning power;—its simple operation;—its finer mechanical qualities;—and the greater value it represents at its extremely moderate price.

So amazing is this growing preference for the Grand Prize Eureka that the Sales for 1923 will exceed the record-making sales of 1922 by over 75,000 cleaners.

This increase alone will very probably represent thirty per cent of the total sales increase of the entire electric cleaner industry for the year—and this notwithstanding the fact that there are approximately seventy different trade-marked cleaners on the market.

Such unmistakable and sweeping acknowledgement of Eureka superiority constitutes, we believe, the most striking and decisive expression of confidence ever given by American women to any household appliance.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners since 1909
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ont.; Foreign Branch 8 Fisher Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1, England (101)

The Grand Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

"IT GETS THE DIRT"

From a Painting By Norman Rockwell

Copyright 1923 Pratt & Lambert-Inc.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

The faith of childhood is no greater than the confidence of those who use "61" Floor Varnish. Because of that confidence people know that "61" clear or colors, is just as wear-resistant as it is water-resistant, on floors, furniture or woodwork.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers.

Send for Color Card, Sample Panel finished with "61" Floor Varnish, and Names of Local Dealers.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

"Save the surface and you save all" *Use Varnish*

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

75th Anniversary

(Continued from Page 126)

"Good-by, Mr. Klekoff," she said in her babylike treble, and cocked her head sidewise so that her curls dangled against her neck, and smiled at him with that smile which she had practiced for years, but Klekoff barely glanced at her, and she ran out of the room. Stuart closed the door after them.

"Cable Davidson to cut Angela out of that last picture and to make such shots as are necessary to correct the story," ordered Klekoff. "Tell Welling that his location is changed to Death Valley, and to hurry up there at once ahead of his company and try Angela out in that ingénue part."

"Think you can make an ingénue of her? There aren't more than three child stars in the business who've gotten away with it, and personally I don't think this one can be the fourth."

"I've no intention of making an ingénue of her. I put her up there where nobody can see her until I have a chance to get rid of her. Stuart, Iskovitch is preparing on A Little Child Shall Lead Them, and I understand he hasn't found a satisfactory child."

"I see the joke," smiled the yes man, curling his little mustache complacently; "but Iskovitch has a few safety-first rules which make it difficult for lemon merchants. I don't believe you could sell him a seat in heaven until he had given it a once-over."

"You're to sell him Angela," returned Klekoff in his colorless voice, and Stuart cursed internally. He was to move mountains and empty oceans to accomplish the impossible and would be out of favor if he failed. The colorless voice broke into his uncomfortable reverie. "How about the All-America's second annual report?"

"Oh, yes." Stuart was glad to change the subject. "They grossed twelve million."

"Twelve! Twelve? How was it divided?"

"Four million to Iskovitch, three to Barney, two each to Belden and DeWitt, one to Jacobs."

Klekoff laughed aloud, a short laugh, harsh and discordant, which was startling to those who heard it for the first time.

"It's time to throw a bone into that kennel."

IV

JUBILANTLY President Izzy called the second annual meeting of the All-America to order in the musty old executive room and rushed through the routine business, then he gazed with swelling pride on these competitors who had worked shoulder to shoulder with him; they were more than business associates, more than fellow directors—they were his friends!

There was a thrill in his voice, and something pushed at his flat chest for expansion as he rested his bony knuckles on his desk and said: "Well, fellas, we're just startin'! We pulled together fine for two years, but now we'll pull together like we haven't done yet. We'll work harder than we ever did before. We'll make better pictures an' more of 'em. We'll get more houses and bigger prices. This past year we grossed over twelve million, but this comin' year we'll make a piker outta that; an' before we get through we'll make the Pinnacle look like a old three-reeler! Gentlemen, nominations are now in order, an' I guess I nominate myself."

He grinned at them with confidence as he sat again behind his battered old desk, and immediately square-faced big Tim Barney rose and clapped him on the back and boomed, "Second the nomination, and move we reëlect the kid president by acclamation, unanimously!"

Smilingly he and Izzy waited for the enthusiastic response to that motion, but none came. Instead up rose Oscar DeWitt, his narrow face wrinkled with sharp vertical lines and all his yellow teeth showing in a dyspeptic grin, and he spoke as follows:

"I'm not only going to make a nomination, but I'm going to introduce you to the next president of the All-America, Jacob Jacobs!"

"Second the nomination," said Nathan Belden stolidly, his dark visage unrelieved by any glint of eye or teeth, while fat little Jacobs, all sleeked up today with a haircut, a new hat, a new green silk shirt and a pink necktie, suddenly laughed and slapped his fat hands on his fat knees.

"That makes me elected all right! Nathan and Oscar and me, we got a 60 per cent vote! I call for the ballot!"

"You damn double-crossers!" Tim Barney was on his feet, red with wrath, and his huge fists were clenched.

"Keep your blackjack in your pocket, Tim Barney!" shouted DeWitt. "This is no ward primary. You can't rough-house this meeting and break up the election till you can buy up control, like you did when you punged the Climax! You can't ——"

Oaths too terrible to be translated into words choked in Tim Barney's throat as he grabbed for the inkwell on the desk, but Izzy's bony hand reached it first and shoved it out of harm's way, and held it.

"Wait a minute! What's your holler? I gotta right to know! I built this business! It was my scheme, an' I pushed it through to where it is! An' you all owe me somethin' for it! Just show me one thing, an' I'll keep still! Show me how you're goana do better under any other management than you done under me!"

"Sure!" yelled Jacobs gleefully. "We three get our pictures in the Pinnacle houses, and we don't care who knows it! Come on and let's ballot!"

"Klekoff!" Izzy's voice was piercing in its sudden shrillness. "You dumb-bells! You boneheads! Don't you see what Klekoff's game is? If he starts us fightin' among ourselves, he busts us up! We been goin' too good for him! Listen! I ain't goana let you fall for Klekoff!" The veins throbbed thick and purple on his temples. This distribution which he had built up was life and death to his business! "Listen to me, fellas, don't listen to your enemy! I'm your friend! I proved it! I made you more business last year than you ever had in your lives! Leave it to me, an' I'll run your receipts up 25 per cent this year! I'll run the total gross up to fifteen million, or sixteen or seventeen or maybe eighteen, for eighteen's where I got my mark fixed!"

"With seven or eight millions for yourself, I guess!" interrupted Belden.

"Hah!" sneered Oscar DeWitt.

"I call for the ballot!" yelled little Jacobs, having trouble with his wayward eyes which were so strained now that there seemed a decided cast in them.

"Shut up, you!" Barney was waving his huge fists again. "Not one of you ungrateful hounds could have done for yourselves what Izzy did for all of us! He deserved to gross over four million!"

Then DeWitt added: "And he was the executive manager, so he made darn sure that he got it!"

"You dirty bum!" screamed Izzy, and before he knew what he was doing he had thrown the inkwell at DeWitt and was jumping over the desk to get at him when Tim grabbed his coat tails and pulled him back. Izzy, always at a high nervous pitch because of his intense application, was in an incoherent rage over DeWitt's insult. The tears were streaming down his cheeks and he struggled like a cat to get out of Tim's clutches, while Belden and little Jacobs held back DeWitt who, mopping the ink from his face, grew more and more vengeful as the shock of the assault wore off.

It was some minutes before the insistence of Barney and the persuasion of Jacobs and Belden that business was business restored order, but further argument was useless, so the ballot was taken formally, and Jacob Jacobs was president of the All-America by a 60 per cent vote, which at his demand was reduced to writing and signed by the majority and mailed by him to himself at the Arts and Letters. Immediately thereafter he plumped into the president's chair with almost juvenile glee on his round face and held up one hand for silence while with the other he wrote a telegram as his first official act, and now he was quite cross-eyed!

"Listen! This is a telegram to our distributors, and it reads as follows: 'I have the pleasure to inform you that I have just been elected president of the All-America for the next year. I have also the pleasure to tell you that the Pinnacle houses will be open to my Arts and Letters pictures. Lean on my Arts and Letters pictures hard because they will be given national exploitation, extra lithographs, and the biggest advertising campaign ever put behind any line of productions. Yours for a big year, Jacob Jacobs.'"

"You double-crosser!" yelled Belden, and DeWitt was already pounding his yellow fists on the president's desk in vociferous anger. "You lying thief!" Belden was frothing at the mouth. "The Pinnacle houses are open to all three of us! Why didn't you put that in your telegram?"

"Listen." There was no diminishment of the infantile glee on Jacobs' round face, while his eyes were coming back to normal. "It's my turn to be executive manager,

Gears that wear on father's ears

FATHER is grouchy. The engine, the pet he used to boast about, is noisy.

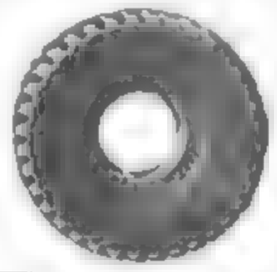
Light taps, pings, and slight knocks do not worry him, but the rasping grind of the timing gears is a more serious matter.

Metal timing gears always wear, and worn metal timing gears are always noisy.

The sure cure is to avoid metal-to-metal contact in the timing gear set. This can be done by using gears cut from Celoron, a material tough and durable as hard metal, but *silent* in operation.

Banishing noise from the timing gear set

Celoron Silent Timing Gears never develop rasps, grinds, or howls. They retain accurate timing.



In action they are permanently positive and *silent*.

Celoron Silent Timing Gears are standard equipment on many quality cars. They are used in place of metal gears and timing chains. They can be used in any timing gear set.

Where you can get Celoron Silent Timing Gears

Your service station or repairman knows how to banish noise from the timing gear case. Why not have him put Celoron Silent Timing Gears in your car now? Drive in to the shop in the morning and have a really comfortable ride the same evening.

Celoron is made into silent timing gears for replacement by Dalton & Balch. Jobbers and dealers all over the country carry stocks of these gears.

Look for the Celoron mark. It is found on all D & B Silent Timing Gears.

SILENCING MACHINE GEAR DRIVES

For every direct drive used in factories there is a Celoron Silent Gear. These gears drive big punch presses, pumps, and cranes. On all the rugged and delicate production machines Celoron Silent Gears work effectively and silently. They are cut from Celoron, a laminated phenolic condensation material, bonded with Condensite.

DIAMOND STATE FIBRE COMPANY, Bridgeport, Pennsylvania

Branches in Principal Cities

In CANADA: 245 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

CELORON SILENT GEARS

Individuality

Individuality is emphasized by a distinctive overcoat. The genteel lines of Patrick-Duluth Overcoats, their superb hand tailoring, and faultless fit, appeal to men of good taste.

Patrick-Duluth Overcoats have an air of richness and refinement, of skill and thoroughness, which make them the choice of discerning men.

Patrick Week November 3rd to 10th

The cloth is made in beautiful, exclusive patterns and its sturdy weave gives the added satisfaction of enduring wear.

It is woven on our own looms from selected, long-fibre Northern Wools, and is used only in garments bearing the Patrick-Duluth label.

Sold by leading clothiers. Send for our interesting overcoat booklet today, care desk 4.

F. A. Patrick & Co.
DULUTH MINNESOTA
Makers of both Cloth and Garment

and when I get up to the four-million mark you fellows can have what's left of the gross, and what hard words you call me don't hurt me none at all, not even a smash on the jaw, as long as I get the money. I'm goana take the whole advertising appropriation of the All-America to let the trade know the Arts and Letters is on the map at last! I got it signed that I'm the president and what you goana do about it?"

Black passion suddenly burned afresh in Tim Barney. He smacked his fists and invented new blasphemies to tell those three hounds the atrocious vengeance he would wreak on them if it took him the balance of his life, but Izzy left in the midst of it, sick at heart. It wasn't revenge he wanted, but his good business. It wouldn't take Klekoff and Jacobs three months to ruin the All-America!

With this despondent reflection he drove out to his studio, where he tried to hide his bruised and battered soul in the peace of his quiet office, but there Eli bounded in on him in a fever of such excitement as his globular structure had seldom housed.

"Say, Izzy! I got the world by the tail! Who do you suppose I just signed up? You'd never guess! The Angel Child!"

Izzy straightened and stiffened as if a couple of thousand volts had been shot through him.

"You signed her up, you say?"

"I hope to tell you I did!" And Dum-Dum's flat round eyes began to glisten with appreciation of his own cleverness. "I didn't have but ten minutes to take her or leave her, and you was busy in the meeting, so I took her. She's mine for a year and a half, and she'll be the greatest asset the Heartthrobs ever had! But I'll loan her to you, Izzy, for A Little Child Shall Lead Them. And say, listen, when Sapp has that little kid kneel down in her nightie and ask for her papa that we know's in the penitentiary, with her sweet little face turned up to the moonlight, they'll sob their throats dry!"

Already there was a choking in Dum-Dum's voice, the tears of chronic sentiment in his eyes, but Izzy was staring at him in deep perplexity.

"What's the matter with her?"

"What's the matter with her? Why, she's worth a million dollars of publicity, that's what's the matter with her! She's got the biggest following of any child actress on the screen!"

"That's all right, but I gotta half interest in this Heartthrobs, you know, an' believe me, I wouldn't buy anything Klekoff wants to sell. If he gives away one of the strongest publicity assets in the business, there's something behind it that ain't healthy."

"They had a quarrel," explained Dum-Dum, fear coming into his flat eyes of China blue; his fat lips turned flaccid, and he sat on the edge of a chair, holding on his bulbous knee his round hat with the fancy band, and the hat wabbled. "Davidson used rough language to the little thing, Stuart says, and her mother wouldn't stand for it, an' Klekoff had to sustain the director, because Davidson's got something on Klekoff—knows where he hid the body, or whatever it is. It's rotten, I say, Izzy! Anybody that would abuse that sweet little child is a low-down slob! Why, you remember what a sweet little thing she is!"

"Sure I do. She's climbed on my lap many a time an' made me kiss her dolly when I was g. m. over at Schusshel's, but even if Klekoff quarrels with his stars he don't quarrel with his money. What kind of a contract you got?"

"I had Cousin Leon give it the once-over, and he says it's K. O. It's between me and the Pinnacle and contains a copy of Mrs. Deer's contract with them. Angela gets six hundred a week, an' must be starred in three pictures a year of a hundred and twenty-five thousand minimum cost."

Izzy made a rapid calculation. They were bound to spend three quarters of a million dollars on the Angel Child, including salary and five pictures, in the next year and a half.

"What does Angela and her mother say about this?"

"They ain't got anything to say. The Pinnacle's got a right to farm Angela out or subcontract her or anything. I ain't even seen 'em yet."

"Y' ain't seen 'em!" And Izzy nearly jumped out of his chair. "I bet you you're stung! She's had the smallpox or her nose smashed or her leg sawed off or somethin'! By golly, Eli, if you've let me in for bein' a sucker to Klekoff, I'll bust every bone in your head if I can find anything heavy enough to do it with! Where is she?"

"On her way." Eli tried to be nonchalant, but his lip was quivering. "They just got in from Death Valley last night, and as soon as we'd signed the contract, Klekoff's lawyer telephoned 'em to come right over here. Say, Izzy, I—I had to pay a bonus, but not much, considering who it is. Forty thousand dollars. They wanted a hundred, but I wouldn't pay it."

"It looks worse the further we get," morbidly considered Izzy, and just then there was a loud voice in the hall, a high-pitched, shrill, scolding voice which memory brought sharply back. Mother!

Eli sprang to the door and opened it, and the shrill complaint at being kept waiting stopped; then into the vision at the side of the door jamb and at about the height of the door knob appeared the roguish, archly smiling face of the Angel Child, her cheeks rosy and her long curls dangling against her neck. Little Angela, all right, and both Izzy and Eli began to feel reassured; then, swooping low, the Angel Child ran into the room, circled the desk with her arms outstretched and plumped into Izzy's lap.

"Huh!" he grunted as that hundred and eight pounds of live load landed against his wind, and he scrambled frantically to keep his chair from overturning, while warm arms clutched around his neck and a warm cheek was pressed against his face.

"You remember your little Angela, don't you?" she said in her babyish treble.

Izzy didn't bother to answer. He got a good purchase on his chair and pushed her off his lap; then he stood up and surveyed her and realized the worst. He turned away with that sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. This was the finishing touch! Klekoff had not only struck a deadly blow at his business but had topped it off with ridicule—for by tomorrow morning they'd be laughing in every studio in Hollywood of how Klekoff had sawed off his three-quarters-of-a-million-dollar lemon on Iskovitch! The Pinnacle would take mighty good care that the joke had a fine start, which would serve a practical purpose also, for it would prevent Izzy from unloading his lemon elsewhere.

There she was. She was his. He had longed for the Angel Child, and now he had her! It was only natural that in him should rise an unreasonable rage at the girl herself, and he turned to her sharply. She stood before him, listless, passive, her arms hanging limply, her smooth shoulders slightly drooped, her lips half parted; but in her round eyes there was now growing a vague hint of panic, and as she caught Izzy's condemning gaze the panic gave way to hurt, the eyes turned suddenly luminous and tears stood in them.

"You poor kid!" said the walloped and angry and mortified Mr. Iskovitch, and he patted her gently on the shoulder. "I guess the rough end of the joke's on you!"

■

THE cuddly little circus rider knocked softly but insistently on the door of Izzy's private office some half hour later, in spite of the fact that there was no answer.

"I know you're in," cooed her soft voice. "It's only me."

There was a click as an electric button threw the lock and, opening the door, the fluffy caller pranced gayly in, to find Izzy at his desk with three deep creases of troubled thought between his eyes; but he smiled as he looked at Dorcas Sinclair. Most people did.

"What's the idea?" he inquired.

"Money." And Dorcas, sitting on the arm of his chair, began to smooth the creases in his brow with a velvet hand, rubbing at each crease separately and with concentrated anxiety.

"I'll have to see the treasurer about you, Dorc, and ask him why you don't get your salary." This was the stock sarcasm used on all employes who asked for money before it was due.

"Oh, I'm getting mine on Saturdays. But, Izzy, I want a five-thousand-dollar advance!" She held his head back to study the amount of reluctance he might be expressing, then decided she'd have to explain, and snuggled against him in the pretty little way she had. "You see, I was given a wonderful tip on copper this noon. A friend of mine from Montana blew in and told me, very confidentially, that there's going to be a big scramble for control of the Unity Copper Mines, and he says the stock will go

(Continued on Page 133)

Painted for C. G. Conn, Ltd. by Oscar Edmondson Copyright 1933.

Stirring the Fires of Youthful Ambition

REMEMBER, back in boyhood days, how *you* envied the leader of the Hometown Band and longed to play his flashing Cornet! The same ambitions are stirring the hearts of Young America today.

Conn is helping to realize those ambitions, developing not only musical talent, but a spirit of teamwork which comes with playing in a band or orchestra, and all the qualities of sturdy young manhood. For playing a Conn instrument is wholesome fun, healthful exercise, and an excellent character-builder as well

His Conn instrument is an inspiration to the boy player. He knows it's exactly the same as those used by Sousa's famous players and the foremost artists of all the world in concert bands, symphony, opera and popular recording orchestras. That thought fires his ambition. And the *easy playing* qualities of the Conn, it's *perfect scale* and *reliable action*, make practice a pleasure, speeding his progress.

In boys' bands everywhere, among the Scouts, in schools, colleges and American Legion Posts, Conn instruments are preferred for the same reasons which make them the choice of the foremost professionals. *Exclusive features and methods of manufacture are the basis of Conn superiority.* Conn is the only maker of every instrument used in a band.

With all their exclusive features Conn instruments cost no more. Free Trial; Easy Payments. Write now for FREE BOOK and details, mentioning instrument.

C. G. CONN, *Ltd.*
1136 CONN BUILDING, ELKHART, INDIANA

Conn New York Co., 233-5-7 W. 47th St.
Conn Detroit Co., 2221 Woodward Ave.
Conn New Orleans Co., 317 Baronne St.
Conn Cleveland Co., 1220 Huron Road

CONN
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

Conn Chicago Co., 62 E. Van Buren St.
Conn Seattle Co., 1609 Third Ave.
Conn Portland Co., 129 Tenth St.
Conn Atlanta Co., Auburn and Ivy Sts.

CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

$1000
PRIZE CONTEST
—for young detectives of neglected surfaces

403 cash prizes for boys and girls under 16. For details of contest, go to your local painter or paint dealer and get a 1924 Save the Surface Calendar. You will find the Contest on the back.

Let Me Do Your Interior Painting and Varnishing Now

I can give it closer personal attention and save you money

"Save the surface and you save all"— Paint & Varnish

NEXT Spring I'll be up to my ears in outside work. So will every other Master Painter. This is my slack season—now and for the next three months. There's no good reason why it should be.

If people would have their interior painting and varnishing done in the wintertime, they'd get first class work done by the best men in the business—instead of rush work at Spring prices.

It's a good proposition from my standpoint, too. I wouldn't have to lay off my good men. I could cut down my overhead. I could spread my work over a whole year, instead of crowding it into seven or eight months. This would save me money and it would save you money too.

I can take on your inside work now and give it close personal attention—don't forget that. Give me a ring today.

Your Painter

The painter's work is now compressed into two rush seasons—Spring and Fall. Painting costs will be lower—and painting service better—when this line is straightened out.

916 Copyright by Save the Surface Campaign, 1923

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 507 The Bourse, Philadelphia. A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property

(Continued from Page 130)

kiting! He's on the inside and he says for me to bet on it from my shoebuckles to the bangle on my hat. Please may I have the money, Izzy?"

"I suppose so." She was one of his best-paying stars, and he reached for an order blank. Copper. Copper. The word pounded at him, somehow. "But say, Dore, I hate to see you throw away your money."

"Thanks, darling, but you may wear the mourning for the real speculators. I've had tips before and I always play for just a little bit of profit, directly opposite from any advice which people on the inside give me. When I was over at the Pinnacle Roabert told me that was a safe way for pikers. Stock gambling, you know, is his real affinity."

Copper! Izzy was scarcely aware that Dorcas had removed her cuddly self and left him alone, for that word copper was ranging swiftly through every cranny of his dormant knowledge until it touched a live wire of consciousness.

An inside copper tip! For half an hour he had sat in painstaking grubbing at his primary problem of Jacob Jacobs, for Jacob Jacobs had to fall before Isidor Iskovitch could rise; but in all his analysis of the new president of the All-America he had confined himself to the motion-picture business—which shows the stupid limitations imposed on itself by the human mind! Izzy grabbed his hat and sent for Eli.

At the Arts and Letters Jacobs sat in the seat of the mighty, did Jacob. Power was his, and a glorious future. The whip was in his hand, and all he had to do was crack it. It had made him dizzy, that sudden rise to well-grasped opportunity. Up to this he had been merely a good-natured producer of cheap pictures, but now he was become suddenly strutful to his minions, and when he heard that Isidor Iskovitch was without and craved admission to his presence his lips grew moist and his small eyes glistened—for already his potent power was at work. Isidor Iskovitch wanted something, or he wouldn't come.

So it was a cordial "Hello, Izzy. What can I do you for?"

"Not much more, I hope," grinned Izzy. "But there's no use us fellas beefing around. You got us, and it's your chance to clean up if you can."

"Oh, I'll look after that all right," chuckled Jacobs in high favor with himself, and accomplished the difficult contortion of sticking his thick thumbs in the armholes of his tight vest.

"Mebby you'll pull it across, Jacobs, but I got my doubts whether you'll clean up as much as you think you will. Y' know, you ain't got the attractions to push. You can advertise your head off on those Westerns, an' our own first-run houses won't show 'em, let alone the Pinnacle houses."

"Oh, well, of course, I know I got to get me a few more stars and spend a little more on my pictures, but what's that got to do between you and me?"

The victor stopped twiddling his fat fingers on this and held them flat against his chest. He was certain that the vanquished had come to propose some deal of mutual advantage.

"I come to help you out. Say, looky, I'll put it flat. The most popular pictures the All-America distributes are the Iskovitch productions, an' our branches'll be sore if the Iskovitches don't get a proper share o' boostin'. But if you'll split the advertising appropriation between your pictures an' mine, instead of hoggin' it all for yourself, I'll give you a bonus on my gross that'll more'n make up for the profits you don't make on your own."

An ineffable smile wreathed itself thickly on the moist lips of Jacobs, and his little eyes began to seek each other.

"Well, the bonus would have to be good. Anyhow I won't make my affiliations yet, till I see where I can do the best."

"You got the best right in frontta you. An' besides that, I'll help you out in your productions. I'll loan you some classy players, an' I'll even sell you a good star if you wantta boost your business into the first runs. Understand me, I ain't got anybody I wantta sell, but I'm bound to make a bargain with you."

Jacobs was eagerly interested. He hadn't a publicity value on his salary list, and any one of Izzy's widely known stars would give him the edge on Belden and DeWitt for the Pinnacle houses.

"Who you goana give me? Prudence Joy? Or Dorcas Sinclair or Dixie Day?"

"You're askin' for my right eye an' my right arm an' my right leg. I wantta do business with you, but I ain't goana give you my business."

"No, you don't want to do business, you just want to talk." And the complacent man with the whip leaned back in his chair and let his fat legs dangle.

Izzy hesitated. He hesitated a long time, glancing at his watch. Then the phone rang and his eyes glinted as Jacobs lazily reached over

"Who? . . . Yes, he's here. . . . It's for you. Eli's calling."

"Thanks," said Izzy with a frown of annoyance at the interruption, and taking the phone he leaned his long bony elbow on the desk, and crossed his bony knees, and disposed himself comfortably for the conversation. "Naw, Eli, you're crazy! I don't care if Angela is a Heartthrob's star! The Angel Child's first production with us is an Iskovitch picture, an' don't you forget it!"

Jacob Jacobs' thumbs came out of the armholes of his vest. His chair straightened and his feet came down to the floor, while his little eyes opened to their widest.

"You ain't got the Angel Child!" he incredulously said when Izzy hung up the receiver.

"You bet you my life! Eli grabbed her away from the Pinnacle this morning, while we was in the meeting. I'm starrin' her first in A Little Child Shall Lead Them, an' say, Jacobs, when she kneels down in her little white nightie, with her sweet little face upturned to the firelight, an' prays for her dear papa to come back that we know's in the penitentiary, they'll choke!"

Jacobs' fat hand came down on his desk with a smack like a chunk of beef.

"Now I know where I'm at! You want to do business with me and I'm ready. Well, the price is Angela! You let me have her, and I'll split the advertising appropriation like you said and I'll boost the Iskovitch pictures next to mine—at 2 per cent of your gross. That's my offer—take it or let it alone."

The struggle in Isidor Iskovitch was terrific, it was visible, it strained the muscles of his jaws and pinched his nose and beaded his deeply creased brow with perspiration; but in the end he gave in and allowed Jacob Jacobs to wreak his will!

"All right," he said. "Pay me the bonus on her contract an' take her. Wait, I think I got the contract still in my pocket." And he fished it out.

"How much bonus?"

"A hundred thousand dollars."

Jacobs gulped. Such a bonus was not uncommon and not out of reason under the circumstances, but still ——

"I won't pay it."

"Looky here, Jacobs!" Suddenly Izzy's voice was aquiver with passion as he shook a bony finger at the whip cracker. "You've made me give up the biggest publicity value that's been loose in the business for many a day, so you ain't goana haggle with me about that bonus. You'll pay me that hundred thousand or I go home right away, an' it's all off!"

The struggle in Jacobs was terrific, it was visible, and it was real; but in the end Izzy won and had Jacobs' check for twenty-five thousand dollars and his ninety-day note for seventy-five.

It was not until the contract had been executed before a notary and all the business details concluded that Izzy remarked nonchalantly, "By the way, Jacobs, I heard a piece o' news this afternoon that made me think o' you right away. I was handed a hot tip on the copper market."

"You was!" Jacobs' ruling passion sprang on his fat face and transfigured it. "What was it?"

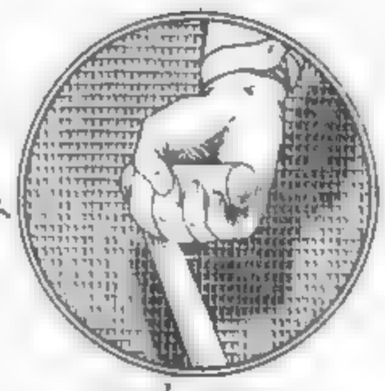
"The Unity Copper Mines is goana have a fight for control before their annual meeting next month, an' they'll be scourin' the market for all the loose stock there is. There's goana be a balloon ascension in Unity."

"How do you know?"

"A man from Montana blew in this morning, a man on the inside o' the copper business. An' I got the tip in strict confidence."

"The market's closed," was Jacobs' first thought as he glanced, not at his watch but at the long slanting shadows in the back lot. "So help me, Izzy, if I had known this before, you never would have got that twenty-five-thousand-dollar check! Say, Izzy, be a good fellow and tear up that check and make the note for a hundred thousand and I'll be your friend for life!"

The struggle in Izzy was terrific, but in the end he walked out with Angela off his hands,



In the old days Remember?

and now~

The Bendix Drive

The "Mechanical Hand"

that cranks your car

In the old days when your engine stalled—on crowded streets—on muddy highways—anywhere—you got out and "cranked". Remember?

Today you merely press the button of your electric starter, and on you go! With the electric starter came a new era of convenience, ease and safety for all motorists—and in this *The Bendix Drive* has an important part.

The Bendix Drive is a "mechanical arm and hand", for which your starting motor supplies the "muscle".

The Bendix Drive is attached to the armature shaft of your electric starting motor where it functions automatically as the connecting link between your starting motor and engine.

The Bendix Drive automatically takes hold of your fly wheel—turns your engine over—starts it—then automatically "lets go", and waits until you need it again.

The fact that the Bendix Drive is standard equipment on the electric starters of a majority of the world's automobiles and trucks is evidence of the need which existed and the efficient way The Bendix Drive has met it.

More than 4,000 dealers and garages supply genuine service parts for Bendix Drive. Look for the name "Bendix" on each genuine part.

The BENDIX DRIVE

Manufactured By

ECLIPSE MACHINE CO., ELMIRA, N. Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, LTD.
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

and in his pocket a hundred-thousand-dollar note which could constitute a lien on Jacobs' plant, and Jacobs was almost blubbering with gratitude. When Izzy climbed in his car he sat back and laughed silently, out of what boyish exuberance was still in him; then the business man of him straightened his lips into a grim line, and his brown eyes had in them a sudden crystalline glitter.

"I never did like to do anybody dirt," he muttered as he glanced back at the Arts and Letters; "but show me some more."

Poor Ookie!

VI

IT WAS a soaking, sopping, dripping summer fog, so raw in the early dawn that it chilled to the marrow and set the firmest teeth achatter. It was a dense fog, a black fog, out of which street lamps loomed sickly and yellow at only a few paces distant, and all else in the smothered world was without form and void. Yet even in this eerieness, six A.M. saw Wylie & Co. open for business, a dozen shivering regulars in the worn leather chairs trying to warm themselves with cigars, and Dan Givvins at his desk behind the rail of his raised platform, an extra droop to the mustache which gave his mouth such grim ferocity, but his gray eyes glittering as ever. The tickers were clicking away with their staccato unevenness, and two extravagantly disinterested young men were already snapping green tickets into the board which ran across the low wide room—for it was ten o'clock in New York now, and the Stock Exchange was open!

Into this room there waddled, rosy with the plenitude of power and happy in a world made all for success, a roly-poly man of importance who, spraddling his thick legs in the center of the floor, peered through the mist and the smoke and the pallid light at the rack marked UnC—Unity Copper—and the price just put up was 57⅛. Even as he looked, the old man at the ticker with a handkerchief around his leathery neck, mumbled something to the nearest disinterested youth who took a green fraction out of his apron and snapped it into the UnC rack—57⅛. Pretty brisk for so early in the morning, and Jacob Jacobs hurried. He had lost quite a little profit between those two quotations!

"Buy Uncle at the market, Dan," he ordered as he dropped a check on the desk at the raised platform. "Usual margin."

"Hello, Mr. Jacobs. You must have a hot one."

"Sure! Listen, Dan. Last night I got straight information from a man from Montana that's on the inside that there's goana be a fight for control of Unity Copper, and that stock's going up like a gusher. The tip's strictly confidential, but I don't care how many you tell because the sooner the buying starts the sooner it goes up."

"Uh-huh; this business'd die on its feet if anybody ever investigated a tip," grunted Dan as he entered the buying order.

And at that moment a lean and active boy, as snappy as a cricket, rushed out to the nearest telephone and delivered this message to a young man who was still snuggled in the warm covers:

"Say, Cousin Izzy! He's here! And he paid his money when it said fifty-seven and a half under the UnC place! And say, Cousin Izzy, it's funny, ain't it, they call it Uncle down here!"

So began the momentous incursion of copper into the motion-picture business. At eight o'clock the sun was shining brightly, there had never been a fog, Uncle had advanced to 59, and Jacob Jacobs waddled out to breakfast rosier than ever in the plenitude of his power and happier than ever in a world made all for success. He was some thousands of dollars richer than when he had risen in the unearthly dawn, and the future was a ripe peach which had only to be skinned and mashed and shaken up with a little sherry

Reeking with wealth he rolled out to Hollywood where he stopped at his favorite cigar store, bought a box of perfectos and said to the man behind the counter: "Say, Joe, you want to pick up a little money? I got a straight confidential tip from a man from Montana that's on the inside of the copper business that Unity Copper's going up like a balloon."

"Good," said the carrot-complexioned Joe, with a grin which sprang dimples like gashes into his cheeks "That one's a knockout. Ha-ha! And now did you hear this one? Klekoff slid a banana peel under Izzy Iskovitch yesterday."

"Sure -at the All-America And I'm president now!" Thus chuckled Jacobs, biting the tip off the end of his cigar and preparing to light it.

"Yes, that's a scream, too," commented Joe—who kept himself the center of all the gossip and scandal permeating picturedom and did a lucrative business thereby. "But that's old stuff. This one's a fresh wheeze. Klekoff sawed the Angel Child off on Eli Iskovitch yesterday and got a bonus besides!"

Jacob Jacobs, his face fixed in an anticipatory laugh with his cigar held half an inch from his lips and half an inch from the flame of the cigar lighter, ready to draw when the nubbin of the joke should come, remained with his lips spread but the rest of his face turning cold. It was a curious expression which Joe afterwards tried to imitate, though never succeeding to his satisfaction.

"What's the matter with her?" and Jacobs' voice was small and shrill, as if his larynx had not been supplied with enough wind for good enunciation.

"Oh, nothing; she's all there. Only the Angel Child has come back from six months in Hawaii wearing her baby pinafore for a sash. She's grown up into the welterweight champ of the business, and Klekoff sold her to Dum-Dum Iskovitch, sight unseen, to play little fairy parts in the Heartthrobs. It's the laugh of Hollywood Boulevard this morning!"

Without a word Jacob Jacobs stuck his scorched cigar in his vest pocket, rushed out to his car and drove like mad to the Arts and Letters studio four blocks away, where his own general manager stopped him on the steps.

"Say, Jake, I got a good one! Klekoff sharpened a fang on Izzy Iskovitch yesterday. He sawed off ——"

"I got no time for foolishness!" shouted the boss to his g.m. out of the agony of his soul, and rushing into his private office grabbed his phone to call up Izzy Iskovitch and sever for life the warm friendship which he had declared the night before.

"Good morning, governor," called a hearty voice in the doorway—Tom Strong, the star cowboy of the Arts and Letters, and he was laughing his private-life laugh. "Has anybody slipped you the big climax that Klekoff hung on Iskovitch yesterday? He sawed off ——"

"I don't want to hear it!" yelled Jacobs. "Don't you see I'm busy!"

And he jiggled the hook of his phone violently, while he glared the astounded pink-and-white cowboy out of the room. He was still glaring at the vacated doorway when past the door jamb, at about the height of the door knob, there came slowly into his line of vision a childish face with big round eyes and dangling curls and a sweet, sweet smile. For an instant Jacobs stared in astonishment, even hope, as he recognized the well-known features of the Pinnacle's famous Angel Child, and he almost smiled as he hung up the receiver. Then, running low, little Angela swooped into the room—but tripped on the threadbare rug and went sprawling to the floor where her total lack of infancy was more strikingly revealed than if she had walked in with a stately swishing of long skirts.

"Stung!" said the new meal ticket bitterly. "I'm stung all right!" Slowly Angela rose and brushed off her dimpled knees and her foolishly infantile frock, and there were sullen tears in her eyes. Her boss regarded her with a scowl, then he laid his finger to the side of his nose and considered until his professional instincts came to his aid. "I only got one chance with you. I got to hurry up and make a picture real cheap, and exploit it regardless of cost through my distributing organization that I'm president of, and put you over to a big grossage before the exhibitors find out the joke. The public's the only dumb-bell there is left to saw you off on. You're going right out on location tonight. Go across the lot to Rosenberg and tell him to dig up The Pot of Gold to star you in, quick."

"I won't have it!" Mrs. Deer bounded into the room, Gorgonlike in the accumulated fury of the past few days. "Mr. Jacobs, I don't propose to have my child shoved about from place to place so unceremoniously! Her position in the business entitles her to more dignity, and it has to be shown her! She's my baby, and I'll fight for her, I will! It's enough humiliation for Angela Deer to have to work in a cheap stunt company like the Arts and Letters, and ——"

"Refuse to go, Mrs. Deer! I just ask you to refuse to go. It's the only one chance I got of not payin' this girl's salary, and that's insubordination! Tell me you won't go! Will you? Say it! Say it!"

In the thick silence which followed this urgent invitation the telephone rang, and Jacobs, answering, found Stuart on the wire.

"Mr. Klekoff's compliments, Mr. Jacobs, and he wishes me to tell you that you are the prize bonehead of the business!"

"Yes, Mr. Stuart." And at the mention of that name, Mrs. Deer took her daughter across to Rosenberg. "Yes, Mr. Stuart, I see it now."

"Remarkable!" rasped Stuart, passing on as much as possible the acute discomfort which prevailed this morning in the Pinnacle offices, for the Angela joke was turned back on Klekoff and he was furious. "I called up to also tell you that the privilege of the Pinnacle houses was extended not to you alone, but to Belden and DeWitt as well, if any of the three of you can produce a picture which a Pinnacle house will show. I hope you can understand that!"

"Yes, Mr. Stuart," said Jacob Jacobs abjectly, mopping his brow and the roll of fat around his collar; then he heard the click of a receiver and hung up slowly. There seemed to be white seeds in the melon he was cutting, and the pink was pale.

His secretary bustled in with a sheaf of telegrams and hurried out with averted eyes, for these were collect protests from eleven of the All-America branch managers, and the new president was faced by a near mutiny. They, being business men, flatly would not boost the Arts and Letters pictures above the Iskovitch and Climax pictures, and they unanimously reported that the three Arts and Letters productions most recently released could not be inserted into the All-America's first-run houses with the aid of a burglar, much less into the Pinnacle palaces.

So this was whip cracking! Somberly he listed to the rift in his lilting lute, and he sensed that it was not going to be so frivolous to roll up that four-million-dollar grossage.

Suddenly a terrifying thought seized him; feverishly he grabbed the phone, called up Wiley's, and asked: "How's Uncle?"

"Sick," reported the dry voice of Dan. "That stock's gone off several points in the last hour. She's slumped to fifty-three and a half."

Gypped! Izzy Iskovitch had jobbed him here as well as with the Angel Child! Jacobs hadn't much hair on his round head, but what he had was wet.

Fifty-three and a half! Izzy Iskovitch, sitting in a bony knot in his own office, hung up his phone and snapped his fingers and said, "Hot dog!" Fifty-three and a half! Not yet, but soon! Two points further down and Jacob Jacobs would be shrieking for money which was the nubbin of the new joke; for money Jacob Jacobs had not, nor credit had he. At fifty-two Mr. Iskovitch who had both would be Izzy on the spot, and the entire surplus which he had salted down layer by layer for the expansion of his business would be at Jacobs' disposal to go as far as he liked—on terms.

Fifty-two and seven-eighths! Jacob Jacobs looked at his watch. Twenty minutes to eleven. He had no dry handkerchief to mop his head. He used a blotter. Isidor Iskovitch sat with one bony leg wrapped around the other so tightly that it gave him a cramp.

Fifty-three! One-eighth up! Jacob drew his first full breath, and Isidor frowned. People were trying to see them both on urgent business connected with the trivial occupation of picture production, but in vain.

Fifty-three and three-quarters! Jacobs untied his cravat and unbuttoned his limp collar, and a smile slowly gathered on his fat lips, while between the dark brown eyes of Iskovitch there sprang his three sharp creases.

Eleven o'clock. Uncle 54½! Both Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Iskovitch hung up their phones with trembling hands. Jacob sat back lumpily in his chair, letting his thick legs dangle and his arms hang limp. Saved! Saved by the gong! Izzy jumped out of his chair and paced the room in nervous reaction The market was closed for the day!

For twelve years Isidor Iskovitch had been steeped to the bone in pictures and in nothing else, but now, as in the twinkling of an eye, he was under the thrilling thrall of the ticker, the lure of copper was in his veins, he was a stock gambler by proxy! Next morning, and each morning for nine days, he was awakened by little Izzy's opening quotation on Uncle, and from then until eleven A.M. he was useless to the picture business, hanging breathlessly on the vagaries of that fickle stock which bobbed up and down like a nervous flea, but never low enough nor high enough for Jacobs to be desperate to retrieve or mad to plunge.

Then at last the tension broke. Uncle climbed steadily from 58 to 63, then by leaps to 64, 65, 66!

Grabbing his hat and jumping into his car Izzy drove over to the Arts and Letters on an errand so ostensible that it never was mentioned, for as he entered the private office Jacobs hung up the phone and yelled "Uncle's within a quarter of 67! He's started on that balloon ascension! I always got to remember, Izzy, that you handed me this straight inside tip!"

Izzy regarded him with a grin. On Jacob's glorified face was an ineffable smile, and in his little eyes there glittered the fire of intoxication. He was an inveterate copper drunkard and full of its pot-valiance.

"It's a pity you ain't got more down on it, Jacobs. If I'd 'a' known that tip was goana turn out so good I'd 'a' let you have a real stake—maybe a hundred thousand dollars or so. I got plenty o' money."

Jacobs' big chair came forward with a jerk, and his little eyes drew together swiftly.

"Say, Izzy, it ain't too late! If I had a hundred and fifty thousand dollars right now I could clean up a million, I bet you! Why, that stock's just startin' up! It's only ten points above where I bought it in, and it looks like it's goin' to par before it stops! Wait a minute!" He grabbed the phone and asked for a quotation. "Up again! I lose seven thousand dollars just while we talk because I ain't got that extra money down on it! Izzy! Lend me that hundred and fifty thousand dollars and I'll be your friend for life! I'll cut open a vein and be your blood brother! I'll give you interest and 10 per cent of my winnings!"

"I'll go you!" Izzy was quivering with excitement. He was nearing his goal. "But looky. How about my security?"

"Security! Your security? Say, listen! Don't you know I got a million-dollar business here? My note's good, I guess!"

"Not with the West Coast Trust holdin' two hundred an' forty thousand against you in first-mortgage past-due notes besides my hundred-thousand note. But here's what I'll do: I'll loan you that hundred and fifty thousand, right now, but you got to take up them West Coast notes, an' I'll give you the money to do it; then you just give me a first mortgage note coverin' the whole deal."

The sot's business instincts strove to struggle upward through his copper inebriation. Beads of perspiration pebbled suddenly above his normal moisture, then the cupreous taint in his corpuscles made him clutch the phone and get the latest report on Uncle. Sixty-eight. Sixty-eight! His eyes bulged.

He looked at his watch and slammed down the phone, and he spluttered as he said, "How fast can you work?"

"As fast as you can."

"How's your car geared?"

"We'll take yours." And Izzy reached for his hat.

Before the market closed they had those notes from the West Coast Trust, Izzy had his mortgage, and Jacobs had a certified check for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars which he tossed in front of the astonished Dan.

"Buy Uncle at the market!" he panted, and winced as he saw that he'd lost more profits. UnC was 68⅝!

Sixty-eight and five-eighths. Izzy put that price in his little memorandum book with finger-snapping elation. Hot dog! He had a solid grip on half the valuation of Jacobs' business. That was a fine big plant Jacobs had and could be made to equal the capacity of the Iskovitch plant. Now for that fat double-crossin' president of the All-America to go broke!

It was at this point that the man in Montana took an unwitting hand in the struggle for the control of the All-America. He had been playing Unity Copper for days as he would a piano and making more out of his ticker than he could out of his mines, but when UnC opened at 71, on the morning after Jacobs' intemperate demand for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth, and then took a straight jump to 75, the eyes of the man in Montana began to stick out. He knew the intrinsic value of Unity

(Continued on Page 139)

SUN OILS

Stiff oil *is exactly as good as* no oil at all !

Engineers agree that most winter damage to automobile motors is caused in the first five minutes after the engine is started

Did you ever figure what happens when you start your car on a zero morning? Does your oil start flowing when the motor starts and cover cylinders, pistons and other frictional surfaces with a protecting film? Or is it stiff with cold?

Most oils stiffen in severe cold; usually due to paraffin, always present in any oil containing "cylinder stock." Stiff oil means no lubrication at all, for the first few minutes. It's in that short time after the motor starts that serious damage is done.

You prevent these dangers when you use Sunoco, the wholly distilled oil. Sunoco flows freely at very low temperatures. That's your assurance of easy starting, and freedom from trouble and expense. Every type is absolutely pure, because it's wholly distilled, free from "cylinder stock" which contains paraffin wax.

You'll also find in winter that with Sunoco Transmission Lubricant [for transmission and differential] you can shift gears easily with no danger of grease hardening and gears cutting channels in it and running dry. All Sunoco greases are absolutely pure lubricants; no "fillers" or moisture in them.

Sunoco Motor Oils, Lubricants and Greases protect working parts; give your car more power; and save you money on repairs and operation.

Start by having your crankcase drained of old oil and refilled with Sunoco. Every Sunoco dealer has a Sunoco Lubrication Chart. It shows the type for your car.

Read the experience of this motorist

"Last winter I had difficulty starting my Locomobile. I was using a medium type of very expensive oil. ¶The battery soon became depleted, as my oil didn't seem to lubricate the friction surfaces quickly enough. ¶I made a study of oils, learned that Sunoco was wholly distilled, so decided to try it. ¶Immediately I found compression better, the motor turned over with some snap and my slow starting and slow lubrication troubles were over."

(Writer's name, if you want it.)

SUN OIL COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

SUN OIL COMPANY, Limited, MONTREAL

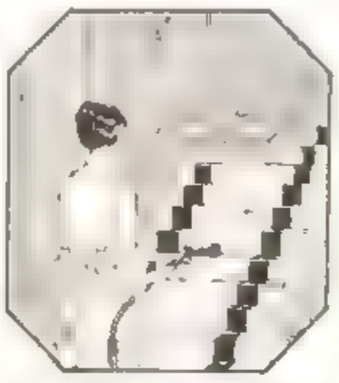
Branches and Agents in Principal Cities - Dealers Everywhere

SUNOCO

THE DISTILLED OIL

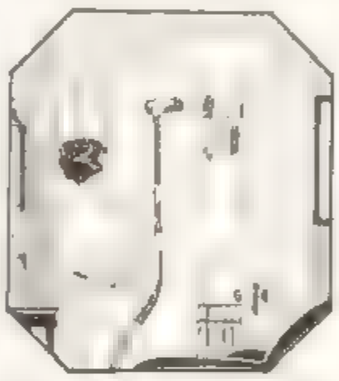
Cleans the House

Cleaning carpets, rugs or bare floors with the Magnetic.



An ingenious tool specially designed for cleaning stair carpets.

Cleaning upholstered furniture, heavy draperies, tapestries, overstuffed davenports, etc.



Cleaning curtains, light hangings, etc., and removing dust, thus saving premature laundry bills.

Cleaning clothes indoors. A sure protection against moths.

36 Exclusive Features give a range of usefulness and an ease of operation heretofore unknown. These special and exclusive features make the Magnetic Housecleaner the most thorough and efficient housecleaning device in your home.

MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER

MAG ELECTRIC

from Top to Bottom

An Experienced Housewife Says:

"Probably the most difficult task in our existence is the drudgery of housecleaning. We clean all the time—every day from morning till night we are chasing dirt and picking up litter after the little tots and men folks. Our desire to keep the home spick and span leaves no time for rest or leisure."

Scientific Time Studies prove the correctness of this statement. The average woman spends 80% of her wakeful hours chasing dirt in one form or other. Housekeeping, therefore, resolves itself into nothing more nor less than housecleaning.

Nearly every woman knows the backaches and ruffled tempers that accompany this drudgery. Until now, few women have found the way to the enjoyment of greater ease and leisure.

The new Magnetic Housecleaner lightens the housework of thousands upon thousands of women, and cleans the home from top to bottom. It banishes care and brings health, happiness, comfort and leisure.

Thread, Lint, Hair, Sewing Room Litter, Dust, Dirt and Embedded Grit Are Now Quickly and Thoroughly Removed

1,000 uses in the home make the Magnetic Housecleaner the complete housecleaning device that its name implies

Carpets, rugs and bare floors are thoroughly cleaned and swept by a dustless process. Specially designed housecleaning tools clean stair carpets easily.

Upholstered furniture, heavy drapes and tapestries are renovated each week or every day. Sheer window curtains and light hangings are kept dustless, with a consequent saving of premature laundry bills. Clothes are cleaned indoors, both during and between seasons, and protected against moths.

Pictures, mouldings, door tops, chandeliers, shelves, rails and out-of-the-way dust traps are kept spick and span. Mattresses are dusted and pillows aërated to restore their fluffy newness.

Under bathtubs, dressers, beds, pianos and other inaccessible places, dust can no longer linger. Radiators, hot-air registers, china closets, bookcases, drawers, pianos and phonographs are cleaned in a jiffy.

Furs are cleaned and renewed as well as the furrier or dry cleaner can do himself.

These are only a few of the many things that the Magnetic does quickly, easily and thoroughly through the development of 36 exclusive features which make possible so comprehensive a housecleaning program every week, in a fractional part of a day and at a cost within the reach of all.

Tested, Approved and Endorsed

In every conceivable way—for Cleaning Efficiency, Health Protection, Labor Saving, Economy, Durability and Construction—by nationally-known Domestic Economists, Engineers, Health Authorities, Testing Stations, etc., etc.

Good Housekeeping Institute, New York City
Priscilla Proving Plant, Boston, Mass.
The Tribune Institute, New York City
Underwriters' Laboratories of the National Board of Underwriters.
Household Efficiency Department of Today's Housewife, New York City.
Elizabeth Macdonald, Housekeeping Editor.
Suzanne Brett, of American Motherhood
Annie M. Griffen, Editor.
Florence Austin Chase, Domestic Economist
Prof. Gordon Wilkes, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Staff Engineer, Modern Priscilla.
and others of equal prominence.

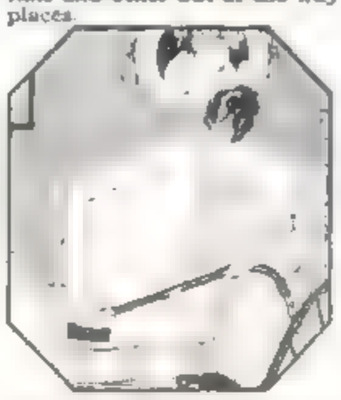
Ask your local Magnetic dealer for a demonstration in the privacy of your own home, and without any obligation on your part.

Birtman Electric Company, Chicago

Makers of Dependable Housecleaning Devices since 1909

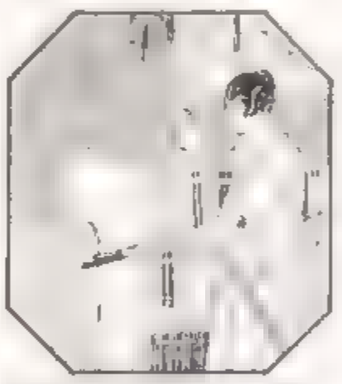
Division Offices in: New York, Washington, D. C., Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, San Francisco, Dallas, *and District Headquarters in 110 large cities*

Cleaning picture mouldings, door tops, chandeliers, shelves, rails and other out-of-the-way places.

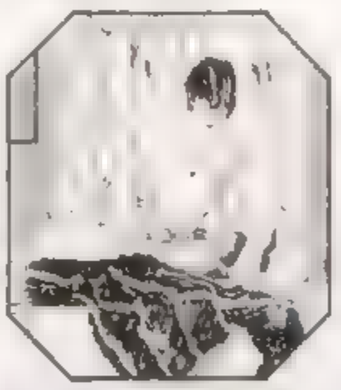


Cleaning mattresses and aërating pillows to restore that fluffy newness

Cleaning under bathtubs, dressers, beds, pianos and otherwise inaccessible places.



Cleaning radiators, registers, china closets, book cases, pianos—wherever dust gathers.



Cleaning furs—as well as the furrier or dry cleaner can do himself.

NETIC HOUSECLEANER

KILL-O

(Continued from Page 134)

better than anybody. At 30 it was an investment, at 50 a gold brick, and at 75 a joke. This was opportunity, and most happily he began to sell with both fists and all his voice.

Down went Uncle with a speed equal to his spasmodic surge, and little Izzy's voice shrilled so in his excitement as he telephoned the joyous catastrophe that all Cousin Izzy could gather from it was that he should grab his hat and beat it. He shot into the trading room of Wiley's only a few minutes before closing time to find Jacobs wilted from head to foot, sagging in every bulge, and looking as if he had lost twenty pounds and the price was points and points below where the whip cracker had bought in!

"Oh, my himmel!" he gasped to Izzy. "When it started down I thought it was a fluctuation, but before I could make up my mind it was too late! I'm a ruined man, Izzy, unless you lend me some more money to protect myself!"

"Uncle 63!" called the highly interested young board marker as he rushed across to put up the ticket, for UnC was suddenly become the sensation of the day, and the shoestring traders all over the room were itching to get into it, only they couldn't decide which way.

"Oh, my himmel!" gasped Jacobs. "Say, I'm just melting down into my shoes! Izzy, I got to have a hundred thousand dollars if I got to blackjack the g. m. of the United States Mint to get it! Loan it to me quick and we fix the notes and things afterwards!"

"No!" Izzy's own voice was shrill with excitement. "I won't loan you any more—but I'll buy your plant and your good will and your All-America stock."

"And me be out of business?" wailed Jacobs. "Be on the street if I lose out here? I wouldn't do it!"

"Uncle 62½!"

"Oh, my himmel! There goes my hundred and fifty thousand! How much you give me for my business, Izzy?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash balance."

"Robber! You take advantage of my necessity! I won't take a cent less than——"

"Uncle 62!"

Jacobs spluttered and pulled the front of his collar away from his throat.

"I won't do it! I won't do it! I won't do it!"

"Uncle 61¾!"

Dan Givvins, his grim mouth hidden beneath his drooping mustache and his face set, plunged across the floor to them.

"At 61, Jacobs, you'll have to remargin or I'll have to close you! In this market I can't play with a short margin! I ought to close you now!"

"Oh, my himmel!" gasped Jacobs. "Say, Dan, I'll remargin you in the morning."

"Like hell you will! I put in a selling order on that stock before tomorrow's opening unless I have assurance of protection."

"I'll—I'll give it to you before you go home." Then as Givvins walked away Jacobs turned to Izzy with dulling eyes. "You heard him. I got to sell or lose what I put up, but I tell you I won't sell at two hundred and fifty thousand! I'll go broke first."

"How much you want? Now don't name any fancy price, because I won't pay it."

"Three hundred and fifty thousand," said Jacobs, watching the board with feverish anxiety. An upward turn could save him yet.

"Out," said Izzy, also watching the board. "You gotta remember this, Jacobs, that whoever owns the Arts and Letters gets the Angel Child and faces a three-quarter-million-dollar loss. But I tell you what I'll do. I'll buy your plant and I'll make a first payment enough to keep Givvins from closin' your stock tonight. Then I'll beat it straight up to Santa Barbara, where you're workin' Angela, an' talk to Mrs. Deer and see if I can compromise her contract. If I can't, the price sticks at two hundred an' fifty thousand, an' if I can I'll give you three hundred thousand at six in the morning."

"Uncle 61¼!"

Jacob Jacobs sank in a chair.

"All right. You got me backed up against the wall, and I been in the picture business long enough not to expect any mercy from anybody. Let's go over and fix Dan."

"I'll leave that to you. I'm in a hurry."

And Izzy, grabbing out his check book, paused only an instant to figure his balance. He'd been hoarding this fund so long to expand his business that now when he saw it pouring out like water it gave him a cramp in his fingers. Nevertheless he blew on them and wrote a check to Jacob Jacobs for fifty thousand dollars, and on the back of it he wrote an agreement of sale acknowledging this as first payment.

Izzy passed over his pen and briskly ordered: "Indorse this, and when it comes back to me through the bank I got something. It's as good as a bill o' sale."

Hesitantly Jacobs indorsed it, and just as he signed his name the gong rang. The day's trading was over, and the tension fell from that trading room like the harness from an old mule. Izzy, looking at his watch as he ran, dashed out of the door and headed for Santa Barbara, while Jacobs, catching the piercing eye of Dan Givvins standing grimly at this rail, feebly waved the check at him and motioned him over.

It was just as Dan was on the way that a dapper-looking young man came into Wylie's and, glancing around the room with a practiced eye, detected Jacobs crumpled in a sagging heap like a bag of oats which had sprung a leak. It was Stuart, and he glided to the chair next Jacobs with grace and skill and speed.

VII

DARKNESS was settling on the plant of the Iskovitch Art Productions when Izzy drove into the yard from his trip to Angela Deer's location, and he sprang out of his car with a confident snappiness which had not been in him since the day of the All-America's annual meeting. The deserted lot, seen through the deepening mist, was a weird perspective of backless buildings and tall frames, like gray vapored wraiths of dead architecture, but in the big stage lights were glowing and Izzy hurried over to find the galaxy made up for A Little Child Shall Lead Them. A costume test, Izzy guessed, standing back in the darkness, but why the tremendous undercurrent of enthusiasm?

"All right, hit 'em!" called the brisk voice of Sapp, then the lights at the end of the set came on with a hiss and a splutter, revealing the interior of a humble cottage, with Dixie Day as a comedy slavey and Prudence Joy as the pale young mother in most becoming black.

"Ready," called the director, while Benny squinted through his camera. "Sink wearily in the chair, Prue. Now, Dixie, you want to comfort her in your rough way, but you don't dare. Be careful of the comedy! They're ready to laugh at anything you do, but you can pull a tear if you —— That's the stuff! You get a little kiss for that touch, Dixie. Now, Gracie, run in."

Izzy caught his breath as a beautiful little child with dangling curls ran in, in a white nightgown, and threw her arms around Prue, clinging there a moment in an embrace which the young mother returned in a passion of grief; then the little girl slid to her knees, clasped her little hands before her and raised her head.

"Where's that moonlight?" yelled Sapp. "Kick it on, Billy!"

"She stuck," apologized Billy. "Here she is!"

The violet moonlight streamed through the window and touched with beautiful modeling the round innocent face of the child as, rolling up her big angelic eyes, she prayed with sweet naturalness for her father to come home. Tears glistened on the cheeks of the clumsy but honest kitchen maid, and from somewhere there came the sounds of sobbing, sobs in a man's voice. It was Eli Iskovitch.

"The—the moonlight's got it all over the lamplight for heart interest!" he gulped. "Ain't it, huh, Sapp?"

"Where did you get 'er?" Izzy came rushing forward in eager excitement. "Say, she's signed, that kid!"

"I dragged 'er in, Izzy!" Eli was quick to advance his claim, and he dashed the tears off his lips. "Name's Gracie Bogglesly. Never worked in a picture before. Ain't she the sweetest little darling you ever laid eyes on?"

"Looks like everything was comin' my way," and in Izzy's voice was a chuckle of triumph. "Say, fellas, y'know I bought out Jacobs this mornin'? That means he's gotta resign from the All-America, an' a new election's gotta be called, an' I'm president again!"

"Whoops!" cheered Dixie Day; but amidst the noisy congratulations which followed, somberness sat on the bulging brow of Eli.

"Say, Izzy, if you take over the Arts and Letters you get back the lemon I bought you—Angela, don't you?"

"No! I'm rid of 'er! That's where I been all afternoon. Mrs. Deer comes in tomorrow an' takes half Angela's salary for the next year an' a half. It's twenty-five thousand dollars cash. An' we tear up the contract. I think Mrs. Deer's got Angela landed some place, but I ain't sure."

"Whaddy you care!" shouted Eli, his spirits bounding like a balloon from under his load of depression. "Oh, say, Izzy! Why, say, I paid forty for Angela and you sold her for a hundred, and now you give twenty-five, and that makes thirty-five thousand dollars to the good that I made us on the Angel Child. Oh, say, I hope Klekoff gets them figures! It'll make him redheadeder than he is now!"

"Klekoff! Who's Klekoff?"

And with the nearest approach to a swagger which anyone had ever seen in him Izzy swung out in high glee with himself, for he had gained an advantage out of every damage Klekoff had tried to do him. Pretty comfortable for Isidor, and some of these fine days when he had his business in the shape he wanted it it would be he who was putting up jobs on Klekoff, and not Klekoff jobs on him!

Quite so. But if Isidor had looked about him as he waited at a traffic intersection, he would have seen Stuart and Jacob Jacobs in their dinner outfits in a limousine filled with some of the Pinnacle's choicest animated scenery, speeding out towards the dancing roadhouses! However, Isidor did not look about him, for he was big with plans for grossing another four millions with the Arts and Letters, and he was still engaged in this pleasant pastime when he arrived at the dark and deserted Iskovitch bungalow. It was only a modest house, this, for his wife, though the granddaughter of one of the richest men on the Pacific Coast, had been quite content to get along with few luxuries while Izzy accumulated that million surplus for the purpose into which it was now being poured.

The house seemed particularly lonesome tonight, with him so full of big news to tell and Miriam at the beach with the Guldengelds waiting for his week-end visits; so he buried himself in his manuscripts as quickly as possible and had read for an hour perhaps when suddenly there was a scurrying of feet on his walk, hasty steps on his porch, and an urgent ringing of his bell.

He went to the door, and a strange young woman threw herself hysterically into his arms! He stepped back from her, then in the light from the hall lamp he recognized the Angel Child! Angela was in an ill-fitting long dress, was without a hat, and her curls were pinned up into a rough bob.

"Izzy!" she cried, no trace of the baby treble in her voice. "Please, please don't release my contract!"

"Say, looky, what's the matter?" And he led her inside where he seated her, and stood looking down at her in great discomfort.

"I've run away! I'm never going back to my mother any more! And if she tries to make me work for that ugly old man I'll kill myself, I will! I hate him!"

"But say, looky here," protested Izzy, sitting beside her on the settee. "I got nothin' to do with that, y'know. I'm in business! You was sawed off on me as a business proposition, an' ——"

But at this point Angela, breaking into a fresh hysteria, clutched him again convulsively and banging her head down on his shoulder began to sob.

There was a scurrying of feet on his walk, hasty steps on his porch and, the door being ajar, there plunged into his parlor, breathless and glaring-eyed and still in their make-up, Prudence and Dorcas and Dixie.

"Good evening, Miss Deer!" said the slavey scathingly. "Can I accommodate you with a piece of raspberry pie before you go, or will you have the crust without the berries?"

Angela cowered with fear as she met the battery of six vengeful eyes, winced as Prue approached and in a hard low voice said, "She came back on the set and inquired where you were, Izzy. Dore overheard Ernest tell her you had gone home, so we followed right on over, because Miriam's at the beach. The gossip's all around about why Angela was let out so roughly at the Pinnacle."

"And now we'll clean house and go back to work," suggested Dixie, whereupon she grabbed Angela by a plump arm and pulled

(Continued on Page 141)

Monito

SOCKS

New Wool Styles for Fall and Winter

THOSE splendid new Monito wool socks you see at the men's wear counter in leading stores are as comfortable as they are durable and stylish.

Your dealer will show you a wide range of these new Monitos—all with the softness, warmth and exact fit that distinguish Monito wool socks from the ordinary.

Monito No. 620 is a style which is proving especially popular these Autumn days.

Look for the golden Moor's head on each pair

© M. K. Co., 1923

MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., INC.
HARRISBURG, PA.
Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

Motor Car Comfort that's Unsurpassed

YOU don't have to bundle up when you have a Perfection Heater in your closed car. You can open your coat or throw back your wraps and be just as warm and comfortable as you are at home.

This year, you will find the Perfection Heater provided, as standard equipment, on most well-known makes of closed cars. The manufacturers of these cars use Perfection Heaters because they know these heaters can be depended upon to increase the comfort and pleasure of driving, even in zero weather.

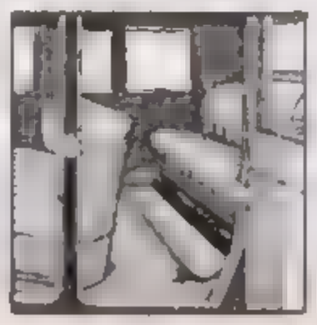
More than half a million car owners will tell you that the Perfection Heater makes all the difference in the world. If your car is not equipped, any dealer will gladly install a Perfection Heater for you. The first cost is exceedingly low and there is no upkeep or operating expense.

Perfection Heaters are built by the oldest and largest organization of its kind in the world. Each heater is individually tested and guaranteed to be absolutely free from leaks, defective materials and workmanship.

"The heat is there—why not use it?"

PERFECTION MOTOR CAR HEATERS

THE PERFECTION HEATER & MANUFACTURING CO.
6545 Carnegie Avenue Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by Richards-Wilcox Canadian Co., Ltd., London, Ont.



These manufacturers provide real winter driving comfort by equipping their closed models with Perfection Heaters without extra charge.

Auburn
Buick 4-Cyl.
Buick 6-Cyl.
Case
Cunningham
Dorris
Duesenberg
Durant-4
Earl
Elcar
Flint-6
Fox
Gardner
Hennev-6
Hupmobile
King
Kissel
Kline
Mercer
Meteor
McFarland
Moon
Nash 4-Cyl.
Nash 6-Cyl.
National
Oakland
Paige
Pilot
Premier
R & V Knight
Standard "6"
Stephens
Sterling-Knight
Stevens-Duryea
Studebaker
Velie
Winton

Taxi Cab Equipment

Anchor Top & Body Co.
Barley Motor Car Co.
Elkhart Motor Co.
Premier Motor Corp.
Rauch & Lang, Inc.
Yellow Cab Mfg. Co.

IMPORTANT

The real works of an automobile heater are hidden under the floor. You can't SEE the quality. Your Safeguard is the Perfection nameplate which you will find in plain view on every Perfection Heater. Look for it.

Continued from Page 139

her up, standing. "Come on, young lady, and take your toss-out, then wait and see how your mother takes a joke. I'm going to handle her like a man, I am."

And Dixie, who was a husky terror to the men who worked with her in the rougher portions of her comedies, was preparing to give Angela the goose step to the outer air when the girl jerked from her grasp with unexpected vigor and jumping back to the wall gazed at them with horror.

"You've—you've made a mistake! I didn't come to do Mr. Iskovitch any harm. I came to ask him to help me. I need it." And suddenly she broke into a fresh bit of weeping.

"She's all right," said Izzy. "I'm glad you girls came, but I believe she's all right. Suppose you tell the girls what you was going to tell me, Angela."

She looked up with her tear-swimming eyes, but she was dumb in the presence of these antagonistic young women, and Dixie Day laughed.

"Little Angel hasn't the nerve to tell us what she'd implicate to a poor innocent simp like you, Izzy."

"Hop back here, quick!" whispered Dorcas and, clutching Prue and Dixie by a hand each, hurried them behind the dining-room portières.

There was a car stopping at the curb, a scurrying of feet on the walk, a hasty step on the porch, and into the open door strode mother, her eyes gleaming with triumph as she saw Izzy and Angela there.

"So this is where I find you! Just wait, Mr. Iskovitch, until I call in my driver as witness, and then we'll see what the courts of California have to say about abduction. I'll make you pay!"

"Oh, so you will, will you?" said the slavey, stepping out from the dining room like a tragedy queen. "Well, just before I rehearse you in my latest funny fall, Mrs. Deer, I'll tell you that you got no more chance to hang anything on this little man than I got to be abducted by a sheik, because when your simp-faced Angel Child wanted to find Izzy to ask him to help her, we three brought her here from the studio; and I can prove it by Director Sapp and Dennis Doone and Jim Graves and Benny the camera man and half a dozen others."

Which was a good safe statement, for any of the Iskovitch galaxy could prove anything by the others—could get affidavits that they had eaten a slice of the moon and found it to be cheese!

"Is this true, daughter?"

"Yes, mamma." It was the habit of years which spoke there. It was automatic, that sweety inflection and that babyish treble, but the answer changed the attitudes of Dixie and Dorcas and Prue. Clearly Angela was not in collusion with her mother, and immediately their sympathies went out to where their vengefulness had been.

"Very well, then, Angela, come with me," ordered Mrs. Deer, attempting loftiness.

"No!" And the girl's voice rang out with a sudden passion which startled them all. "I'm not going with you! You're not my mother any more! I disown you! Go away from me, I tell you! I'm through with you! I'm through telling your lies! I'm seventeen, not thirteen! I was eleven when I started in pictures, not seven! I haven't been real since I was born! Ever since I've been growing up you've tried to keep me little! You stick dolls in my arms, and dress me like a fool and make me talk baby talk! You let me have nothing to read but picture books. If I pick up a newspaper or a magazine I get scolded, and twice in the past year I've been whipped. I'll never be whipped again! Do you hear me? I'll never be whipped again, I say! I'll kill you if you try it! Do you know what she was going to do with me?"

The girl wheeled abruptly from her mother to the others. Mrs. Deer tried to stop her, but Angela struck at the outstretched hand in a frenzy of revulsion.

"She was going to contract me to Mr. Guff and make him my legal guardian, and she was to take twenty-five thousand dollars for her share of my salary and go to Europe. She was going to leave me with that ugly old man, and told me I must call him Guardy! I won't do it! I've run away! I hate him! I hate my mother! I hate myself! I hate everybody!"

The girl was half crazed in her denunciation, her breast heaved and her eyes were flashing, and there was not in her one vestige of the little girl who had been known to fame as the Pinnacle's Angel Child. She turned to Izzy slowly.

"Mr. Iskovitch, you won't release my contract, will you?"

"The girl's crazy. She don't know what she's talking about," said Mrs. Deer, though the shrillness of her voice had a curious crack in it and her lips were pale. "It's that young fellow she's been talking with so much up there on location. He's been putting foolish ideas into her head, and——"

"Don't you say a word about him!" screamed the girl, now in a new fury. "He's—he's ——"

And then her passion broke, and sinking into a chair she began to sob and clutch at her throat. It was Dixie Day who was at the chair first with her arm around Angela, while Izzy sat on the corner of the table, a gulp in him and a queer contortion on his countenance. Dammit, everything had been arranged so comfortably, and now came along an emotional appeal that wanted to make him lose three-quarters of a million dollars. He looked sharply away from the pleading eyes of Angela to meet the battery of six eyes which had looked with such vindictiveness on his enemies, and in every eye there was pleading. This was putting him in a tight corner, and when Isidor Iskovitch was in a tight corner he did his best thinking—other times!

There was a tread of feet on the walk and hasty steps on the porch, a peremptory ring at the bell. Prue went to the door, and then there strode into the room a stalwart young fellow in a city straw hat and the khaki jacket and putties of an outdoor worker. He was a capable looking young chap with a hard jaw, and when Angela ran to him he threw an arm around her and faced the rest of them with his chin out.

"I don't know what all this stuff's about," he observed, "but you can bank on one thing—I'm going to take this girl away from that woman."

"You try it!" shrieked Mrs. Deer. "You try that, and I'll have you behind the bars, Mr. Ross! My daughter is under age!"

In her red wrath she had stepped in front of Izzy, but in so doing she interfered with the angle from which he was raptly viewing his picture, and he thrust her aside without knowing it. Angela was standing where the light from the hall lamp streamed on her upturned face, her big round eyes were raised to the capable looking young man, and her curls had escaped from their pins and were dangling around her neck. Why, it was like the prayer scene in A Little Child Shall Lead Them!

"Hot dog!" cried Izzy, snapping his fingers. "I don't give up Angela's contract, you bet you my life! Young fella, you're goana marry Angela, ain't you?"

"I dare him to try it!" shrieked Mrs. Deer.

"I'm going to send her to school until she's of age, and then marry her."

"On what?" demanded Mrs. Deer with scorn. "You're not able to support Angela Deer as well as she supports herself! She been earning six hundred dollars a week, and for three years more she'll be ——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Izzy, facing her briskly. "The money's all you're thinkin' of, ain't it?"

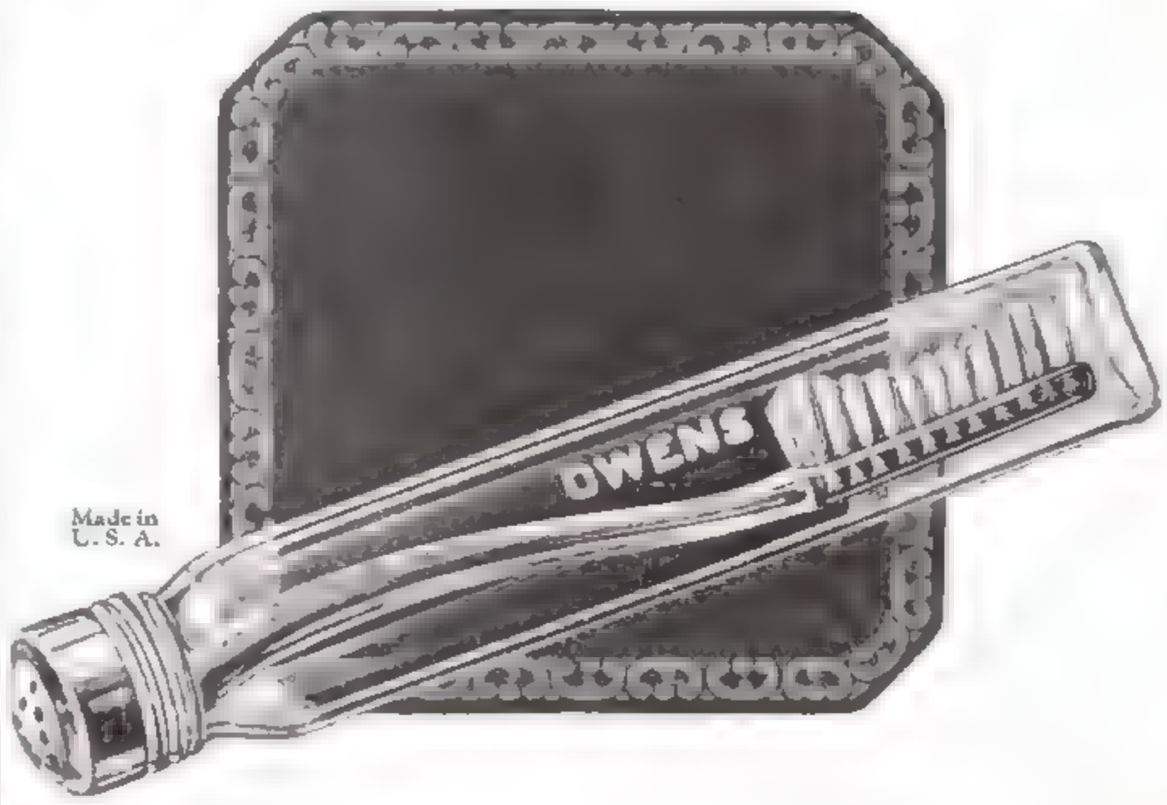
"No! No! I'm thinking of my daughter's future! She's my baby, and I'll fight for her! I've sacrificed my life to her, and ——"

"Sure," agreed Izzy, "an' you was goana sacrifice some more by takin' twenty-five thousand dollars from me an' twenty-five thousand from Amos Guff, the dirty bum, an' goin' to Europe. Say, Mrs. Deer, if we was to put mothers like you in the pictures the critics'd say our characters ain't human, an' I guess they'd be right."

For a moment the woman, quivering with resentment, gazed into the crystalline structure of those dark brown eyes, then suddenly realized that they would see whatever truth lay behind any mask she might put on. Her lip curled. She had been born poor, raised in poverty until she married, and then it had been worse. Angela's hit in the pictures had given her a taste of luxury and the bitter belief that money was the only friend she had ever known, the only friend upon which she could rely, the only friend she wanted.

"What's your proposition?" she said, and her voice was hard and dry.

"Well, Amos Guff's twenty-five thousand's out, that's first. An' the twenty-five thousand I was goana pay you for givin' up Angela's contract, that's out, too; for Angela's goana get married, with your consent, an' refuse to work; an' that's insubordination, so I don't have to pay a nickel for her salary nor her pictures. Here's what you got left, Mrs. Deer. You can still put



This remarkable tooth brush is clean, and cleans correctly

YOU'LL see, at your druggist's, one tooth brush that is never exposed to careless handling by inquisitive shoppers. It is the new Owens Stapletied Tooth Brush. Each one is sold in a crystal-clear, sanitary glass container. People can examine it—see every feature of its improved design—without once removing it from the transparent holder.

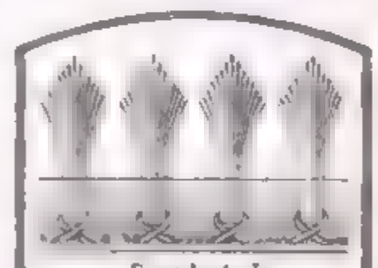
It's a good tooth brush to see, too—*and to use.* Notice how the trim is shaped to fit the teeth. The wide-spaced, wedge-shaped bristles force their way into every crevice, insuring that thorough cleanliness which is your best protection against tooth decay. The friendly curved handle makes it easy to reach around and clean all the teeth.

Leading dental authorities have declared the Owens design the best for all purposes that has ever been devised!

Yet the Owens is economically priced—30, 40 and 50 cents, in child's, youth's and adult's sizes. Look for it—in the sparkling glass container that will serve you as a convenient holder when traveling.

Six Colors

White, Red, Green, Blue, Purple, Amber. An individual tooth brush for each member of the family. You can tell your own brush at a glance.



Stapletied

Each bristle tuft is permanently tied into the handle by a small, hidden staple. This approved method practically eliminates danger and nuisance of bristles coming out in the mouth.

OWENS

Stapletied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

twenty-five thousand dollars in your jeans, an' beat it. I'll give you that much for the name, Angela Deer."

They all looked at him, startled, but Dixie and Dorcas and Prue suddenly saw the light, and Dixie exclaimed, "Ain't he the grand little man!"

"Looky," went on Izzy, enjoying himself hugely. "Angela's goana get married an' won't need her name, an' I got a sweet little angel-face kid that certainly does. Little Gracie Bogglesly's a dead ringer for the Pinnacle's famous Angel Child six years ago, an' she's goana be Angela Deer! The public won't know the difference, an' they'll be glad of it."

Mrs. Deer reflected. Angela's market value was waning rapidly, and she had better cash in while she could.

"Where's your check?"

"I'll give it to you tomorrow, as soon as I transact my business with Jacobs."

"Then that contract still belongs to Jacobs!" shrilled Angela's mother, with renewed hope.

"No, it belongs to me. I bought Jacobs out this mornin'."

Izzy grinned at her with cheerful confidence, for he had seen Jacobs indorse that check which was as good as a bill of sale.

Quite so!

VIII

THE opening quotation on UnC was 64½, and it was a clear, bright morning. Almost immediately another quotation followed, 67! Vast excitement in the wide low room, and Jacob Jacobs, his freshly lit cigar chewed halfway up to the middle, slammed it on the floor and bit into a new one. The world was his, and Uncle was!

"It's goin' fine!" said Izzy, plunging straight for Jacobs' elbow as he came in out of the beautiful dawn. The world was his, and the All-America was, and at that moment his soul was so exalted that he didn't care if Jacobs made a million—two million!

"Say, it's all right about Angela. Your price is three hundred thousand, an I' gotta check for you any minute you need it."

Jacobs turned on Izzy with condescension in which there was even amusement.

"I ain't goana need it. Here's the check you gave me last night. It's off."

Quite so. Izzy's ears heard the words long before his mind grasped them. His mind was stunned; it was stupid. While it came to, his check was thrust into his hand, and it was torn into eight pieces of which two were missing. These two had borne Jacobs' signature of indorsement. Then Izzy's mind turned right side up with a jerk.

"That's got nothin' to do with it! The sale was made. A bargain's a bargain, ain't it?"

"Not unless you can prove it," said Jacobs, his eyes approaching each other; then they jumped suddenly straight. "Look at that! Uncle 68¾!"

"You dirty bum! Why, you don't even know what a crook you are," marveled Izzy, stuffing the torn check in his pocket; then he drew a deep breath! His battles were still before him, in place of behind him, as he had so fondly thought. "Well, anyhow, I'm goana stick around, an' I bet you you call on me for money before we're through. You're singin' high now, but you'll bellow bass if Uncle drops."

"No chance. This isn't any gamble. It's a cinch, and it's being manipulated by the best little manipulator that ever went into the show business as a side issue!"

Izzy allowed himself one guess at that delicately disguised person. Roabert! Roabert had been a gourmet of copper and had proved himself a wizard when he had financed the Pinnacle.

"Uncle 69!"

"Up she goes!" And Jacobs pulled the front of his collar away from his neck while Izzy's Adam's apple began to pump. There went his net prospect of buying out Jacobs' company, and with that Gracie Angela Deer and a million-dollar publicity asset. If he could save that out of the wreck ——

"All right, but here's one piece o' business you'll be glad to do with me anyhow. I made arrangements that'll let me take Angela's contract off your hands."

"You will? Say, listen. When a fellow like you that ain't got any reputation for foolishness offers to do a thing that sounds as foolish as that, it's time to take another think."

"I'm makin' you a straight business proposition. Do you want it or not?"

"Lemme alone!" And as the figures on Uncle jumped to 71½ Jacob feverishly untied his cravat and opened his collar. It was strangling him. "Any little piker deal like Angela will keep. Go on, Uncle! Hit 'er up, old boy! Par for you, Uncle. Par! Par!"

In spite of himself and his lifelong conservatism, Izzy began to feel the pull of that board as the next quotation showed 72. He had been gambling by proxy until the figures on UnC were a blur on his whole horizon, but it was not the copper in his veins which fevered him—it was a growing, gnawing passion at Roabert, and through him, Klekoff!

"Par! Is it bein' played for par?"

"Par he's to make!" wheezed Jacobs, not forgetting the sex of Uncle even in his excitement. "I'm bein' financed into a Pluto, I am. At 80 I got to draw out enough to take up your notes and the rest rides to 100. Look at that! Seventy-three! Up he goes!"

The three creases shot deep into Izzy's brow with a new young crease each side of them, then came the grin of illuminating thought.

"You poor fish! Say, looky!" and his bony hand grabbed Jacobs' fat arm and shook it for attention. "You mean you're goana dump half a million dollars' worth at 80?"

"Sure! That's the agreement."

"Then what'll happen? Think a minute! Don't be a dumb-bell. When you dump that much on the market at 80 an' pay me to get out of your business, which is what Klekoff wants, that half a million dollars' worth'll check the price. Roabert'll buy as much more as he has to to keep the market steady, then he'll begin feedin' it to 'em all the way down till you go broke, an' there'll be somebody here from Klekoff's to hand you money, an' when you quit you won't have a cent, an' Klekoff'll own you, body an' soul! He'll give you a job to manage the Arts and Letters, an' you'll do as he says with the All-America! Think, man, think! Par? It's a joke, that par!"

Jacobs stared at him while he revolved slowly in his mind the plot of this suggested new mystery drama, and the sweet perfidy in it was so in line with his own creative imagination that he was impressed.

But to combat his worry and his growing panic was the nervous tension of the room. Even the sprouts and wreckage of stock gambling, the amateurs and the has-beens, were at high fever over the tremendous advance of UnC. They believed now the early rumor that a battle was on for the control of Unity Copper. It would go to par, to 150, to 200! Such things had been known, and those who had the wherewithal were buying, telephone orders were pouring in and Wylie's hadn't had such a day in a year. All copper was jumpy now; the whole board was affected.

"Well, Jacobs, UnC's working out according to schedule, only faster." It was Stuart, pink, suave and reassuring. He had just come in.

"Oh, boy!" panted Jacobs.

"Watch her," warned Stuart, scowling across at Izzy and wondering what to do about him. "She's popping and you want to act quickly at 80."

"I won't forget it."

"I won't let you. Watch it. Seventy-four and a quarter."

"Uncle 75!" sang the boy. "Uncle 76!"

"Oh, my himmel!" gasped Jacobs, and Izzy plucked him by the sleeve.

"Say, Jacobs, I gotta talk to you! I gotta great idea!"

Stuart caught Jacobs by the other arm and pulled him two steps away from Izzy.

"Watch it. Get ready."

"I'll put in the selling order now!" said Jacobs, wiping his brow with a trembling hand. His overtaxed brain was in a whirl.

"No! The least advance hint of that much selling might spoil everything. Your selling order is to be filed when she touches 80, not before! This whole thing's arranged like a railroad schedule, man, and if one order is disregarded there'll be a collision!"

He was so emphatic about it that Izzy, on the other side of Jacobs and all his senses preternaturally keen, caught those last words and their full import, and something of daring leaped up in him, a strange, wayward thing, as if there were another creature in him tearing at all his lifelong principles and accelerating madly the beating of his heart.

"Jacobs! I gotta speak to you quick! Do you wantta make a couple o' millions or do you wantta be a damn fool?"

"Uncle 79!"

There was a cheer from the immature bulls and the senile. Vast frenzy in the Plaza del Toro!

"Now!" urged Stuart huskily, the ice of his epicene reserve breaking at last and actual perspiration beading his temples. "Jump for it! File your order! It can't hurt now!" And he began to pull Jacobs bodily toward the wicket.

"Uncle 81¼!"

"Hot dog!" yelled Izzy Iskovitch, and grabbing Jacobs' shoulder climbed up to his ear. "You made thousands o' dollars extra by not closin' at 80! D'you get me?"

"Sure!" And Jacobs, suddenly cross-eyed, shook his arm loose from Stuart.

"Every point she goes up now you make thousands extra! D'you get me?"

"Sure!" wheezed Jacobs and began edging away with Izzy.

"Come here, damn you!" yelled Stuart but nobody heard his shrill voice, for a pandemonium went up as UnC touched 82. Stuart made a clutch after Jacobs, but just then an awkward boy stumbled against the Klekoff man and tramped on his feet. Wildly the boy flung his arms to preserve his balance, butted his head squarely into the pit of Stuart's stomach, and together they went clattering amid the chairs. It was a lean and active little boy, as snappy as a cricket, whose glistening dark brown eyes and cheerful grin bore the unmistakable Iskovitch stamp.

"Say listen, Jacobs, an' listen quick 'cause we got no time! These birds is double-crossers, an' you know it. They got it railroad scheduled to have you break the market an' yourself at 80, an' the only way to beat out a double-crosser is to double-cross 'im. Don't sell; buy! Close your stock an' pyramid it. Buy twice as much as you sell, if Givvins'll let you. That'll send the price up flukin' like when you suddenly push against a man that's pullin' you. Don't sell; buy!"

There was an instant of pause, in which Jacobs' intellect strove to grasp this proposition, more complex than the vertebration of the universe. Stuart was rushing toward them around chairs and across legs.

"Come on!" urged Izzy, desperate to hurry Jacobs into action. "By golly, I'm goana buy in myself! Two hundred an' fifty thousand dollars' worth, if I have to be sorry for it all the rest o' my life! Quick! Uncle's 83!"

Stuart was pawing frantically at them as they put in their orders, but both of them bumped him and kicked at his shins while they finished their business.

There lapsed a few minutes of quiescence, in which something in Isidor Iskovitch kept grinding and grinding and burning and giving him queazy qualms. He had risked money outside his business! He had been swept away by the intoxication of revenge! He had succumbed to a human weakness; then something leaped in him and glowed and replaced his qualms with a buoyant exultation such as a spoonful of whisky produces on an empty stomach, for just then the spry old man at the tape called excitedly, "Uncle 86!"

There had been time for the reaction, and now Roabert at his ticker in New York and Klekoff at his ticker at the Pinnacle and the man in Montana at his ticker bent forward eagerly, and all puzzled—Roabert the most! Something had flopped. Some express train had thundered past a flag signal, and there was hell to pay on the whole line. Roabert had issued carefully calculated buying orders at 80 to steady the check which would come on Jacobs' selling, but there had been no check, and Roabert's buying orders, added to those of Jacobs and Izzy and all those traders in darkness who were convinced of the big battle for control of Unity Copper, put a tremendous pressure where resistance had been expected, and the real balloon ascension took place! From 86 to 91 at a single jump! To 92; 93; 95; 97! The rise was too swift for Roabert to make use of it, too unexpected, too overwhelming. Ninety-nine; 102; 3; 6; 4; 9! Anything! The market was gone wild!

"I'm I'm I'm goana get out!" gasped Isidor Iskovitch. His legs and his hands were shaking as if with a palsy, and his face was blue as if he had been out in a cold wind, though it was sopping with perspiration, and he turned for the order desk. Jacobs bumped past him. He had already hung on beyond the straining point and could contain himself no longer. But his voice was out of control.

Then yelled Izzy over his shoulder as he tossed down his scrawl: "Sell it! Dump it in a lump, at what it'll bring!"

"Dump mine too!" blurted Jacobs with a big explosion of breath, and thus once more he broke up the delicate manipulations of the Wall Street wizard of the picture business.

Roabert was a master hand at letting himself down from an inflated market, selling and buying as the nerves of the board might demand, but the finesse of Rome was no match for the rudeness of Attila! The market staggered and reeled with that selling blow, added to the volume of those who had already begun to cash at par, and then the man in Montana who had been watching for the break with cigar butts strewn all around him jumped in with his entire weight. For years he had been a copper deuce waiting his chance to be a copper king, and this was it!

Izzy and Jacobs got out at from 99 down to 87; then, as the man in Montana kept pouring out his hoarded stock in ladelfuls, selling times and times more than the Unity had ever issued and to heck with investigation—bang! The price went clattering down the toboggan past the 70's and the 60's, on toward where he could afford to buy actual Unity and put it back in his safe.

But long ere that time Jacobs and Izzy weren't interested. They were getting their returns and counting their profits and rejoicing like blood brothers in their mutual great fortune.

It was at this interesting moment that a deadly voice said in Jacobs' ear: "You damn dumb-bell! You cheap double-crosser! You've cost us millions!"

"That's all right, Mr. Klekoff," said Jacobs most agreeably. "I'd get mad myself if I was you. But I can afford to let you spit it out."

Klekoff had one failing over which Roabert often pondered, constructively. He allowed himself to have passions, particularly temper, and no great man can afford a temper.

"I'm going to break you," he was indiscreet enough to threaten. "I'm going to run you out of the business!"

For a moment Jacobs paled as he looked with fear into that venomous deadliness; then his intellect worked and he smiled a smile of ineffable beatitude.

"Oh, no, you ain't, Mr. Klekoff, because I'm goana get out of the picture business, right away. The pictures is too slow for me anyhow. I got money enough to buy a copper mine and manipulate the stock, so I'm selling out to my friend Izzy, here, that give me the first tip on Uncle!"

"Hot dog!" yelled Izzy. "An' say, Klekoff, I made enough on UnC to pay his balance. Tell that to Roabert. An' here's one for you. I'm playin' Angela Deer in A Little Child Shall Lead Them. You want to see it!" Thereon he grinned freely at the speechless Klekoff and dragged Jacobs straight over to his lawyer's, while Mrs. Deer waited vainly at the Arts and Letters.

At the called meeting of the All-America for the election of a new president, vice Jacobs resigned, the only candidate for office looked around the musty old room, which seemed strangely empty, listened for a footfall and said, "I wonder where's Belden?"

"Oh, him?" said Tim Barney with a curious smile. "He isn't coming, because I bought him out. You see, I've been loaning him money ever since the All-America started, and I now hold 40 per cent of our stock just like you, Izzy."

"Well, well," observed Oscar DeWitt, grinning ingratiatingly at the holders of 80 per cent of the votes, "so there's only three of us left."

Only three of them left! Instinctively Isidor Iskovitch and Tim Barney looked toward Oscar DeWitt, and the grin froze on Oscar's face.

At the next annual meeting, which was a cause for great rejoicing because the grossage had passed the sixteen-million mark, Oscar DeWitt was not present. He was broke and proclaiming it loudly along the boulevard that he had been gypped by all the old tricks known to the industry and a lot of new methods of doing dirt which could only have been invented by the scum of the business. But the DeWitt Brothers, Incorporated, was still furnishing excellent pictures for the All-America, its output being made jointly by Isidor Iskovitch and Tim Barney, who were working most successfully on a gentlemen's agreement.

"Well, well," said Tim, surveying the emptiness of the room; "so there's only two of us left."

"Yes, Tim," agreed Izzy, and involuntarily the two survivors looked at each other, thoughtfully!

RŌTAREX

Rotarex New Washing Principle Washes Without Wear

Apex
ELECTRIC SUCTION
CLEANER

Nooks, crannies, crevices and places under low-built, heavy furniture are easily reached, cleaned and kept clean by the APEX because of its patented inclined and divided "duck-bill" nozzle. Yet this is only one of many exclusive APEX features that you should know about.

You incur no obligations of any kind in consenting to try it free in your own home.

Observe the entire absence of perforations in the smooth, circular "floor" of the new type ROTAREX aluminum cylinder. Over and over, again and again —1,600 times in twenty minutes—the suds are flushed *into* and *out of* the clothes, lifted and doused exactly as they are dipped and drained, without rubbing, by every expert hand laundress.

The ROTAREX washes clothes clean without wear. All abrasion and wear of the fabrics are eliminated by admitting and releasing the suds through the sieve-like ends of the cylinder.

The suction action of the holes in the cylinder-ends does not start until these perforations have passed below the water's surface. Look at the surface of the quiet water behind and in front of the reversing-revolving ROTAREX cylinder and see its covering of floating grime and dirt. This dirt and grease from the clothes is not churned up and washed back into them.

Let our nearest dealer demonstrate this remarkable new ROTAREX washing principle. Ask him about our Home Trial Offer and Monthly Budget Terms. Write us for his name.

Write for free copy of "From A to Z in Home Cleaning"—100 New Ways to Save Hours, Work and Money.

THE APEX ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTING COMPANY
1079 East 152nd St., Cleveland, Ohio

Factories at Cleveland, O., Muncie, Ind., and Toronto, Can.

COPR 1923—THE APEX ELECTRICAL MFG. CO.

RŌTAREX
HOME DOUBLE ROLL
IRONER

Does a full week's ironing in two hours and does ALL of it. See its revolving heater, its first roll that dries and smooths, its second roll that gives a beautiful egg-shell finish, its special ruffler attachment, its full foot control and safety features.

RŌTAREX
ELECTRIC
Kook-Rite

Connects to any lamp socket and does all your cooking. Bakes, roasts, browns, boils, broils and stews. Top heating unit in lid reverses for frying, etc. TIMETER makes cooking automatic—no pot-watching

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL . . . AND PROTECT

"Stint yourself, as you think good in other things; but don't scrupic freedom in brightening home."

—*Charles Buxton*

HOME BEAUTY . . . WITH ACME QUALITY

ACME

Paints Enamels Stains

Yes, it's *your* house!

YOUR HOME . . . under a blazing summer sun that beats down with fierce intensity.

YOUR HOME . . . under the sleet and snow and rain of winter's leaden days!

Same home, yes, but the extremes of weather that your house must withstand make the certain protection of Acme Quality doubly necessary.

Summer and winter, day and night, Nature's destructive forces are at work, never tiring of their task; ever seeking to make that home of yours look shabby and neglected.

With Acme Quality you can defeat these attacks . . . make home beautiful . . . *and protect home beauty*.

For forty years, Acme Quality products have been recognized as the standard of the industry. They beautify. They protect. They conserve and increase values. Thousands of home lovers will tell you that they have no equal for effectiveness of protection and for lasting beauty. That is the reason why so many thousands of dealers sell Acme Quality and so many thousands of painters apply it.

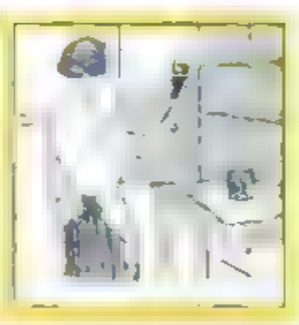
Acme Quality House Paint—A complete selection of beautiful shades. Figured by years of service and yards of surface covered per gallon, thousands of home owners will tell you it is the most economical paint that can be applied.

Acme Quality Varnish—A varnish for every purpose. Our unusual scientific and manufacturing facilities, and long years of experience produce varnishes of unsurpassed quality. Our varnish works are among the largest in the world. For samples, see coupon.

Acme Quality Varno-Lac—Refinishes floors, furniture and woodwork by staining and varnishing in one quick, easy operation. Beautiful reproductions of expensive woods at surprisingly low cost. For sample, see coupon.

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish—A flat finish which gives walls, ceilings and woodwork a wonderfully soft, restful tone. Made in many delicate tints and inviting shades.

Acme Quality Enamel—In white and colors. Imparts a genuine porcelain-like enamel finish of lasting lustre which is easily kept bright and clean by wiping with a damp cloth. For sample, see coupon.



Acme Quality Motor Car Finish—Imparts a long-lasting high-gloss finish that restores that look of newness to your car. A number of the largest and best-known motor car manufacturers use automobile finishes made by Acme. For sample, see coupon.

Acme White Lead and Color Works, Dept. 42, *Detroit, Mich.*

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—15c for each 30c to 35c sample can checked. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Please *print* dealer's name and your name.)

Dealer's name _____

Dealer's address _____

Your name _____

Your address _____ *City* _____ *State* _____

Acme Quality Varnish
Check one or more: [ ] SPARKOTE, *for exterior use*
[ ] VARNOTILE, *for floors*, [ ] INTEROLITE, *for interiors.*

Acme Quality Varno-Lac
Check one color: [ ] *Light Oak;* [ ] *Dark Oak,* [ ] *Brown Mahogany;* [ ] *Deep Mahogany*

Acme Quality Enamel
Check one color [ ] *White or* [ ] *Ivory*

Acme Quality Motor Car Finish [ ] *Black.*

Value of this coupon 15¢ *to* $1.00

DEALERS: Thousands of dealers all over the country now are selling Acme Quality products. They have proved the value of a full line all under one famous label; a forty-year-old reputation for quality; quick service; and the most complete and effective merchandising assistance in the industry. Write us for our agency plan.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, *Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.*

Boston Buffalo Chicago Minneapolis St. Louis Kansas City Pittsburgh Cincinnati Toledo Nashville Birmingham Fort Worth Dallas Topeka Salt Lake City Portland San Francisco Los Angeles

QUALITY

Varnishes — *for every surface*

Again—Forward!

A Seiberling Cord Body in Seiberling All-Tread Armor

In its importance to the car owner, the one-piece, long-barred tread of this tire is comparable to the development of the straight-side tire and of the type of cord tire now in universal use—for both of which, more than a decade ago, Mr. Seiberling was also responsible.

The All-Tread means to the outer armor of the tire what the cord principle has meant to its inner frame work.

The Seiberling All-Tread, therefore, is not simply an improved cord tire—but is a new and superior *type* of tire.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

FOR EVERY SIZE AND MAKE OF CAR

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

to saying they never will be settled. But public taste could be immeasurably improved and civilization thereby vastly benefited. The average individual is little impressed by statutory moralities with which he is at variance in thought and deed. Calculated precept and admonition bore him stiff. He has a deep-seated aversion for the professional good man. But he is very reluctant to do the thing that isn't done, if he knows what it is. A concerted effort, by precept and example, to teach the people good taste would do them more good than all the other plans for their rescue now under consideration.

A noted financier died not long ago. The inventory of his estate, subsequently printed in the newspapers, disclosed the fact that he had been worth more than one hundred millions of dollars. The people were astounded when they read the list of his assets. Apparently he had violated every rule for the accumulation of great wealth. So far as the printed record was indicative he had never invested a dollar in a mail-order stock. His interest in mining projects had been negative. The bulk of his wealth had been invested in securities which paid 4 or 5 per cent. He must have turned down hundreds of opportunities to go into projects which promised 1000 per cent on the investment. The people have small patience with men of that type. The feeling is that they are lacking in enterprise.

Another notable and interesting book has come from the publishers. At no time in his life did this hero engage in an illicit love affair. Neither he nor the other respectable characters in the story drank to excess or used profanity in their private or public appearances. The only criminals in the story were shot down by a mob of their infuriated fellow citizens. It is a tale of primitive people and primitive emotions, but contrary to the currently accepted theory of life, their hardships did not embitter them and they did not turn to Russian literature as a solace for their wrongs. Of a fact, from beginning to end, they demeaned themselves in a perfectly natural manner. The fact that the thing still can be done is interesting and worthy of note. The fact that it has been done is going to disgust devotees of the new school of literature.

The new organization is a good one. It should have a large membership. Its purpose is publicly to rebuke the promoter or projector who employs the Star-Spangled Banner to generate enthusiasm for any trashy play or public presentation of written or spoken hokum.

The Adam Buelows, who moved into their car at the beginning of May, have returned home to spend the winter.

The recent suspension of a well-known and once widely read publication will not clarify or greatly relieve the situation. The rule in this country is that when one uninteresting publication dies three other uninteresting publications are started to take its place.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the great common people should have more money. Due to the high prices of the other necessaries of life, more than half of the clairvoyants and fortune tellers are barely making a living. It has reached the point where a fortune teller or clairvoyant who hopes for adequate financial reward must cater to a rich and exclusive clientele. With things as they are the poor have little money to spend with them.

There is some complaint about the billboard. Many of those who have artistic perceptions and leanings consider it an offense against Nature and good taste. Frequently, however, it is less an offense against Nature and good taste than that which it conceals.

Another excellent movement of its kind is the one looking to the election of the President and Vice President by a direct vote of the people. It is not much of a movement: likely it never will be. But it has a certain civic value. Those who become wrought up and indignant over our present iniquitous system of electing a President and Vice President might, if their indignation and unrest were directed at a vital and significant public question, do a certain amount of harm. The plan to elect the President and Vice President by direct vote is a perfectly harmless vent for those who lose their sense of proportion in the great welter of the unimportant.

The rule is that if a political party hasn't arrived in twenty-five years it isn't going anywhere in particular. This is a self-adjusting observation and will work anywhere, in or out of politics

—Jay E House

Selling an Automobile

TO A MAN:

GOOD morning.

All right, sir, just step over here and I'll show you the latest model. Just in this week. I suppose you saw the announcement in the magazines of the new design of the body and the modern features we have adopted?

There it is, sir. Nice-looking job, don't you think? Yes, I'll raise the hood and you can get a better line on the new motor.

Beautiful work, that. Yes, indeed, we experimented for the last three years with this model before our engineers passed it as O. K. for the general public. You're right, sir, nothing like a V-shaped, straight-in-line engine. Notice those ductless valves They add 110 per cent more power and the gasoline consumption is way below what it was. We can prove this statement, for it's not mere say-so on our part, a matter of tried-out experience, with the records to back it up.

Why, that's the new automatic pressure feed. All you have to do is press that little button there. See it? That does the work. Nothing like it ever on the market, and no other car has it. Yes, we have put on the brakes all around. The greatest engineering feat in the history of horseless carriages. And that carburetor; well, it's the last word. All you have to do when she bucks is give it a little turn right into that groove there, and it's fixed. Step in and try that foot accelerator. What do you think of that? Never get tired pushing that, would you? Could go the rest of the day and never know you'd been driving.

The tires are the new ones, you know. You've probably heard of them. Can't get better ones. And Q. D. rims, sure thing; wouldn't have anything else on this car Watch those springs when I bear down on her. Some action there, all right, just like a rocking-chair when you ride a while on them. Why, the price is twenty-five hundred, f. o. b. Plus a little war tax and freight. Amounts to about forty-two hundred delivered at your door.

All right, sir, I'll be glad to talk to her. Thank you.

TO THE MAN'S WIFE

Yes, ma'am, I think the upholstery is beautiful too. We will be glad to match your gown exactly if you will leave a sample of the material. Oh, yes! The body can be finished in a robin's-egg blue. All right, thank you very much. It will be delivered to your door in about three weeks. Yes, yes, very well good day.

—C. H. Stanton Massey.

"Why, Jerry, What's the Matter—Automobile Accident?" "No—Not a Thing. I'm Going on a Week-End Party and I Don't Want to Play Golf, Bridge or Have to Write Idiotic Drivel in a Guest Book"

Advice to Wives

IF PERCHANCE you're young and charming, and you're married to a man
Who, though tender and devoted, is a bore,
You will have no cause to worry if you follow out my plan,
And your husband will not bore you any more.

Get a rifle or revolver, and with well-directed aim
Plug your dear devoted spouse behind the ears.
Play your part with skill demurely, and I'll promise that you'll surely
Be acquitted by a jury of your peers.

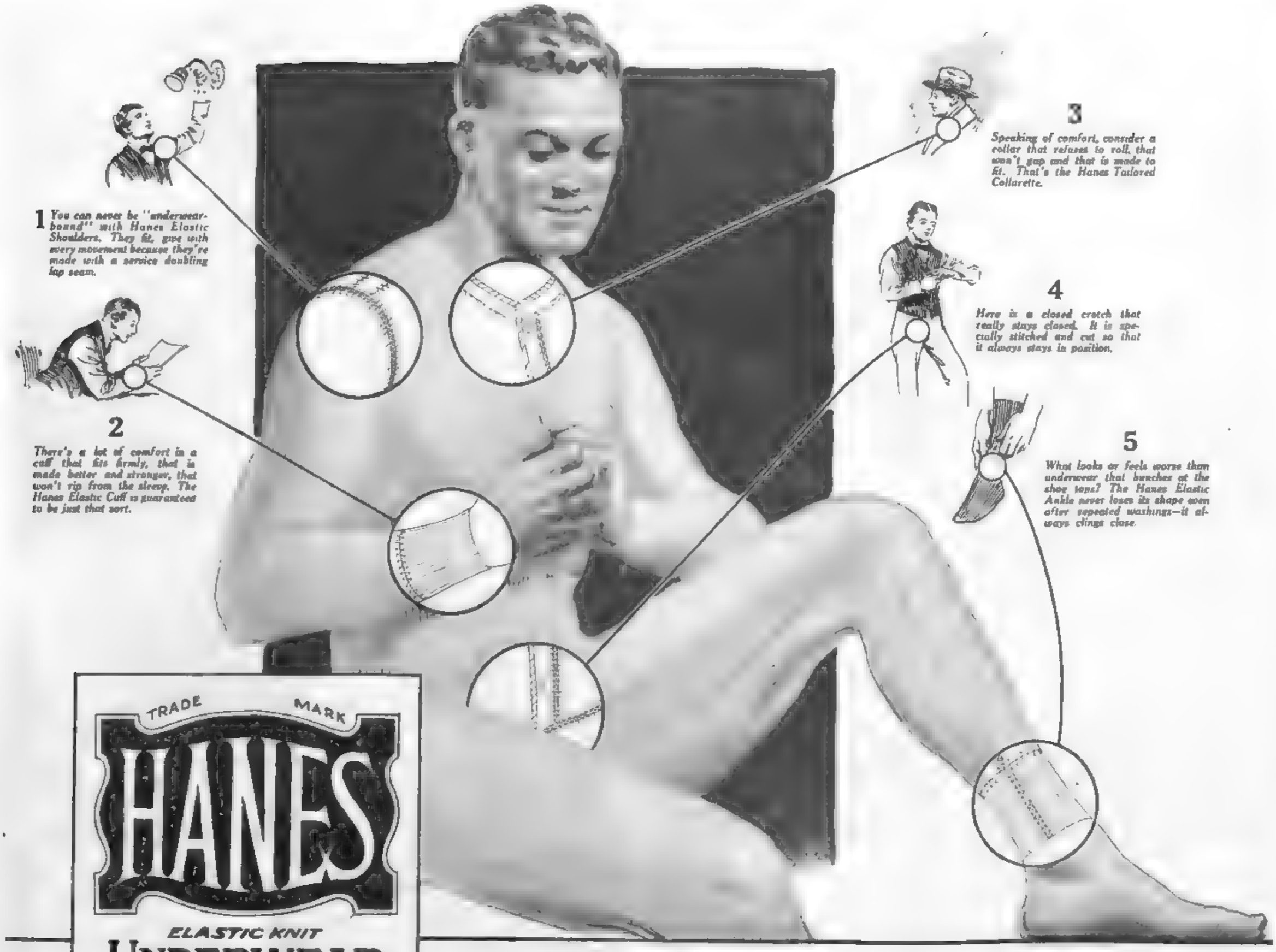
For murder isn't murder if a woman's young and fair,
And chivalry's not dead, I'm glad to say.
If a woman's sweet and tender every man's her staunch defender,
It's the homely unattractive ones who pay.
Yes, murder isn't murder if you've beauty, youth and charm,
For your tale will move the populace to tears.
Though your husband you've shot dead, you'll find that men will want to wed you
When acquitted by a jury of your peers.

When you're lying in your prison don't surrender to despair
Though your neighbors may be murderers and crooks,
For your sympathetic friends will try to cheer you while you're there
With attentive gifts of candy and of books.
The press will print your picture and the story of your life,
And describe your hats and costumes in detail,
And you'll find it necessary to employ a secretary
To reply to your accumulated mail.

For murder isn't murder if a woman's young and fair,
And thank goodness that our jurors are not blind.
When you gave your maiden heart you swore you'd love till death did part you,
But a woman has a right to change her mind.
Oh, murder isn't murder if you've beauty, youth and charm
And can captivate the twelve good men and true.
Any pretty face can lead 'em and when once you've gained your freedom
You can load your gun again for Number Two.

—Jonah Cunningham.

KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON
"the snap that lasts a lifetime"
Click—Snap—
click-snap; click-snap-
Open and shut the Kum-a-part in your soft cuffs. Keep it up for years. You can't wear out "the snap that lasts a lifetime."
It's been our life's job to put into the Kum-a-part what it will take you a lifetime to wear out.
Very likely the design you admire IS a Kum-a-part but you want to be sure. Look at the back when you buy. If the name "Kum-a-part" is there it's genuine.
UP TO $25 THE PAIR
Send for Booklet and Correct Dress Chart "A"
The Bass & Wilde Company
ATTLEBORO MASS


1 You can never be "underwear-bound" with Hanes Elastic Shoulders. They fit, give with every movement because they're made with a service doubling lap seam.
2 There's a lot of comfort in a cuff that fits firmly, that is made better and stronger, that won't rip from the sleeve. The Hanes Elastic Cuff is guaranteed to be just that sort.
3 Speaking of comfort, consider a collar that refuses to roll, that won't gap and that is made to fit. That's the Hanes Tailored Collarette.
4 Here is a closed crotch that really stays closed. It is specially stitched and cut so that it always stays in position.
5 What looks or feels worse than underwear that bunches at the shoe tops? The Hanes Elastic Ankle never loses its shape even after repeated washings—it always clings close.
TRADE MARK
HANES
ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

Underwear comfort multiplied by FIVE

WHEN you step into Hanes of a frosty morning you know that you have bought well. There's no scratch in the fleecy cotton, there's inexpressible comfort in the tailored cut that fits so perfectly, and that never binds. Just look over these five points and you will know why Hanes have a real made-to-your-measure feel.

Know, too, that after Hanes has been to the tub again and again it still fits—still feels the same. Every stitch is guaranteed.

Hanes is specially strong where the strains come hardest. The seams are non-irritating and hold fast. The buttonholes keep their shape. Even the buttons themselves are guaranteed and are sewed on to stay.

Popular is the word for Hanes prices. We made the underwear as good as we knew how and then we put the prices so low that no underwear in the world could compare with Hanes for value for the money.

There are union suits, as well as shirts and drawers, in light, medium and heavy weights to choose from. Your dealer should have Hanes. If he hasn't, write to us and we will see that you are quickly supplied.

You can't beat Hanes for Boys!

They have all the wear resisting, well fitting, comfortable qualities of the men's.

Two weights—medium and heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years (sizes 20 to 34). 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seat. Made also in knee-length and short sleeves.

HANES GUARANTEE: We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next summer wear Hanes full-cut athletic Union Suits!

EASY

(Continued from Page 7)

to remodel it into a big store and build a moving-picture theater seating five hundred people!"

"Gee, they must have made a nickel and a half!" I said feebly. "I wouldn't have supposed the trade here would warrant it."

"Morris says the place is growing fast," Bobby went on excitedly. "They will give us four thousand dollars, kid, and sign up right away. Think of the luck! Why, I can go to the city now, and get a regular job in a factory or a store or something, and kiss this darn graveyard good-by forever! Why, Nancy, if you'll O.K. the deal it will mean we both can go—it will mean freedom!"

II

DID you ever talk yourself into a decision and then go through with it for no better reason than because you had made it? For example, when I was a little girl Bobby and I had a dispute over whether a certain mud nest in our orchard had wasps in it. I claimed it was vacant as a summer hotel in January and decided to climb up and acquire it. There was an awfully dubious spot in my mind immediately I started. But I couldn't quit then, even though I quickly saw that Bobby was right.

As I sat in our living room these many years later, watching his eager face while he told me of the Bowditchs' offer, I made another of those snap decisions.

"Bobby," I said almost automatically, "I wouldn't sell them this place if they gave us one million dollars for it!"

My brother stopped dead in his tracks, actually throwing away his cigarette and in his astonishment forgetting for a moment to light another.

"But, Nancy!" he expostulated. "I guess my remark didn't register. I tell you it's real money—he'll bring a certified check. And it's the first piece of real estate that's moved in this part of the town for over a year."

"So far as I'm concerned," said I stubbornly, "it won't move an inch!"

"But, why, in heaven's name?" he demanded. "I want to leave this burg. It isn't even as if I owned the place clear. It's no life for a live member!"

"What do you mean, live member, Bobby?" said I slowly, seeing him from a new angle. "That high-waisted coat and cigarette don't make you a live member. What on earth would you do in the city? You haven't shown up strong in any particular line as yet, remember!"

"Line?" said he angrily. "You pull that old gag simply because of your own brilliant talent, I suppose! Painting silly daubs like that thing on your easel now. What is it—portrait of the town dump?"

"It's a cubist painting of the bay at sunset," I replied, flushing with annoyance but keeping my temper and my patience as well as I could, because I felt another decision coming on. "You can laugh at my stuff, Bobby, but when you come right down to clean boards I have got a talent, and if it was developed it might be of great commercial value. Artists often get thousands of dollars for pictures. If anyone were to go to the city it ought to be me!"

I surprised myself in saying this aloud. But I had nothing on Bobby. He gaped at me as if I were the dentist and he were showing me all his faults.

"You go," he said incredulously. "Say, tell me, are you actually suggesting that you beat it off to New York and leave me sitting pretty on the farm?"

"You're telling 'em!" I replied. "And honestly, now, Bobby, why isn't that a bright idea? Suppose I make good and bring in a bunch of money—wouldn't that be worth while?"

"But what are you going on?" he wanted to know. "Where will you get the cash?"

"I don't know yet," I replied. "I want to think things over and decide in the morning."

"About selling this house?" he added eagerly.

"No!" I said promptly. "Not to Morris Bowditch, ever! Why, Bobby, this is our home—it's been in our family since Washington put cherries on the market. It's a tangible asset, and what's four thousand dollars? Where will it take us? Besides, I have a grain of sentiment about it, if you haven't."

"I got some sentiment about it myself," he grumbled. "But my sentiments ain't fit to print!"

I considered him thoughtfully for a few moments, my brain struggling to catch hold of the tail of an idea that was wriggling around in the back of it. Bobby in the city no, that would never do. He might go to pieces in Little Cape, but he was certain to do so in town. Bobby was a weakling, and at present he had nothing to give him the thing he most needed—inescapable responsibility. That would make or break him. I decided to take a chance on the former.

"Bobby, I'm going to propose a deal," I said breathlessly. "You ought to own this place clear and free, and have the whole business for yourself. Well, I must go away and study. So if you will promise to keep the place and sincerely try to make a go of it I will sell out my interest to you for the fifteen hundred dollars you got for your sailboat. I'll take the money and go away. But you must promise me not to sell out until I have had the first chance to buy the place back."

For several moments he did not answer me at all, but sat on the edge of the table sucking at the dead butt in his mouth and frowning at the carpet. At length he looked at me and I saw that I had won.

"It's a go, sis," said he. "Maybe you are right about my taking it over and sticking to the place. After all, Morris is no boob. If it is worth all that kale to him perhaps there's more to it than we realize. I will get Karl Ensel to come and help me. Jake Neptune is no good. Karl is a good worker, even if he is a German! The town's growing, and I might take a chance. Anyway it would be all mine!"

That last had apparently cinched it. I stood up and yawned, suddenly feeling tired out.

"Well, that's the fit's finish!" said I. "And at the end of a year I'll come back if I have failed; I also reserve that privilege. I suppose you would take me in?"

"You're telling 'em now!" replied Bobby, his air already denoting him the master of the ranch. "Any time, old kid, and stay as long as you want!"

"Thanks!" said I briefly.

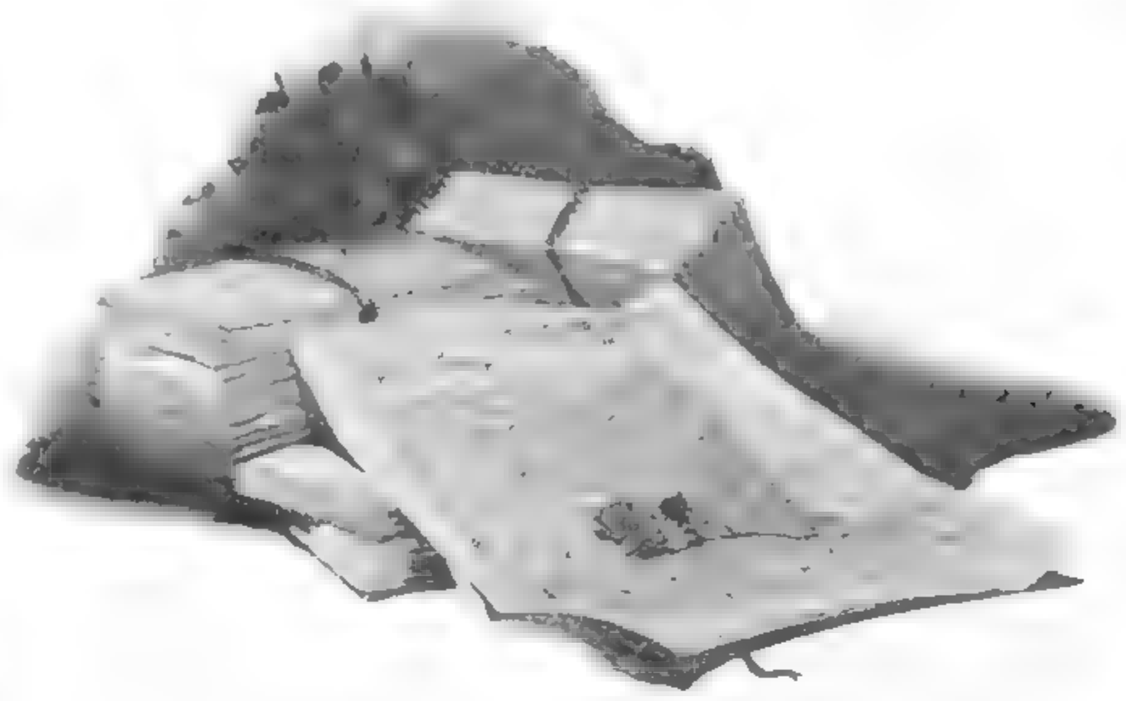
But he didn't realize the back fire to that remark. He was too full of importance over suddenly finding himself fire chief and ringmaster around there. "Well," I thought, "men are mostly simple, so why worry at discovering a typical one in the family?" And with that philosophic conclusion I went to my room and a night of restless visions of my future, in which my vast canopied bed was confusedly the ship of state, my studio, and the train to New York.

When you have an egg of your own to fry, it is hard to be sure you are being absolutely square. Especially if you care as intensely as I did about my work. So during the week which followed I didn't tell a soul of my bargain with Bob, but went about getting ready to leave home. For seven days I was as busy as an ant in a sugarbowl, and managed to keep my mind wholly on myself and my own future, and to crowd out any faint doubts and misgivings about what I was doing.

Not telling anybody saved me a lot of bother too. I didn't want the aunts crawling down my neck with a lot of futile advice, or curious friends standing about in the way, asking answerless questions. Nobody even knew of it when Bobby and I went to Plymouth and had a lawyer there draw up a quit-claim deed. It gave me an awfully queer sensation, definitely making over my part of the house to him—a sinking sort of feeling, it was, but I wouldn't let it last. I was going out to real life, and I refused to be depressed by the thought. Why, it was what I had been longing for these past three years, and it was really too annoying to find myself being sentimental about it in the end! I closed my mind on the subject with a snap, as if it had been a book I had finished—and didn't care to remember.

Bobby let Morris know that our place was not for sale. I staged the meeting, to make perfectly sure. And then at length there was nothing left for me to do but a little final packing—and to break the news to Easy.

The time was very short now, and yet I couldn't bring myself to tell him. When I



Keeping a memory precious

TO do the things your heart dictates, to know always that you have been true to sentiment, thus are memories preserved and kept precious—thus are you made worthy of having precious memories.

You wish to protect the remains of a loved one as carefully as you can. You want absolute and permanent protection against the ravages of water, and all the destructive elements underground. And you can secure such protection by the use of the Clark Grave Vault.

Lower an inverted glass into water. The water cannot enter the glass, because the air within keeps out the water. The hood of the Clark Grave Vault acts the same as the inverted glass.

This vault has won general acceptance because it *is* absolute and permanent. It is designed according to an immutable law of Nature, and Nature never compromises.

During the many years it has been in use the Clark Vault has never failed. It is made of Keystone Copper Steel. It is guaranteed for fifty years.

Obviously, the Clark Vault may be secured from leading funeral directors. They recognize its superiority.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio

This house has a disturbing secret

FROM roof to cellar—beauty, convenience, modern perfection—as far as the eye can see.

Yet there is a concealed flaw.

To tap this secret, turn on the water. It runs slowly. It is rust-colored. The plumbing pipes are rusting away from the inside. Leaks are starting—soon to make their existence known by ruined ceilings and recurring plumbing bills.

Give your house a sound plumbing system, with a full-flowing stream of clear, pure water by installing Anaconda Brass Pipe. It is rustless, hence expense proof. Yet its cost in a $15,000 house is only about $75 more than the cost of temporary, corrodible pipe.

ANACONDA

Don't buy or build until you know the vital facts about plumbing. Let us send you our new booklet "Ten Years Hence," which tells how to save money on plumbing. It is free. Address Department P.

Each length of Anaconda Brass Pipe carries the Trade-Mark stamped in the metal—a permanent means of identification.

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

General Offices: Waterbury, Conn. Offices and Agencies in Larger Cities
Mills and Factories: Ansonia, Conn., Waterbury, Conn., Torrington, Conn
Buffalo, N. Y., Kenosha, Wis.

In Canada: Anaconda American Brass Ltd., New Toronto, Ont

ANACONDA
GUARANTEED
BRASS PIPE

saw him on the street I ducked, deciding I would telephone instead. But I put off doing even that. I had a feeling something unpleasant would happen when I finally told him, and, goodness knows, confident of myself as I was, I had to boost my stock every day in order to keep to my resolution, for, though I wasn't in love with Easy I hated to say good-by, and would have perhaps run away without a word if the inevitable hadn't happened. I ran plumb into him when he didn't have the motorcycle along to sputter me a warning.

It was on our beach, of a fog-saturated evening, and I had climbed down the cliff for a last look around. You couldn't walk there except at low tide, and the winter storms had carved the soft rocks of the precipice into a hundred fantastic caves and crannies in which I had played pirates with the other children of the village ever since I could remember. It was a wonderful place for an imaginative youngster, and many of my daydreams had birth there, especially in one great cavern which hollowed into the cliff for nearly twenty feet.

The tide was dead low as I reached the foot of the steep path to the sea, and the fog was rolling in with swelling silent puffs like vast uneasy ghosts of lost ships heading landwards with all sails set. Muffled in their spectral canvas came the sound of the bell on Saunder's Reef, and the faint moan of the siren from the lighthouse on the island beyond.

I loved the mystery of the fog; it never depressed me. I bared my throat to a farewell touch of it and stood letting the rolling bank of white break against me. Then suddenly without a sound a figure materialized out of nowhere, and Easy was beside me.

"Well, this ought to be useful!" said he quietly, for all the world as if he were continuing a conversation. "Nice fog, quiet spot, pretty girl. Shall we sit down, or are you in a hurry?"

For just a second I was speechless. I like to stage my own difficult meetings, and this was a time and place which I would not have picked! But after a deep breath I was in hand again

"Easy, what are you doing down here?" I asked.

"Looking for you," he drawled languidly. "Come on, let's sit over in the big cave. If I have to stand up another moment I'll be all tired out."

"After riding about all day, I suppose," said I scornfully, following along meekly enough nevertheless. "You'll never die of exertion, Easy. You ought at least to do setting-up exercises."

"My idea of setting-up exercises," said he, "is setting up all evening with you, hon."

We were at the mouth of the big cave now, and even in the growing darkness easily found the familiar ledge which had served as seats to, I suppose, ten generations of lovers of the town. Tonight I was less resistant to Easy than ever before. Perhaps because I was leaving, perhaps because of the shrouding fog, perhaps because he seemed so calm and sure and humorously content, and I felt seething and wild. At any rate I didn't object when he took my hand and held it between his two enormous paws more as though it were a curio than—well, than my hand. Funnily enough, I found myself a little annoyed at him because of this. So I decided to tell him about my going away.

"Easy, I'm glad you came down to the beach tonight ——" I began.

But I didn't get in more than a start, for he rushed right into speech—a most uncommon thing in him—and I realized then that he had been bursting with his subject all the time.

"So am I!" said he, giving my hand a more satisfactory grip. "So am I, hon, awfully glad."

"But, Easy," I protested, "You don't make me at all. I mean ——"

"Ice it, hon, for a minute," said he. "I have to talk seriously. And you know me. I don't often get wound up to it. I want to tell you something important."

"Easy don't propose!" I cried sharply.

"I wasn't going to," said he. "Not just now anyway. Listen, please. What I want to speak of is something you wanted to know the day I got this cop job, see? Well, what I said about doing it for the motorcycle was true enough. But now there is another reason. I'll try to explain. Most of the boys like me have left town, because—well, for lots of reasons. Nothing for them to do here. I'd thought of that plenty of times, myself. But something happened to change my mind."

"Yes?" said I curiously. It wasn't a bit what I had expected, but if my vanity was slightly crimped, my curiosity wasn't.

Easy drew a long breath.

"Those Spinellis," he began. "Of course Frank, who runs the store, he's all right enough. Even fought through the war and everything. He'll make a good citizen. But these thousand and one cousins he's brought over. George, that latest one with the dirty-looking wife and the four kids. Fresh? And the lice of the steerage are hardly off them before they are tearing around town in a brand-new flivver he don't know how to drive! Where do they get the money?"

"I don't know," I said, giggling. "I only know I wish I could have a flivver!"

"Well, they work like the devil, and save, of course," Easy went on, and I couldn't help feeling it an unspoken slur on my brother's industry. "But in this case it isn't his owning a car so quickly that gets me sore," said he. "It's running over that kid of Neptune's!"

"Oh, no!" cried I. "Easy, how dreadful!"

"Well," said he, "she wasn't killed, only pretty badly hurt, but George didn't know that when he tried to beat it."

"How?" I asked.

"That's the point!" said Easy excitedly. "He tried to get away because he thought he had killed her. Lowlife! I tell you, ignorant scum like him have no right loose in a town like ours, using all kinds of privileges they don't understand, any more than an imbecile ought to be let to run a factory. Not fit for it, I tell you, and Frank Spinelli ought to be ashamed of himself bringing such people over from the old country."

"Well, he can't get anybody here in town to work for him," I objected. "And after all, Dave, those people are his cousins. He probably thinks they are all right. Be fair!"

"I don't feel fair," said Easy grimly. "As for getting any of our boys to help him in the store, I'll say he can't! Not at the wages he pays. He may think his folks are O.K., but he knows they are cheap."

"Did you arrest George?" I asked.

"You know I did!" said he enthusiastically. "Old Judge Bushwell fined him twenty dollars, and that ignorant wop pulled the bill off a roll that would put your eye out! Where do they get it—that's what I'd like to know. It may be bootlegging, and then again it may be thrift. You never can tell with these babies. Nancy, I'll slip you a secret: I'm commencing to get interested in my job."

"Well, I won't tell on you," I said laughingly. "I'd hate to see the neighbors die of the shock when I spread the incredible news."

"Nancy, don't be mean," said Easy. "These people rushing around and running over the natives' kids has got my goat. I don't crave it. You'd think they owned this town. It makes me sick."

"But there's no opportunity in this place for Americans," said I. "You must admit that, Easy."

"Then how come there is such a lot of business for foreigners?" said he unexpectedly. "Tell me that! And as for the farms—well, the Swedes don't seem to do so badly on them. Or the wops either. Look at John Salvadore up on the abandoned Cooper place. They are making it pay. Nancy, I'm all upset in my mind. Something is going sour in this burg and I don't even know quite what it is, but I'll never be satisfied until I find out. I guess I'm going to get a big kick out of policing Little Cape. And one other thing: I'm dead certain that people like ourselves staying here ought—well, it ought to be useful!"

He ended with a little laugh, as if half-apologizing for his emotional outbreak. It left me in a jam, however, because now I had to speak.

"But, Easy," said I, "you see, I'm not going to stay. I'm going to New York to study art."

He took my hand and raised it to his lips for an instant.

"I know!" he said. "Some day, Nancy, dear! Why don't you put it out of your head? I'm wild about you, hon, but I don't crave your art."

Instantly I withdrew my hand and turned to ice. Not that he noticed, there in the dimness, that I was speechless with rage. He went on, smooth as silk.

(Continued on Page 153)

Adds to your hours of leisure

All through the day and in the half-lit hours of evening the Davenport Bed adds to your hours of leisure the beauty and grace inspired by lovely furniture. Bodies fatigued with the endless duties of the day find it a restful haven.

Davenport Bed adds leisure hours by functioning as the "extra bed" for guests; a guest room after all is just another room the busy housewife must keep clean. With a Davenport Bed in your home, you are ready for guests at all times, saving the extra room and its attendant upkeep.

A variety of designs and styles of Davenport Beds makes it easy to choose just the piece that will appropriately fit into your surroundings.

Ask about Davenport Beds where good furniture is sold. At the furniture store they will gladly demonstrate their easy operation, and show you a variety of them.

Our brochure shows photographs of nearly a hundred styles. Write for it.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
900 South Michigan Avenue CHICAGO

The DAVENPORT BED

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

Copyright 1913 Davenport Bed Makers of America

A Quiet Office and a Happy Operator

This new Remington does not disturb thought or conversation. It is unobtrusive, but it pours out the work in a way that will surprise you. Its "natural touch" makes typing swift and easy. It puts quality in the work of every operator. The completely enclosed frame is a protection against dust and dirt, and helps to keep the machine in good working condition—always.

The new Remington Quiet 12 provides complete satisfaction in every feature.

Easy payment terms if desired

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.

374 Broadway, New York—*Branches Everywhere*

Other Important Items of the Remington Typewriter Line

Improved Remington No. 11—
with Key Set Decimal Tabulator. For form, tabular and statistical work of every description.

Remington Accounting Machine—
with vertical and cross adding mechanism. For billing, statement writing and bookkeeping in all its branches.

Remington Portable—
with standard keyboard. The universal typewriter for individual or personal use.

Paragon Ribbons and Paragon and Red Seal Carbon Papers—
manufactured by us. The standard line of typewriter supplies.

The Remington Typewriter Line is complete in every field and complete for every purpose

Remington Quiet 12

(Continued from Page 150)

"Take that painting you showed me the other day," continued that complacent self-elected judge of art. "The one I thought was a cow with a brainstorm. Who on earth do you honestly think is going to buy a picture like that!"

"I don't care if nobody ever buys it," I retorted indignantly. "And it wasn't a cow at all; It was a portrait of my more sinister self. I told you that once!"

"But why not do something more useful than sinistering yourself all up like that?" he insisted.

"You don't know what you are talking about!" I said, getting to my feet. "And as for my going to the city—I am going there tomorrow morning on the 8:15."

There was a moment's silence. Then his hands were on my shoulders, and his voice sounded thick and queer.

"Nancy!" said he. "Do you mean it?"

"That's me to a dollar a copy," said I. "I've made the house over to Bobby, and I'm going to my Aunt Ellen at the Jupiter Street settlement house in New York City. I, for one, have been salted down in this place long enough!"

There was another pause, and I'll admit I was rather glad I couldn't see his face. I didn't like parting from Easy in this way, either. Perhaps I would never see him again.

"For how long?" he asked at length.

"Forever, I suppose," said I. "For a long time, at any rate. Art can't be learned in a day, you know."

"Nancy, don't go!" he cried. "I - Nancy, why, I've always sort of taken for granted that one of these days you and I - well, like the Hendersons, you know, they always get along so well. And we would have a home here, and ——"

"The Hendersons!" I cried derisively. "Why, Mary Henderson has five kids! She's a drudge. She doesn't know the least thing about art or life or the big things of the world! Easy, you don't understand me, and it seems to me you have certainly taken a lot for granted. No, Easy, I mean to do something for the world—something real!"

"Nancy Steerforth!" said he. "You know in your heart this is a mistake. You are deserting, and you know it. Nancy, I love you. Won't you stay?"

It was a queer thing, but it pulled at me, his saying it so simply. A wild chaos of thought whirled through my head in an instant. His beauty first of all; his sort of shiftlessness, which every woman in her heart adores with an adoring sort of pity because it makes her feel so strong. Then the days we had spent together—all the days of our lives, in substance. The strong reality of him, the big kid! And now that capacity for thinking so unexpectedly revealed. I hesitated for a moment, swayed to him not a little because of the fear that was in me of what I was about to do. Was my talent real? Was I using it as an excuse to escape the intolerable dullness of the town? Was I being generous to Bobby or in reality only deserting the poor weak boy? I wasn't sure. And Easy—did I love him—or just want to be in love? I felt as horribly weak and helpless as the most conservative reactionary male in the world could have desired. I wanted someone to make up my mind for me, but I wanted it made up my way. And yet I was so tired! I'd done such a lot these past few days. Immeasurably sorry for myself, I put out my hands toward him.

"Oh, Easy!" I cried. "I can't stay, I can't! Try not to be such a dumb-bell! Try to see what I'm striving for! Don't be so thick. Try—and kiss me, Easy!"

He did. And for I don't know how long, either. It seemed like a thousand years of utter rest a rest so deep there are no words to tell about it. I forgot everything. And then at length it was over. Completely, for Easy spoke.

"That ought to be useful!" said he with a broken laugh.

With a wild gesture I pushed him from me. He had laughed! He could be humorous about it! Oh, it was terrible! I felt dragged to the depths. I had been in heaven, and Easy had thought it was fun! Horribly ashamed and hurt and hating myself as much as him, I turned away, aching all over.

"What's the matter, dear?" said he. "Hey, Nancy! Come back, hon! Where are you going?"

"Don't touch me!" I cried. "It was a mistake. Let me go, Easy. I never want to see you again!"

And with the tears of rage and mortification streaming down my cheeks I turned and stumbled blindly up the rough dark path toward the house.

He made no attempt to follow me that I knew of, yet I fled as if I could run away from myself. The long wet grass of the pasture lot caught at my feet and nearly threw me, the gnarled old trees of the apple orchard seemed to rise up deliberately and stand in my path, and it felt like all of a year before the great dark block of the homestead loomed protectingly ahead.

In the shadow of the porch I crouched to get my breath and straighten my hair before Bobby saw me. But it was several moments before I could control myself, and I just stood there fumbling with my powder rag and sniffing like an idiot, the little panorama of the village street before me, the fog boxing it into a regular frame—the black face of the long-abandoned Methodist chapel, the little Greek lunch room with Tony lounging in the door, the dark post office, the sleeping dignity of the old Hoadley place across the way. I felt as if I was looking at some cleverly set play about a small town. I didn't belong any more, and it was all completely unreal to me, even when Bobby's silhouette detached itself from the sniggering group on the dark post-office steps and joined Tony.

So he didn't care enough for me to stay in on my last evening home! Of course I had gone out, but that was different; he knew I'd just run down to the beach, and why. Well, after this he'd be looking out for himself, and then perhaps he'd think of me once in a while—if only to remember my doughnuts!

With this added grievance to my credit I entered the house and lit the lamp in the living hall. Always mysterious, tonight the gaunt old building seemed even more so than usual. At any rate, all sorts of half-forgotten stories and happenings concerning it kept popping into my mind, such as that time, years ago, when a young boy—some cousin of the Bowditches who was visiting them—claimed to have been lost inside the house for two whole days without anyone being able to find him. Then the stories of grandfather's smuggling, of piracy, even; and the weird sounds I had sometimes heard in the night. A queer house. I was glad to go, and yet the place held me too.

Taking the lamp with me I went running up the shallow stairs, shaking off my morbid sensations as best I could, and determining not to think of Easy. Up in my room I at once dug into my packing, slamming down the trunk and locking it, and then looked around for a few last things to put into my suitcase.

I couldn't find my sewing kit anywhere. It was annoying, for I had made it especially for my traveling. You know the kind of thing—thread, little scissors, three needles stuck into a strip of flannel. I tumbled things over, looking in the most impossible places, the way a person does. And while I was in the midst of my impatient search I heard a strange sound from the depths of the silent house.

It was a dull thud, as if something heavy had fallen, and somehow the unusualness of it set my overwrought nerves to a higher pitch. I went to the door of my room.

"Is that you, Bobby?" I called.

But there was no answer. Thinking I must have been mistaken I returned to my hunt for the missing object, and the house was heavily silent again. Then I remembered where I had left my sewing kit. It was down on the table in the living hall, where I had been showing it to Aunt Myrtle and Aunt Rose that afternoon. Picking up the lamp I went to get it, the light throwing a huge wavering shadow beside me as I descended into the black cavern of the room below. The silence for once disturbed even me, who was so accustomed to intense quiet, for now it had a new quality—it was the silence which holds some living thing.

To keep my courage up I would have whistled in another moment, but the sound never reached my lips, for at the bottom of the stairs the light from my lamp fell full upon the idol in the far corner, picking up dull reflections on its golden surfaces and bringing flashes from the glass ornaments in its headdress. And as I faced it I gave a scream which pierced the very rooftree, and the lamp fell from my hand with a crash, for there was no mistake this time—the eyes of the idol were moving!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Radio fans:—When you buy a Loud Speaker why not buy the one that is C L E A R ! Buy the

The Herald Radio Loud Speaker attaches in place of headphones. No external battery required. Like other good musical instruments, it improves with age because of its laminated core, mica diaphragm and permanent magnet. Height 30 inches. 6-foot cord. Price $30. Slightly more on Pacific Coast and in Canada. Write for folder and enclose your dealer's name.

Herald Electric Co., Inc., 113 Fourth Ave., New York

Put an AMES BODY on a Ford Chassis and you'll envy no man's car

Your efficient and dependable Ford becomes as handsome and comfortable as a much higher priced car

WHAT style of car do you admire most? An Ames Body will make that kind of a car out of your Ford chassis.

Do you want a racer? A sleek, trim car built for the open road? Or a foursome for the wife and kids? Do you want a roomy, comfortable sedan whose graceful lines and handsome coachwork make of your Ford a car that looks many times its cost?

Do you want a chummy, sporty roadster? Or a coupe that is designed for comfortable driving—one in which folks of ample proportions find ample room?

Then drive to the nearest Ames dealer and see the very body you prefer. Or, if there should be no dealer in your vicinity, write us for illustrated literature and further information.

MEN who desire to own their own business
READ THIS OPPORTUNITY!

You can be the Ames dealer in your locality. Many are making a great success in all parts of the country in this profitable business. Here is an opportunity to own your own business and enjoy the rich rewards of ownership. A moderate capital is needed.

Think of the wonderful market you have—every Ford owner in your locality is a prospect. Go after them all. Get the Ames franchise—it may mean the turning point in your business career. Write to-day for our illustrated booklet that thoroughly explains the Ames opportunity.

Make sure you get the Ames franchise by being the first to write from your territory. Don't delay. Send the letter now.

Look for the Ames name plate shown below. You will find it on the lower right-hand corner of the cowl.

THE F. A. AMES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
Owensboro, Ky.

FOR FORD CARS
AMES
Bodies

MY CRYSTAL BALL

(Continued from Page 25)

The chef who had prepared it must have been impervious to smells.

We arose from the table and fled with one accord into the open air. The patron pursued us, voluble in his apology. I poured upon him the vials of my wrath. He insisted that this carp had been taken from the fountain in front of the hotel only one hour before dinner, and that he would swear upon the cross of his mother that the smell was normal and that the fish was fresh.

"My good man," said I, "I have understood from the guidebooks that the carp in Fontainebleau live to a ripe old age, that they even date from the time of François the First. I have always doubted this story, but tonight I believe it. I am convinced that the carp which you have just presented to us is historical. It could belong to any epoch!"

That night we slept in the good hotel whose virtues we knew and whose prices we ignored. We determined that the question of money should not disturb our week-end enjoyment and incidentally our digestion.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the women of Arles are amongst the most beautiful in the world. They are tall, as a rule, strong and well proportioned. Their features are regular. They are Junoesque of type. They walk with freedom. Their balance is perfect. Their costume is rich in color and resplendent in ornament.

My first glimpse of them was on a Sunday as they were returning from a bull fight in the arena. They were dressed in gala. But the men struck me as rather inferior, in appearance at any rate. Perhaps, however, they rule the ladies with kindness rather than with force.

In that country of the poet Mistral, one would be disappointed not to experience a bit of that wind which were it mingled with snow and sleet would resemble our own jovial blizzard. One struck us in Avignon as we were turning a street corner and for some seconds our automobile literally tilted from side to side in a way which distinctly threatened to upset its normal equilibrium.

Mistral, that rare poet of Provence, was pointed out to me on a fête day which was being celebrated at Nimes. He was hatless, but in the eyes of his beloved neighbors stood before them always crowned by his genius, which had been recognized the world over.

He had in his later years become the center of pilgrimages. People of eminence sought him out, men of culture longed to meet him. The very simplicity of his life invited curiosity. But he refused to be either dislodged or disturbed. He pursued his righteous calling in the solitude of the hills. As a creator of beautiful verse, he bequeathed this as his testament to a prosaic world.

The Folks in the South

In motoring through this southern country one must exact neither comfort nor cleanliness, and remember only that air is a great purifier. Rules of health become a myth. Laws of hygiene are forgotten. Every sanitary prejudice is set aside. Plumbing is a superfluous luxury. Fleas and flies refuse to become germ carriers. Possibly this all exemplifies what the survival of the fittest can really mean. Nowhere does one hear that French finality more frequently than in this land of olives, of grapes and of perpetual sunshine, for the reply to one's wonderment at the lack of civilized progress is the unvarying answer: "It is so. What can one do?"

A wine-drinking yet temperate people are these folks of the South. Nothing is more picturesque in early September than to meet the queer little wagons as they drone along the highroad on the way to the wine presses, all filled to overflowing with the purple grapes which have been freshly gathered.

No one is ever in a hurry. No one disturbs his views by reading. Here people are born with their minds made up. Why should they become disordered?

One of the most illustrative caricatures of the war was furnished by that inimitable humorist Forain, who pictured two men meeting at Montpellier.

The one from the district playfully tapping his friend from St.-Quentin on the shoulder exclaimed, "Ah, old boy, it seems that you are fighting up there in the North. What is it all about?"

In this same connection it might be interesting to add that when the French colonial troops reached Marseilles, their first station in France, they insisted upon loading their guns and firing right and left. They had come a long way to kill something. Why not begin at once and make short work of the killing?

The grim context of this little anecdote is that thousands went into the war in a spirit no less ignorant. They were fighting for what? They were asked to kill for what? They were there for what? It was all a brutal enigma which even today causes no little confusion in the minds of many of the participants who have survived the toll exacted by this slaughterhouse.

It was while looking across a quiet field at Tarbes where hundreds of harmless sheep were grazing that I first witnessed the experiment of poison gas. In one second the whole flock lay prostrate. Through diabolical human invention they had been robbed of life which only God Almighty had the power to bestow. It was God who had given, but it was man who had taken. The experiment had been made to prove its value as a weapon of destruction. There was naught of healing or help in its vapors. And the prayer which at that moment rose instinctively to my lips was that one uttered centuries ago upon Calvary: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

A Sanctified Zaza

There was a period in England when the attitude towards the stage grew more and more conservative. A censor in London acted with rigor. I recall once when Madame Réjane was about to produce one of her most successful plays, the license was refused because a certain amount of frisky kicking was called for in her rôle. It was only after Réjane had promised that the raising of her leg would not exceed twelve inches from the floor that the license was granted. The inconsistencies of these rulings were a frequent cause of surprise and of comment.

It became more and more difficult to anticipate the censor's attitude. Plays introducing the clergy which were at all trivial in dialogue or which embodied a pronounced comedy atmosphere were taboo. Characters introduced from the Holy Scriptures were forbidden. Since those days the pendulum has certainly swung far the other way.

I recall a poster of Zaza prepared by Mrs. Lewis Waller's manager, prior to her provincial tour in this play. It depicted Mrs. Waller before her piano and an open hymnal. At her side stood her twelve-year-old daughter, who was energetically singing Nearer, My God, to Thee. The scene was elaborately reproduced on the three sheet.

I always wondered how the gullible public had reconciled the story with this poster. The only explanation in my mind was that they saw the latter prior to the play, which justified their purchase of tickets; and that after the evening's enjoyment, shocked though they may have been, they were inspired to pray for poor Zaza's redemption and to hope that finally she might draw near that heaven which the hymn described.

C. Haddon Chambers was one of the most successful playwrights of his time. His sense of comedy was unerring, although his treatment of drama was as a rule surefire. Beginning with Captain Swift, which part was played by Maurice Barrymore, he wrote Passers-by, The Tyranny of Tears, Tante, A Modern Magdalene, John a Dreams, The Idler, and so on.

A more delightful companion than Chambers could not be found. He was universally popular. No matter what his income might be he always lived up to it. When he was down in his luck only those who enjoyed lending him money ever guessed it. His clothes were perfect, his appearance immaculate. No one could equal him in the art of ordering a lunch or a dinner. He was never a prolific writer. He indulged himself in long intervals of relaxation between plays. Trips to the Riviera and to St. Moritz he took as a matter of course.

Hall Caine—since knighted—became famous as a novelist before he wrote for the stage. He is one of the few authors who has successfully dramatized his own stories. I have always felt that sincerity was the

(Continued on Page 157)

A thousand miles of wonderful living~

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND people have come to California within 10 months. Thousands who came to visit already have found here opportunities for getting ahead and for year-round enjoyment beyond anything they have ever known. They are making California their permanent home. All have found that life in California is better for them—as it is better for you.

Better for Everyone

Life in California is better for everyone.

A thousand miles of wonderful living is yours from which to choose. City or country, mountains or valleys, seashore or interior, you may live where you will, on any possible scale of income, out of doors at all seasons, away from extremes of heat and cold, getting more out of life each day and each year than you have believed possible.

California Prosperity

Californians, as compared with the average American, have about twice as much money in the bank. They live freely, joyously, generously.

In the magnificent expanses of the Great Valley, California farms produce twice the average cash yield per farm.

California fruit trees yield, in cash returns, twice the national average per tree and California orchards produce more than a third of all the fruit grown in America.

California dairy cows give more milk per cow than those of any other state, and the hundred million dollar dairy farm production is not enough to meet the demand.

Nor is this all. California is growing yearly — daily. Her manufactures in a decade have increased 273 per cent. They supply the needs of this fast growing population. They reach out from the broad waters of San Francisco Bay to the markets of the world. New thousands of population create new advantages, new values, new business opportunities.

A Place for You

California, with room and a welcome for thirty million people, has a place for you.

In the Great Valley, where nearly a million acres of irrigated land are ready for occupancy,—in business or manufacturing or in the opportunity to establish your ideal home with its year-round roses and recreations,—your investment, large or small, will give you, in California, a greater value. You can prove this for yourself.

Come to San Francisco

Come to San Francisco, the headquarters of Californians Inc., a non-profit organization of citizens and institutions interested in the sound development of the state. Some of the most beautiful suburban districts in California adjoin this great port, the metropolis and trading center of the Great Valley and of the garden valleys of the Coast range.

Californians Inc. will give you every possible assistance when you arrive, and aid you in planning your trips or choosing your home. Write today for the illustrated free booklet, "California, Where Life is Better." It tells a story you should know, and every statement in it is authoritative. Fill in and mail the coupon and we will send it to you

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *about life in California*

Californians Inc

Headquarters
SAN FRANCISCO
140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 508

Please send me "California, Where Life is Better."

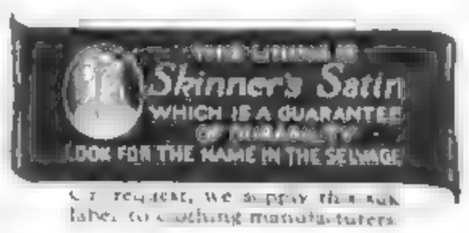
Name _____

Address _____

"—and it's lined with Skinner's—there's the label!"

THE Skinner label is an important thing to look for in every ready-to-wear suit or overcoat. When ordering from a merchant tailor, ask to see the silk lining he is going to use and

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"



WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia MILLS, Holyoke, Mass.—Established 1848

Skinner's Satin

All-Silk or Cotton Back

(Continued from Page 154)

secret of Hall Caine's popularity. He believes what he writes and personally indorses every lofty sentiment which his characters express.

Though he has proved himself excellent copy for the press, though he has generously contributed his opinion of current events, though he has provoked controversy and invoked criticism, though he has disagreed with Marie Corelli, and challenged even the bishops, Hall Caine has persistently given to the world his best from his standpoint. There have been many who have sought to imitate his style. They have tried to duplicate his drama, but miserable unsuccess has been the result.

An amazing fact about plays is that, whatever may be their form, the public scents immediately any trick played at its expense. The author who writes melodrama must be sincere or his play will fail. He must take himself seriously. It is only the satirist, whose trade is to mock, who can indulge himself in making fun of his public. He has no other way in which to make fun for them.

My one impression of Marie Corelli was gleaned in a visit I paid her in historical Stratford, where she lives. I journeyed there from London to have luncheon at her suggestion. She was perennially youthful in appearance, and caustic in conviction. Her personality was very feminine, but when she spoke one detected nothing of the clinging vine.

She was very deceptive in appearance. She was too intelligent ever to underestimate her values. I never in my life shall forget her garden of annunciation lilies. Great masses of this odorous flower filled the entire space. The spot was full of suggested romance and of convenient plot. Corelli's passionate heroines must have been born there, and at moments when she did not require their presence I am sure that they remained on the benches awaiting her telephone call

In great contrast was the garden of Mrs. Humphry Ward, full of the lovely herbaceous varieties so integral to the composition. In still greater contrast does my crystal ball reveal the personality of the two ladies.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, a daughter of Thomas Arnold, who was a son of Doctor Arnold, of Rugby, represented to me not only the stability of English literature, but of English thought and of English life. There was no wavering in the integrity of her appearance, no compromise in the definiteness of her taste, and no departure from the traditions of that England which must be universally respected even when not universally loved. Mrs. Ward, however, was a fine exponent of a British matron. Her rare intellect always percolated modestly through her kindly personality. I shall always recall with gratitude her gracious hospitality, which I so enjoyed and appreciated.

Bernhardt and Sardou

The recent death of Sarah Bernhardt makes my crystal ball reflect memories which cover a period of many, many years. It was at the hospitable table of Victorien Sardou that I first met this great woman of her century. His was the genius which at that time was supplying her with her dramatic material. His plays written for her followed one another in successful sequence and included Gismonda, La Tosca and Théodora.

It was a remarkable partnership. Two strong wills, two brilliant intellects, two marvelous personalities—a combination which was richly productive, although not always harmonious. Their sincere admiration and affection for each other alternated with exasperation, stubbornness and active dislike. The storm at intervals swept across the desert of their disappointments, yet ended invariably in restored tranquillity and in renewed confidence.

I remember one incident illustrative of this recurrent conflict. There was a speech in Gismonda which Sardou refused to cut, although Bernhardt begged and implored him to do so. At the final rehearsal she appeared in the theater giving every evidence of lassitude while speaking hardly above a whisper.

Pointing to her throat she murmured, "Complete loss of voice. I cannot utter." During that entire day she was inaudible. The following night was the general rehearsal, at which all the critics and élite of Paris would be present.

In the meanwhile Sardou through his emissaries found that Sarah was always in the same condition. She would never be able to appear! His property would be wrecked. Something drastic had to be done Convinced as he was that the only remedy was in his hands and not in her physician's, Sardou waited until four o'clock in the afternoon, when, scenting no yielding on her part, he cut out the objectionable lines and rushed off a messenger to her house with the speech revised according to her wish.

It is needless to say that Sarah forthwith recovered her voice, appeared triumphant in the theater and gave a performance of such brilliancy that the success of the play was assured.

I must add that Sardou's vocabulary on this occasion was rich in invectives, ending, however, with a sly look of intense appreciation as he said, "Never mind. She is adorable, and there is only one Sarah in the world."

How often did I sit by his side watching her rehearse. Her work was her life, yet no other actress I have ever known possessed a tenth of her intellectual vigor. Her mind was as pliable as her talent. She had traveled everywhere, she had absorbed everything

The men for whom she had experienced a sentimental interest in her life were as a rule men of rare endowment. She never suffered fools. She was only intolerant of vacuity and of idiocy.

Sarah's Practical Joke

I was thrown with her frequently, not only in Paris but in London and New York. I once supped with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her after the theater. Both ladies had had a strenuous evening, but were in great form, as they were planning a performance of Pelléas and Mélisande for some benefit.

Whenever fellow artists proposed this kind of combination to Bernhardt she invariably fell back either upon the play mentioned or upon a scene from Hamlet, strongly advising that the other star should play Ophelia to her Hamlet. It must be admitted that very few were ever cajoled into accepting her suggestion.

Mrs. Campbell had Ninky-Poo with her, a very intrusive and diminutive canine, which she insisted upon putting in the middle of the supper table, to which Bernhardt strenuously objected, despite her love for animals.

Each time that she attempted to remove Ninky-Poo he snapped and he snarled with villainous intent, until finally Sarah in her most alluring manner asked me, acting as interpreter, to convey to Mrs. Pat that she longed to give her a souvenir of the visit, but that the table must be cleared so that the presentation might take place.

The dog was deposited on a chair, Sarah left the room, returning with a small morocco case in which lay an Egyptian ring. Pressing it upon the finger of the English star, Bernhardt begged me to explain that it contained a drop of water from the Deluge. Tears of joy coursed over Mrs. Campbell's discreet make-up, hands were clasped in affectionate sympathy, Ninky-Poo began to bark, his mistress was for a moment diverted, while Sarah confided to me that this priceless object had been purchased for a few francs by Robert de Montesquiou, who had invented the story which she had just passed on. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, with her delightful and unfailing sense of humor, was, I am convinced, never for a moment deceived. The whole scene merely meant that I had assisted at a comedy in the making.

Bernhardt's physique was extraordinary. I can summarize a certain twenty-four hours in illustration of this.

It was on a Saturday, the last day of her London season. She had made a flying trip to Brighton to give a matinée. That night she appeared before a crowded theater at which the royalties were present. At twelve she went on to the New Club, where after supper she recited a monologue. The following day, Sunday, she crossed to Boulogne, where she gave a gala performance that night.

I rarely remember hearing her complain of a fatigue so great as to interfere with her work. At times her energy seemed superhuman, and never was this more dominant than during the last years of her life, when disease was being fought and when disqualifications of age and of illness were being contested. I recall the shudder when first I learned of the loss of her limb, but

Save it with
Kyanize
KYANIZE
MOTOR CAR ENAMELS
You Can Do It Yourself!
THOUSANDS of Auto Owners are making their old cars new—the KYANIZE way.
KYANIZE Motor Car Enamels come to you all ready to use—nothing to mix, nothing to add. Simply stir, dip the brush and apply paint and varnish in one operation.
Take a Tip from Winthrop Wise: "Save the Surface" with Kyanize
Watch the enamel flow out to a smooth ridgeless surface. The rich, lustreful new coat is absolutely waterproof and dry next day.
A "money back for the empty can" guarantee of satisfaction.
INSTRUCTION BOOK FREE
Write for our booklet, "How to Paint Your Automobile."
BOSTON VARNISH CO.
Everett Station,
Boston 49, Mass. U. S. A.
Kyanize
COACH BLACK
BOSTON VARNISH CO.
BOSTON CHICAGO. MONTREAL
Save the surface and you save all

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Men who appreciate the finer things of life look upon THE FLORSHEIM SHOE as one of the requisites of daily comfort and correct appearance.

Most Styles $10

Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
CHICAGO

The surest sign that a battery will not likely need repairing is the manufacturer's definite promise to keep it in serviceable condition without charge to the owner. Thus, the 18 months' insured-service guarantee indicates what an exceptionally fine battery the oversize-capacity Westinghouse Standard really is. It's *the* battery for the motorist who wants to dismiss all battery worries.

Next to the *Westinghouse Standard* comes the *Westinghouse Special*. Then, the *Wubco Special*—the lowest-priced good battery made. There's a Westinghouse battery for every car and purse. Service everywhere.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO.
Swissvale, Pa.

WESTINGHOUSE
BATTERIES

later I became accustomed to it, chiefly because Sarah herself treated this so slightly. I can hear her voice saying now from an adjoining room, "Patience, my dear Marbury; I will soon hop in to you."

She traveled with a large trunk especially made to hold her collection of artificial limbs, of which she had at least a dozen, sent to her by every inventor in the world. She resorted to any device rather than to wear one of them. On the stage, as in private life, she preferred to ignore their existence. In L'Aiglon, however, she was forced to accept this mechanical solution of her problem, which fact explains why she played the rôle rarely during her latter years. Her dread of being anything but herself was accentuated beyond description. When she lay at the Mt. Sinai Hospital in a very feeble condition, awaiting a major operation which was found to be necessary, the surgeons urged her to submit to a transfusion of blood.

She stoutly refused to accept their suggestion. Arguments were in vain, persuasion useless.

"No!" said Bernhardt. "If my moment has come to die, I am ready. If I am to live, I wish to live as Sarah Bernhardt, without the blood of anyone else coursing through my veins."

This attitude was wholly characteristic. Her individualism was too pronounced to admit of its ever being tampered with. The word "compromise" must have been omitted from her dictionary.

I remember my first visit to the hospital, ten days after the operation. I shall never forget the picture when I stepped gently into the room. My manner had been composed for the occasion. I felt that I must creep softly to her bedside, whisper a few words of sympathy and then silently withdraw. On the contrary, I found her gay and buoyant, propped up on lace pillows with a diaphanous confection of pink and old gold around her shoulders, a piece of Genoese velvet serving as the counterpane, while the foot of the bed was made into a screen of American Beauty roses; in the corners tall white lilacs, flowers everywhere, and the room flooded in afternoon sunshine.

I exclaimed in admiration while voicing my congratulations, which were very sincere.

"Ah!" she cried. "Look at my flowers. How much better to use them around my bed than over my coffin!"

I then became conscious of youthful figures flitting about in the adjoining room. She noted my surprise and said, "You have just come in time. My kind friends Mlles. Boué Sœurs, have brought up their spring models and their pretty young women to wear them. I am to have a fashion show for my own especial benefit."

Open House in Paris

The beautiful gowns were duly exhibited. Sarah was kind and generous to the two manikins. At intervals she clapped her hands in admiration. Who in the world could ever have imagined that she had passed through an ordeal from which under ordinary conditions it would have taken weeks to recover?

She was indeed a law unto herself. No common rules of life could be applied to her. She was never governed by circumstances. Even the long arm of coincidence was to her a caress, never a correction. Her dignity was at moments magnificent. Once during the war when I was spending the day with her at Long Beach during the period of her convalescence following the operation, a card was presented to her announcing the visit of a young man bearing one of the most illustrious titles in France.

"Say to Monsieur —— that Madame Sarah Bernhardt will not receive him!"

My surprise was very great. When I begged her for an explanation she said, "Because he did not defend his flag. Because he was a coward who hid in ambush while his nation bled!"

I may add that I have never seen this distinguished gentleman in the center of New York drawing-rooms, accredited and admired, that I do not recall the above poignant scene.

To Sarah Bernhardt money meant less than nothing. She loathed it, while she scattered it. She gave when she had it and borrowed when she hadn't it to give. Her safe deposit was a hand bag in which she stuffed her salary. It was rarely there long enough to soil the lining.

Like so many notables of her day and generation, she literally traveled with a suite. Five or six persons usually lodged and boarded at her expense.

In her home in the Boulevard Pereire, the long refectory table was set as a rule for a dozen or more, she herself presiding at its head in an imposing armchair which had once been the property of a doge of Venice.

It was literally an open house, for many of the guests were unknown to their hostess, they having been introduced by some acquaintance. It was often the case of "a friend of a friend of mine." It would have demanded a very great fortune to have withstood the inroad of such a lavish expenditure. She was proud of her friendships with the men of talent who had crossed her path. Their influence had as a rule been formative to her own character and developing to her own art. She never failed to pay tribute to that Cæsar to whom tribute was due. Her faith in anyone she loved was bestowed generously. It was never vulgarized by jealousy, nor was it ever disputed with a rival. She could pass on upon her royal progress, but she would never sue for a continued companionship which had been guilty of defection.

She, like many another woman, endowed the objects of her belief with qualities which they did not always possess. Probably her closing chapter of sentiment was written around a young actor in whom she detected no inconsiderable talent. She was his guide and patron. He had come to her penniless and without a country. She provided him with the necessities of life and even went so far as to lend him from the overflow of her household goods so that his apartment might be furnished and made comfortable.

Bernhardt's Secret Garden

After returning from a fortnight's tour in the provinces she telephoned to the youth in question, but without result. Her first kindly thought was that he might be ill.

As soon as possible she dashed to his door in her motor, only to find that he had sailed for America, having previously sold all her furniture for his own benefit.

Be it said of Bernhardt, however, that in after years she was more proud of the position he attained in his profession than she was resentful of his ingratitude and of his lack of appreciation of what she, his benefactress, had originally done for him. Pettiness and revenge were wholly foreign to her character.

Her intellectuality while composing her treatment of her rôles was very marked. I found once in discussing Hamlet with her that her study and knowledge of Shakspere and his exponents were most profound. She always approached her task with reverence. She was too great to be conceited and self-satisfied. I never knew the time when she was not ready to learn from those qualified to teach.

I was with Madame Bernhardt frequently during the early summer of 1918, when the days of tension were many and when she was separated from those she loved on the other side. She bled for her country through every hour of its trial. At last her son Maurice sailed on the Lafayette with his wife and daughter to spend a month or more with her. It was at the dangerous period when enemy submarines were literally strewn across the ocean. Her dread of accident to her beloved made this time one of torture, for beyond every other sentiment in life was her adoration of her son Maurice. Her greatest happiness lay in him. The anxieties he had caused her, the financial difficulties which were ever with them were absorbed by her great overwhelming affection, which to those who knew her was always apparent. Nothing really mattered if only he were at her side. Whenever he crossed the threshold of her room her face became illuminated with affection. He was "*mon fils*," and no phrase of hers uttered upon the stage held such an inflection of tenderness as did these two tiny words.

Probably no incident in the many years of our friendship seems to me so worthy of telling as the following:

We had been enjoying our reminiscences of the old days in Paris, we had discussed mutual friends, many of whom had passed away, we were recalling various anecdotes of happenings in which we both had been interested, when, throwing her arm affectionately across my shoulder, she said, "Marbury"—she never addressed me by my first name—"I will show you my secret

(Continued on Page 160)

$1895

F.O.B. Factory

the record-breaking price of the

1924 MODEL

HAYNES 60

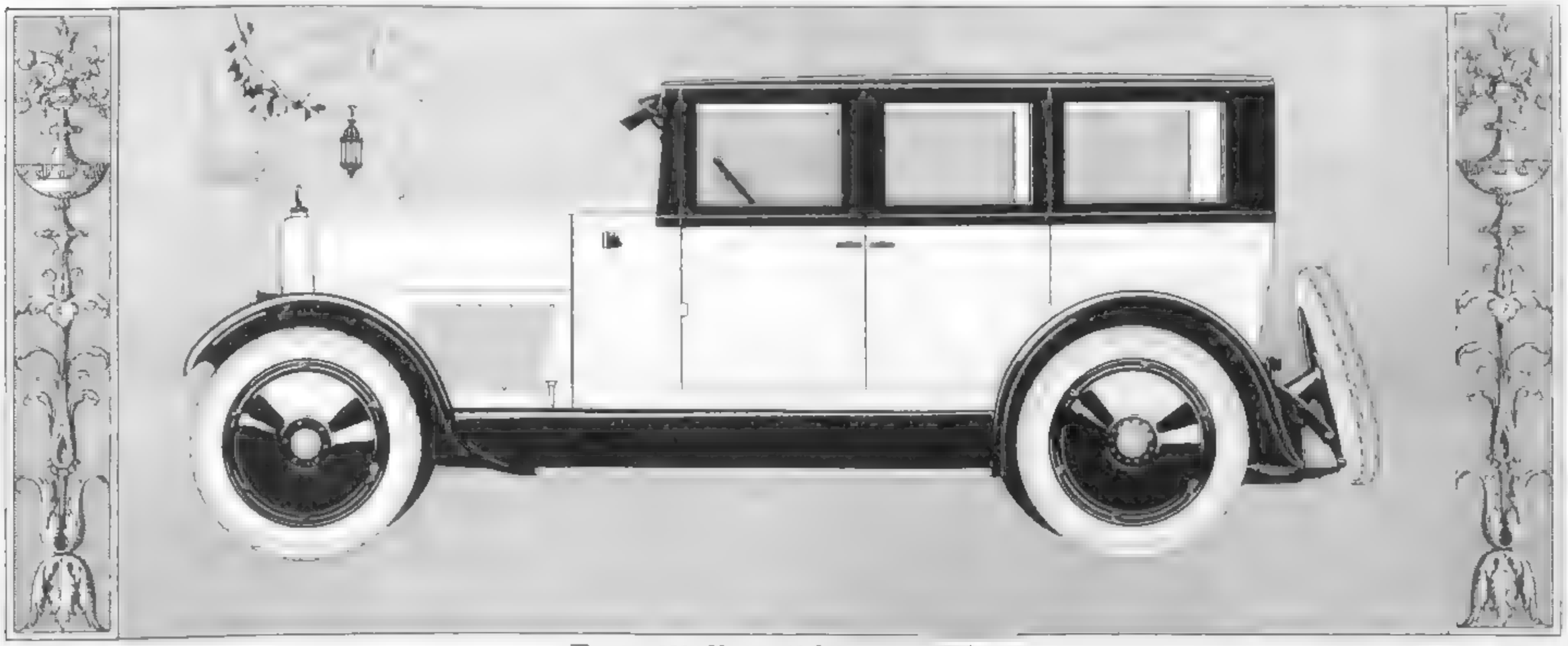
DE LUXE SEDAN (NOT A COACH)

(The lowest priced Haynes enclosed car ever offered by the Haynes Company)

Outstanding among all the advantages of the new 1924 Haynes 60 de luxe Sedan is its improved six cylinder Haynes-built motor—created from the Haynes motor which had established a wonderful eight year record for dependability—now made virtually vibrationless at all speeds because of a larger crank shaft and refinement of design throughout.

With a luxuriously appointed and more beautiful body on its 121-inch wheel base, with disc wheels and 32 x 4½ cord tires as standard equipment, with the excellence attained by building 95% of all Haynes cars in the great Haynes factories, this newest offering is truly a triumph of values—a remarkable car at the lowest price ever put upon an enclosed Haynes. See this car at your Haynes showroom.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana* • EXPORT OFFICE: 342 Madison Avenue, New York City, U. S. A



The new 1924 Haynes 60 five-passenger Sedan

More Paul Men WANTED!

—To show and sell the greatest improvement in Inner Tubes since autos were invented. Accurate air gauge, built in as a part of the valve stem of each inner tube, shows air pressure at a glance, through the unbreakable, transparent valve cover Warns instantly of under inflation—ends guessing—saves time and bother—cuts tire costs—adds many miles to tire life.

Paul Men Succeed

Because all car owners want this wonderful invention.

They instantly see the time, trouble and tires it saves. Our national advertising is read by 20,000,000 people every month—creates big demand. Paul Men reap the profit and build a permanent business for themselves without capital. We give exclusive territory. Thousands already at work. We need thousands more.

PAUL AIR-GAGE

EXTRA HEAVY INNER TUBES

cost no more than any other good tube of equal quality Made from finest live red rubber—built up on multiple, laminated process—extra tough—live—durable Write or wire us today stating territory you can serve

THE PAUL RUBBER CO.

Dept. 43, Salisbury, N. C.

Makers of Air-Gage Inner Tubes and Crown Leaf and Long Distance Cord Tires

An Accurate Air Gauge on Every Tube

The AMRAD Console Grand
The Supreme Artistry of AMRAD
The Voice of the Air
The World's Finest Radio is now available for EVERYONE.
AMRAD—the Pioneer of Radio—presents five beautiful Consoles, technically perfect, in magnificent period designs carved from precious woods.
AMRADS are priced $25.00 and up—completely equipped, ready to enjoy. Whether for town house or apartment, country seat or farm, there's a wonderful AMRAD to suit your taste.
Write today for illustrated brochure on AMRAD radio, specifying your particular requirements. The finest AMRADS may be bought by Partial Payments
AMERICAN RADIO AND RESEARCH CORPORATION
Medford Hillside Mass

(Continued from Page 158)

garden, my treasure house which I never expose to anyone."

Alert with curiosity, I listened to the order given her maid, who soon appeared with a square black-lacquer box. Sarah placed it on a little table before her, then taking a small gilt key which hung from a ribbon around her neck, she unlocked it. One by one she lifted from it her treasures—all simple souvenirs of her youth and of her little boy.

Leaves of laurel from her crown at the conservatory, faded verses written to her by a poet long since dead, a spray of her first-communion flowers, her childish prayer-book, and finally a pair of baby shoes which had been worn by Maurice, and a little faded photograph of him in Scotch kilts.

The tears rolled down her face as she said: "Ah, how handsome he looked, my Maurice, dressed *en écossais!*"

This moment will always be sacred in my memory, for never had I understood this great woman so well as when she allowed me to rest with her for this brief hour in the garden of her soul.

I saw her many times after that, but as she was borne to her last rest in Père-Lachaise, the little shoes and the faded photograph were the memories which I most cherished.

The prayer of her life was answered at the moment of her death, for she was allowed to die in the arms of that son for whom she had lived, moved and had her being.

As the bells tolled along the route of her funeral procession, the world knew that Sarah Bernhardt's place in the theater had become a page of history; it knew that the woman whose dominant personality had illuminated her century had passed beyond recall, but those of us who had had the privilege of her friendship realized that the soul of this mother would be eternal through the ages.

Inimitable George M. Cohan once asked a man who was writing theatrical reminiscences, "Am I in your book?"

"Well—no, George," answered the writer; "I haven't mentioned you, because, old boy, I was afraid you might not like my frankness."

"What the devil do I care what you say," exclaimed Cohan, "so long as you get my name in somehow!"

Now bearing this in mind, I wish that I might refer to the many who are literally Einsteining across my crystal ball.

One cannot, however, leave the field of theatrical productions without a tribute to David Belasco, who has done more to enrich and to advance the dramatic art of this country than has any other single producer.

He was a rugged pioneer when first he journeyed eastward from the Pacific slope. He had served his apprenticeship, he knew every practical angle of the business—he wrote plays because he knew of no other form of expression. Drama was intuitive to him. It was the one language which he spoke and the most forceful language which he understood.

Nethersole in Sapho

Success came to him early in life. He has done much to encourage the younger playwrights. He gives of himself as they work under his guidance.

As one sees him today living in the midst of his great workshop, which is in itself a museum, one realizes that so long as this master lives there is a tribunal of undisputed authority and knowledge before which all questions of dramatic value may be referred.

Belasco's imagination is luminous and receptive, but his emotions and sympathies are after all his best weapons. They are vibrant and inspiring, so that whenever he raises the curtain upon a new production, the playwright, the artists, the staff, the crew—all have insensibly become his creations into whose achievements he has breathed the very breath of life.

In England I recall Olga Nethersole, that artist who might have reached any height in her profession had she submitted to discipline. I remember so well her performance in Clyde Fitch's Sapho, which under the ban of Anthony Comstock's protest landed both author and star in court. Yet even in those days a voluminous mink coat and veiled lady had their effect upon the dispensers of justice, thus helping the verdict of acquittal in her favor.

One of the best anecdotes about Nethersole is one which I myself unwittingly inspired. She was to begin an engagement at His Majesty's Theater with Sir John Hare. I wanted a few minutes' talk with Tree's very genial manager, Henry Dana, so, not realizing that it was a first night, I went to the stage door. Dana was expecting me, but our business was forgotten in his eagerness to tell me of the emergency which threatened the success of the opening, for there in the hall stood Olga Nethersole's trunks, still unpacked. It was quickly explained that she had absolutely refused to have them touched unless they were removed into Tree's own suite, to which she insisted she was entitled by virtue of her professional position.

Lady Tree's rooms, which had just been redecorated, had been assigned to her, but they were not acceptable to this star of such magnitude.

"What are we to do?" cried Dana. "She will not listen to reason and absolutely refuses to dress."

"Let me see what I can suggest," I replied.

I began to think very hard. At last a solution struck me, and forthwith I sought out my gifted young friend. I knew that she always dreaded diseases of any kind Germs and microbes eternally cast their shadows upon her mind. Contagion was always anticipated. Precautions were invariably taken.

A Diplomatic Triumph

Entering the room where she was temporarily installed, I found her still in street dress with tears of indignation coursing down her cheeks. She burst into a tirade about the indignity which the management was striving to inflict upon her. I closed the door and lowering my voice I whispered that for a long time I had known that Tree was the victim of incipient tuberculosis, that he coughed incessantly, that his rooms were filled with unsanitary draperies and upholstered furniture, that under such conditions there must be myriads of microbes lurking to do their deadly work, whereas Lady Tree's apartment was hygienic and wholesome.

As I talked my listener became more and more subdued until finally she clasped her hands, saying, "Poor Tree! How little one would suspect this awful menace which threatens him!"

It seems superfluous to add that the trunks were speedily ordered out of the hall and that the performance took place.

When I ran across Tree on the following day, looking hale and hearty, I told him the story, begging him now and again when he met Nethersole to get up a good old graveyard cough in my protection.

Then the Grossmiths; how well I recall George, Sr., who could sit for an evening at the piano delighting his audience with his talent and originality. I remember his proud reference to little Weedon, whose mere appearance produced a chuckle, and to his boy George, who he thought was really most promising and who made the third of this Grossmith trio.

In New Lamps for Old, by Jerome, I first saw brilliant Gertrude Kingston, who would be a very rich woman today had she not believed in little theaters, in advanced thought, and in the complex drama just twenty-five years too soon.

In the world of literature and the stage one of my earliest and best friends was Elizabeth Robins, who introduced Ibsen to England and who helped secure the franchise for women in Great Britain. She always cherished ideals and consistently lived up to them. I recall many an agreeable hour in her society, but the most happy memory circles around her little English cottage, with casement windows opening upon the garden where a beautiful robin redbreast flew in and out at his pleasure, helping himself with greediness to the sweet country butter upon the table. After all, it was the soul of Saint Francis which had tamed the birds, so who knows but that it was the crystalline soul of my wonderful friend which had allured the robin?

In my own country the army of gifted writers was always adding to its ranks, and some who have reached great fame I can remember in their beginnings.

Gertrude Atherton at that time was a breezy expression of Western vigor, and a contrast to Amélie Rives, who was Southern and languorous. At sixteen the latter tore passion to pieces. In her maturity she wrote with the heart of a child.

Mrs. Atherton began as an iconoclast and made her début as a progressive. She came to New York from the Pacific Coast, which in the Eastern minds was chiefly associated with gold, a great fire and yellow met..

Much of the present nearness of East and West is due to Gertrude Atherton, even if she had never written that splendid and inspiring book, The Conqueror, we in this effete East would owe her our everlasting gratitude for having planted the state of California upon our mental map.

And Richard Harding Davis, that prolific and brilliant author of short stories, which made him quickly famous. As a journalist he invariably interviewed himself in such a dramatic fashion that it produced most excellent copy. Though provoking a perennial challenge and criticism for international vagaries Davis liked to think himself the rough rider of literature, so that many picture him writing with a sombrero hat upon his head and a serapi around his shoulders, yet he was never able wholly to divorce himself from the influence of Faneuil Hall and of the Liberty Bell. When a young reporter he was frequently an enigma to his associates.

The world of journalism though somewhat out of my province has always been a close study with me and one of especial interest. I have known personally the luminaries of this profession both here and abroad. My memory goes back to De Blowitz, that arbiter in foreign politics during many years. He wielded a great power and was a familiar figure in every capital of Europe. Then Mrs. Crawford, associated so long with the London Truth. And Labouchère, who towered above his confreres while inspiring them to a more modern spirit of zeal. And delightful T. P. O'Connor, who was a better Irishman than he was a journalist.

Years ago I remember Ballard Smith, who was the stunt editor of the World. He once paid me the compliment from an editor's standpoint of saying that I had a nose for news.

I frankly confess that I used to thrill at the genius of S. S. McClure, who was always as full of ideas as an egg is full of meat. He believed so in himself and was by nature and habit such a compelling optimist. He struck sparks from any anvil, no matter how unwieldy and cumbersome it might be.

One of the most extraordinary conceits of which the human mind is capable is found in the so-called atheist who boasts of the freedom of his viewpoint and of his aloofness from every form of religious belief. He proclaims his liberation and advertises his courage. He insists that he has thrown over superstition and that he has freed himself from tradition. He stands in a vain glory upon his own feet, his intellect is his only guide, and his disassociation from creed his only mentor.

Professional Reformers

But what these people decline to recognize is that whereas it takes many generations to make a gentleman, it likewise takes many to unmake a Christian. They forget that the Ten Commandments were part of their mother's milk, that the Apostles' Creed had been recited without question by hundreds of their ancestors, that Christopher Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers had prayed as they first stood upon American rocks, that the covered wagon of 1848 sheltered not only pioneers but chaplains and priests, and that unconsciously they have never been able to divest themselves of a sense of reverence and of a respect for law and order which percolates through their turbid veins despite the fact that they have become theoretically independent of the faith they reject.

I have always maintained that to throw weight overboard is much easier than to land weight upon the deck. Any fool can strike a fish, but not every fool can land one.

There is no intolerance in the world so great as the intolerance of tolerance, and no bigotry so excessive as the bigotry of the image breaker. To praise the devil is second nature. To praise God is an education.

I have always viewed professional reformers with a rooted mistrust. Possibly there is no greater social plague than these worthy people who insist upon forcing the world to submit meekly to their experimental upheavals. Social reform is rapidly developing into a fine art. It has created a new industry, hence a new channel of employment. It provides more salaried positions for mediocre minds than can be found in any other work of life.

Go through offices occupied by so-called investigators, interview the heads of the organizations engaged upon social statistics and who are preaching social reform, read the magazines supported in the interests of welfare movements, and you will be struck with the minimum of intelligence and of originality often displayed in the manipulating of such enterprises.

I once knew a worthy gentleman whose business it was to keep re-creating for himself four-thousand-dollar-a-year positions in investigating. Before he had exhausted every angle of the research then in hand, he had formulated some fresh scheme for a similar effort in another direction and had found further rich patrons ready to finance him and the prospective work, so that off he would jog-trot again with an assured income for some five or more years ahead.

Whole families can thus be floated into easy berths if a little ingenuity is indicated at the offset. Brothers, sisters, indigent relations all swell the overhead charges while enjoying a competency upon which to live.

The most objectionable film I ever saw was promoted in the name of reform, and the most revolting play was produced under the auspices of a medical and sociological review.

The vicarious enjoyment of vice is a proverbial condition of the degenerate, and thousands of men and women whose lives have been rigorously correct take a sensual enjoyment in poring over details which excite their pruriency and stimulate their depravity. A story is told of an octogenarian penitent who insisted upon confessing a certain sin which had been committed by her in her extreme youth. When it was pointed out by her spiritual guide that this had already been atoned for, the old lady, wagging her head, said, "But I do so love to talk about it!"

Not Free, But Happy

Many of those engaged in the uplifting of the derelict find a strange pleasure in dwelling upon facts which had better be ignored except in hospitals.

I live opposite a prison chiefly occupied by the down-and-outs. In the spring and summer it looks like an attractive watering place. Baseball and other sports provide agreeable recreation for the occupants. Excellent bands furnish concerts. Kind citizens donate movies and vaudeville. The air is good, the outlook salubrious, the food plain but excellent.

Altogether, the life there is infinitely preferable to the park bench, especially in cold weather. Yet we are told by the sentimental reformer that in the mere curtailment of personal liberty is found the real punishment, and that a fair amount of comfort and of relaxation is demanded in the name of humanity for these miscreants and loafers.

As I constitutionally dislike seeing anyone unhappy and miserable, I am personally delighted to look across our sunlit river and to realize that my neighbors are enjoying in a certain degree the same pleasure and creature comforts as myself.

Probably if left to me the whole world would be given freedom, and the road menders of life would be the happy-go-lucky tramps who often make really delightful companions.

Little by little I drifted into personal management, which afforded me many an amusing experience. When I first knew Cissie Loftus she was literally the baby bride of Justin Huntly M'Carthy. She wore the proverbial simple white frock and the sash of blue ribbon. She was redolent of youth, simplicity and charm.

In those days Elsie Janis had not established her subsequent proprietary control of imitations. Others had progressed unmolested along similar lines. Cissie Loftus was one of the pioneers in this form of entertainment. She possessed a thread of voice which could rarely be heard beyond the first few rows.

Her efforts at this time had been confined to New York City, when suddenly I had the bright idea of giving cultured Boston an opportunity to see my protégée. After reviewing the situation I decided that it was safer to take her over for one performance only, but in order to gather in any kind of harvest we should need a very

DOUBLE GRIP
PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Each year more men wear PARIS Double Grips for double duty. Let us suggest that you try a pair—you'll like them, too. Get the genuine.

50¢ and up

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Mica—the insulation material that is tough, not brittle

THE astonishing elasticity and toughness of India Ruby Mica is such that a thin sheet bent double or even struck with a hammer, will not crack. It is unaffected by the extremes of heat and cold, it is immune from the effect of shock and vibration and, as an insulator of electricity, it is the best di-electric substance known to man. It is this form of insulating material wound laterally, layer upon layer, around an extra heavy electrode that makes Splitdorf Spark Plugs outlast the engine.

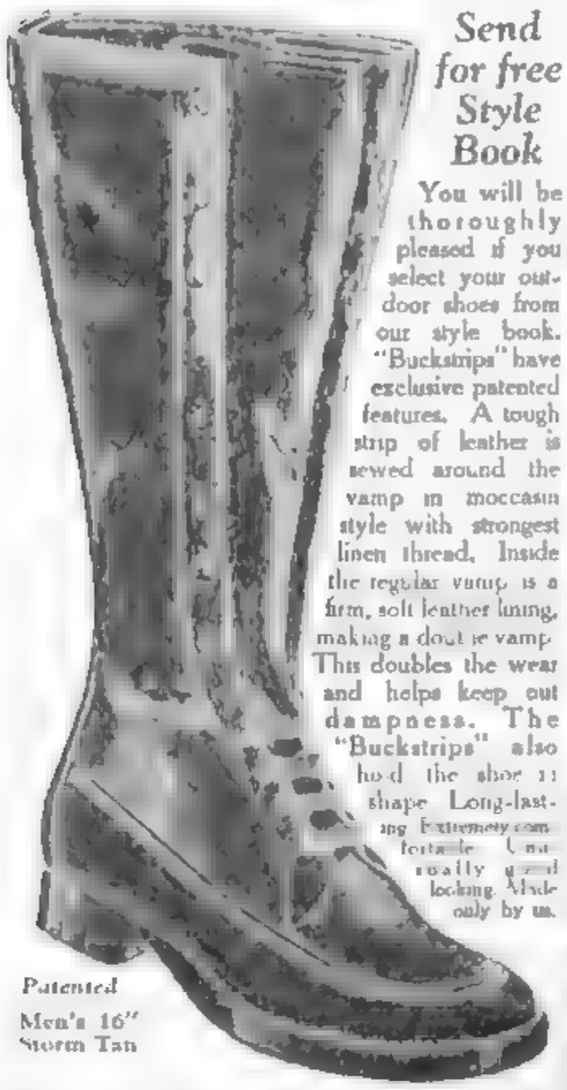
See that your dealer gives you the RIGHT type of Splitdorf Plug for your engine. It is important.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY
Newark, N. J.

Canadian Headquarters:
490 Yonge St., Toronto

Only the most skilled of Hindu natives are employed for inspecting and grading India Ruby Mica.

WEAR
California's
Outdoor Shoe



Send for free Style Book

You will be thoroughly pleased if you select your outdoor shoes from our style book. "Buckstrips" have exclusive patented features. A tough strip of leather is sewed around the vamp in moccasin style with strongest linen thread. Inside the regular vamp is a firm, soft leather lining, making a double vamp. This doubles the wear and helps keep out dampness. The "Buckstrips" also hold the shoe in shape. Long-lasting, extremely comfortable. Unusually good looking. Made only by us.

Patented

Men's 16" Storm Tan

BUCKHECT
"Buckstrips"

Soles are tough oak tanned leather. Uppers are either chocolate colored, oiled storm tanned calfskin or lighter weight mahogany "glove like" leather where water resistance is not desired. Each heel layer is one piece of solid leather. Our storm tan is not guaranteed waterproof but it is as much so as a leather shoe can be made. Storm tan shoes are excellent for skating, or for hard wear in heavy snows.

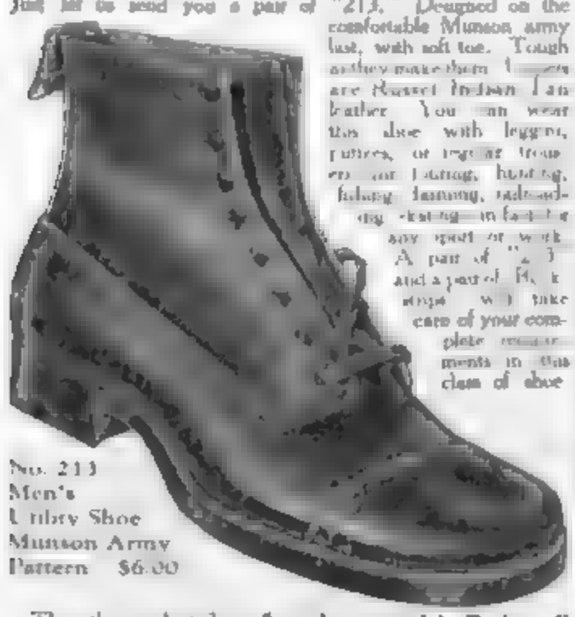
Let us send you a pair

Correct fit guaranteed. Send outline drawing of foot and give size of shoe you now wear

Men's 7 inch heavy single sole storm tan	$ 9 50
Men's 12 inch heavy single sole storm tan	11 75
Men's 16 inch heavy double sole storm tan	14 50
Men's 7 inch heavy single sole "glove-like" leather	8 50
Men's 12 inch heavy single sole "glove-like" leather	10.00
Men's 14 inch heavy single sole "glove-like" leather	11 00

Parcel post prepaid

Our biggest seller in regular shoes Here is a shoe for general use that has won its spurs in actual service in the western country. Just let us send you a pair of "213." Designed on the comfortable Munson army last, with soft toe. Tough as they make them. Uppers are Russet Indian Tan leather. You can wear this shoe with leggins, puttees, or regular trousers for hunting, hunting, fishing, farming, riding, driving—in fact for any sport or work. A pair of "213" and a pair of Buckstrips will take care of your complete requirements in this class of shoe.



No. 213
Men's
Utility Shoe
Munson Army
Pattern $6.00

Three thousand retailers sell our shoes west of the Rockies. If no dealer in your town carries Buckhect "Buckstrips" we will gladly fill your order, and if shoes are not satisfactory on receipt they may be returned at our expense and money refunded.

Mail coupon today for our interesting Style Book

Buckingham & Hecht,
13 First Street, San Francisco.

Please send me a copy of your new Style Book.

Name_____

Address

DESIRABLE EASTERN RETAILERS WANTED

large auditorium. I promptly communicated with my friend Charles Ellis and rented the Boston Music Hall, which had a phenomenally large seating capacity. It was a huge and cheerless place with an auditorium which seemed to swallow any average audience.

This notable occasion in question was advertised like a circus. Not a billboard in Boston was barren of posters announcing the event. Every window in Tremont Street proclaimed the coming of my twinkling star. Prices were increased. Everything was provided—even special suburban trains. I had sent over a husky young fellow as my representative. I told him that the very moment the audience was seated and before the appearance of Miss Loftus he was to take every cent in the box office, liquidate our local obligations, and fly for the train. My instructions were closely followed, so that at the end of the first part of the program when the indignant public surged into the lobby, demanding a return of their money, insisting that they hadn't heard one bar of music or one line of dialogue, the box office was closed down and the treasurer was nowhere to be found. After all, we had given Bostonians the opportunity of seeing a very lovely little person and of enjoying a bit of most excellent pantomime.

Miss Loftus, who received three-quarters of the profits, was always most appreciative of this friendly effort made in her behalf. After all, she was a nice girl and needed the money.

My next adventure was with the Castles. I had sensed the approach of the dancing madness. I saw the fat years ahead! The Castles were in Chicago when they agreed to appear under my management. My desire to direct them came about in a most accidental way. I happened to be lunching in the Ritz when, looking across the street, I noticed that the large double house which had been at one time reconstructed for a fashionable dressmaker stood idle.

The thought of making it into a smart dancing center flashed upon my mind, and simultaneously the personalities of Vernon and Irene Castle, whom I had already seen in Paris as an attraction in a restaurant.

The Castle House Venture

I visualized the trade-mark Castle House, provided I could persuade this couple to leave Chicago, where they were earning about four hundred dollars a week, which, in contrast to their first weekly stipend overseas, seemed to them munificent. While with me during the first season their worst earnings averaged two thousand per week, hence they never regretted their decision to accept the proposition which I had wired.

It took me a very little while to rearrange the building so that we could open it with daily teas at which the Castles always danced.

I selected able assistants and instructors, for the morning hours were given over to classes which Mrs. Hubbell directed. I arranged with Europe, the great conductor of jazz, so that I had him furnish the music.

The construction of the house was absolutely impractical for the purpose in hand, yet it was the best expedient to be found. Time was essential, as the craze might die out. The cream had to be quickly skimmed from the pail. We opened with a list of the most prominent women as patronesses. Mrs. John Corbin presided at the tea table. The success of the undertaking was pronounced from the very outset. The place was jammed and the floor space inadequate.

I conducted the publicity myself. We had columns continually in the daily press without its ever costing a dollar. I had something to advertise, so did not have to pay for the advertising.

The Castles were news items in themselves. Her photographs were lovely and there were so many of them taken that there was never any difficulty in finding fresh space for their appearance.

Irene Castle's charm was extraordinary. Her body was lithe and graceful, her swanlike neck suggested the highest distinction, her features and coloring were beautiful. Her limbs, ankles and feet were perfect. No imitator of Irene Castle—and there were many—came within her class. She was unique in gifts, and stood alone in attraction.

Vernon Castle, however, had the talent as a dancer. She was always his perfect partner, but it was he who set the pace, it was he who inspired the rhythm, it was he who invented the steps.

Together they made a wonderful team, and although there have been hundreds of couples who following after them have achieved a certain fame and notoriety, in ballroom exhibition dancing the Castles were never equaled, let alone excelled, neither have they ever been replaced.

The vogue of Castle House lasted two seasons. I obtained private engagements for them everywhere at fabulous prices. I can recall two bookings in Washington, afternoon and evening, for which they received twenty-five hundred dollars.

Once during some litigation when evidence was given as to the value of their services at that time, the lawyer who cross-examined me tried to embarrass me as a witness by asking whether he had understood me to say that they had danced in Boston and in New York on the same afternoon, to which I replied that while I was willing to admit that Vernon Castle's legs were unusually long, still they were hardly long enough to stretch from city to city.

Castle House was soon succeeded by Castles in the Air, a roof garden over the Forty-fourth Street Theater, which for a while was popular and successful. This in turn was followed by Castles on the Sea at Long Beach.

A Grim Finale

The trade-mark was established. It was easy continually to push the button. The special dancing did not interfere with the Castles' appearing under Charles Dillingham's management in musical comedies. Unfortunately when called upon to get over a song, the effect was rather painful; nevertheless, they furnished a picturesque background for a trivial plot, and Vernon Castle being a natural comedian was always an addition to the cast.

Irene's gowns were the reflection of her own unerring taste, and never upon any stage at any time was there such a vision of loveliness as when she appeared in Watch Your Step dressed after the fashion of Lady Hamilton as Perdita. As she came down to the footlights she was such a symphony of form and color that the audience fairly gasped in admiration. I have never seen a greater triumph born of a personality which was externally faultless.

Our last success together was a flying tour through the large cities. The plan was simple. The advance work was ably conducted. For weeks before the expected appearance, a silver prize cup had been placed in the best display window in the city. Terms of the contest were widely advertised. The Castles with their fine orchestra would then arrive. The exhibition of their prowess would be followed by the local dancing contest. Vernon Castle was the judge, and it was he who bestowed the Castle Cup on the winner. In four weeks the total gross receipts were about eighty thousand dollars.

The final round-up took place in Madison Square Garden, to which all the fortunate cup winners were invited to struggle for the championship. They all came. Distance did not figure as an obstacle. The Garden was packed to the roof. The heat was suffocating, yet the contestants danced on and on, until finally the Castle Cup was won. Thus ended the great era of dancing!

The next and last time I saw Vernon Castle was in France as a commissioned officer in the British flying corps. His war record was admirable, his courage unfailing. Had he lived he would doubtless have won the Victoria Cross, for already he had brought down many an enemy plane under the most dangerous conditions.

It seemed a grim finale that both Vernon Castle and Jim Europe, who had so often been associated with light and laughter, should have so speedily followed each other in death, the one a gallant gentleman who lost his life in the service of his country, the other a brave negro who was the victim of an ugly jealousy which at the end effaced a war record of which his friends and admirers had been so justly proud.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Miss Marbury. The next will appear in an early issue.

The only way to be sure of Crisp, Sweet Pecans

Select halves only—delicious in dainty desserts, salads, sandwiches, cakes, ice creams and candies. Your grocer can supply you—glass jars or tins.

R. E. Funsten Co.
Established 1897
ST. LOUIS

Always Fresh

—vacuum packed

What you've always looked for in expensive stockings—

now $1.00

MOST women who have been paying high prices for hosiery simply haven't realized that they could get anything like the same qualities of style and good looks for $1.00 a pair.

Yet what more do you really demand than smart styles, fashionable colors, lustre, trim fit, strength and long wear?

All this and more you can now obtain in Ipswich De Luxe Hosiery at $1.00—beautiful stockings of pure silk, reinforced with fibre—and stylish wool and cotton mixtures. Think what a saving this will amount to on a year's supply of stockings to match your frocks and shoes.

The beauty and economy of these stockings are due to the great resources of the Ipswich Mills—founded in 1822 and now one of the largest hosiery mills in the world.

For every wear—every day—Ipswich Hosiery.

"The Modern Witch"

IPSWICH *De Luxe* HOSIERY

IPSWICH MILLS, *Ipswich, Mass.*

IPSWICH HOSIERY

For Men, Women & Children
—*this mark of the Ipsuich Mills means quality, style and value in hosiery. Ipsuich Hosiery is widely distributed. You will probably find them at your favorite store—if not, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Prices from 25c to $1.00.*

The clock on the mantel is Seth Thomas "CHIME CLOCK No. 01" 0 inches high, 21 inches wide Wonderful Westminster Chimes Hand rubbed mahogany case With silvered dial, $46 With raised bronze numerals, $61

Furniture by Danersk, New York — Mantel by Todhunter, New York — Clock by Seth Thomas

The Taste of American Women is Evident Everywhere

By Chamberlin Dodds, Distinguished New York Decorator

TO form an accurate opinion of people, it suffices to look into their homes. There you will see unmistakable evidence of taste, good or bad—indications of genuine cultivation, or the lack of it. It is not necessarily a question of cost. All of us have seen interiors as atrocious as they were expensive, while many unpretentious arrangements are utterly charming.

The reason we rarely encounter an impossible interior is that most American women possess true artistic feeling. This they express unconsciously in everything they acquire, from their clothes to the furnishings of their drawing rooms.

The perennial vogue of Seth Thomas clocks results from the national instinct for fine and well-wrought things. Recall how many of these clock master-pieces you have seen in rooms that were delightfully livable and tasteful.

Because so many women wish to have a Seth Thomas in every room, the New England designers have developed beautiful models to harmonize with any interior treatment.

It is really remarkable how much one of these clocks can add to the effect of a decorative scheme.

As always, the mantel demands the stately presence of a goodly clock. But other sites for Seth Thomas clocks find equal favor. A welcome innovation is a special wall-bracket for the timepiece. This Seth Thomas accessory serves to relieve the monotony of too spacious wall area.

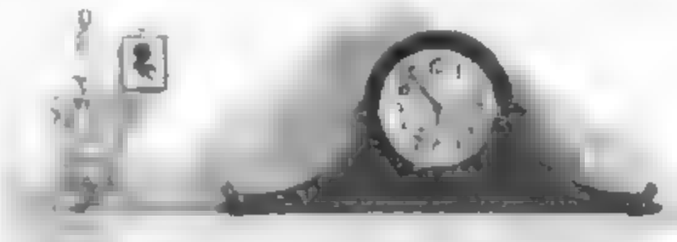
A clock often enhances the beauty of individual pieces such as book-cases, low-boys and high-boys. Frequently a Seth Thomas gives character to an otherwise common-place desk.

Seth Thomas
[illegible]
wall bracket. 9½ inches high
Striking tone of rare purity
With silvered dial, at $21

Seth Thomas
"TAMBOUR No. 6"
[illegible] inches
[illegible] announce the [illegible]
[illegible] ped. [illegible]
raised bronze numerals, at $38

Clock beauty is more than case-deep. The proverbial accuracy of *Seth Thomas* clocks is due to movements of supreme mechanical excellence. Such perfection could be attained only by faithful adherence to old New England craft traditions which have animated *Seth Thomas* artisans for more than a century

Seth Thomas clocks are on view in the more substantial shops of the United States and Canada. Prices are somewhat higher in the Far West and Canada



SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

INSTINCT OR REASON

(Continued from Page 34)

In Chittagong they catch a crocodile by baiting a hook with some rather high meat, taking care that a few feet of the line is strong but slender, so that it will slip between the crocodile's pointed teeth, not giving him a chance to bite it off. In Burma they trap a crocodile that has become a danger to the village by building a converging bamboo stockade in the mouth of the creek on which a village generally rests. Where the two converging walls almost come together, a stout coia-rope noose is fixed so that the crocodile will slip his ugly head through it as he enters to seize a pariah dog that has been tied to a stake just within, which, because of his uncomfortable place, will be giving much tongue. Fifteen or twenty men will be lying handy, ready for a yo-heave when the crock has been noosed. Yanked up on dry land, he is soon carved plenty enough with the villagers' dahs

Any man who has enjoyed pigsticking, has ridden after a mighty boar, will tell you that the wild boar is the gamest animal on earth. Of course, his gameness, like that of some men, may be due largely to a lack of sense, lack of imagination; it quite probably is.

Doctor Hornaday tells in his book, Minds and Manners of Animals, how he was forced to shoot a wild boar in the Bronx Zoo, which, he felt sure, would keep on charging the wire netting of his pen until he broke through. Then the boar most certainly would have ripped up people right and left.

I saw a touch of this disposition on the part of a porcine larrikin in Burma. Two or three of my men were traveling just ahead of me on a good jungle road. I heard yells of fear, and breaking into a trot was just in time to see the jinking quarters of a slate-colored boar disappearing in the thick jungle; and on the path was a dying Burman, ripped wide open. The other men had fled; in fact, they were helpless. Even a sahib, armed with a gun, taken in that sudden mad rush of the boar, would have been killed.

A boar doesn't wait and make a grandstand play like a tiger before getting down to business. He whisks out of his cover and comes straight as a bullet for the thing he has taken a sudden dislike to. If it is a huntsman on horseback, armed with a spear, the boar tries to slit up the forelegs of the pony; but he doesn't wait; he keeps going, his goal being the soft stomach of the horse. He has been known to charge the engine of a train on the East India Railway.

My experience of the wild boar is, however, that if you leave him alone he'll leave you alone. He's out to make a living; and as he's a grain, root and fruit eater, he is not, out of sustenance, a killer. The pigs live in big families called sounders, and it appears that at certain seasons the boars go off by themselves to get rid of the eternal clatter of the wives and children.

Out for a Leopard

In Burma—I can't answer for the rest of India—the wild pigs construct what might be called villages. One will see in the jungle perhaps from ten to twenty little mounds three or four feet high that look like ant hills; but a close inspection will show that they are pigs' cottages: sticks and grass and leaves and mud built up and solidified by the falling rain, which is an assured thing for three or four months of the year in Burma. The pig probably roots into this heap of stuff he has gathered, and so builds up a chamber from beneath.

Unless the wild pig had brains he would have been wiped out long ago, as all the brainless animals were. Men wedded to the idea that animals think would, I am sure, if they knew piggy well, put him up as an exhibit.

I recall a droll experience on the Borango Island, the drollery contributed by a wild pig and a Burman. A saw-voiced leopard had been moaning up in the jungle of the hills, a quarter of a mile from my bungalow, every night for a week. The natives said he was calling to his mate. I think that he was really lonesome, feeling like a fool dog that goes out and yaps at the moon. Lah Boh, the headman of my Burmese coolies, and quite a shikari, said it was a scheme—that the leopard thought if he roared and cursed about up in the hills the wild pig would go down to the fields by the seashore to feed on the rice. The rice had been cut and garnered; but there was quite a lot of the grain left owing to the wasteful way of threshing, which was simply to spread the straw in a square little bunded—mud-walled—field and drive a pair of bullocks round and round to tramp out the grain. The pigs knew all about this, and about dusk would come down out of the jungle for a gleaning.

I conceived the idea of shooting the leopard when he came for his evening meal; and Lah Boh turned me over to the village headman, and he, proud of acting as shikari, went with me at dusk to the fields.

I had an idea—rather brilliant. In the quadrangle where the grain had been threshed was a quantity of straw. I lay down on my stomach, rested my rifle over the mud wall and tried to convey to the dear Burman what I wanted; but he did not understand Hindustani, and I could not speak Burmese. I wanted him to pile the straw over my back in the way of cover; and as words failed, I reached a hand around and patted my back. The Burman discoursed in his rippling language, which, printed, looks like a string of tiny beads, but didn't take action. I grabbed a handful of straw and whacked my back vigorously with it, and, I think, perhaps spoke without reserve. All at once he got the idea. In Burma, when a man has pains in his stomach or anywhere about the torso, he is massaged, but in the Burmese way - he is laid down flat and a barefooted man tramps him. That was the idea—I had a sudden pain, because I was swearing, and had patted my back. He hopped upon me and proceeded to network his muddy feet from hip to shoulder blade.

Well, I got that straightened out; and finally got the straw littered above me and waited.

Night Sounds in the Jungle

It was a shikar endeavor that would have its inception in the mind of only either a very reckless or very immature hunter. To be out there in the open, on ground devoid of protective shelter, with possibly a wounded leopard, would certainly lead to but one result—a mauling; for a leopard is more persistently devilish than a tiger.

It grew dark presently, and the hoarse, rasping voice of the leopard that had sounded once was now hushed. It's a curious sensation to lie alone in the dead night air waiting for an ugly customer like a leopard. Everything of interest removed from sight, introspection produces children of imagination; possible accidents, such as the leopard, perhaps having caught my scent, stalking me from behind. Also, one realizes the uncertainty of a shot in the dark. Things don't appear; they loom, loom grotesquely; and though one might imagine there would be dead silence, there are a thousand noises. All sorts of small creatures seem to come forth to crawl and rustle the dead brown leaves and straw; ants and things explore up one's legs. And in the jungle, a stone's throw away, there was a nerve-trying discordance. A family of monkeys seemed to be having a late supper—having visitors; an old female was evidently scolding and cuffing a child; perhaps bit him, for I heard him squeal. At this a dog monkey, perhaps the father, remonstrated angrily, "Weth-weth-weth!" Whenever there was a lull I could hear a liquid note, as though somebody tapped with a hammer on a hanging piece of empty pipe—"tonk-tonk-tonk-tonk"—from the little chubby, green-coated coppersmith bird. I could not help wondering what the idea was, why that devilish iteration and reiteration of "tonk" all night long; just as silly as the sizzling note of the never-silent cicadas.

Down in the village a Burmese woman was husking rice, beating it in a hollowed-out, drum-shaped wooden mortar with a stout pestle—"thump, thump, thump, kaswish, thump," the tiring rhythmic note an expostulation from wood and grain over the toil.

Then there was a new noise—"ugh-ugh"—between where I lay and the jungle; that little pig was going to market. If I had been waiting for pig it would have been promising; and, oddly enough, I hadn't thought of him as a nuisance, considering him more in the light of an unwitting decoy.

"Priceless" Comfort

SUMMED up in a word, the superiorities of the famous long Durham-Duplex Blades resolve themselves into a surpassing degree of shaving *comfort*—"priceless" to over eleven million He-men.

Interchangeable Blades
50c for package of 5

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, N. J.
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Paris; Toronto
Sales Representatives in all Countries

DURHAM-DUPLEX
The Razor for He-Men

How This Timer Helps a Ford
Satin-Smooth Contact Surface
—even after months of mileage, keeps Milwaukee-Timed Fords pulling evenly and powerfully. Milwaukee's hardened steel roller travels firmly and smoothly over the longest-wearing fiber race ever made. Contact points are sealed in place by patented method—oil-tight. The bronze brush assembly is carefully gauged for accurate alignment. These refinements are impossible in cheap timers.
QUICKER STARTS on chilly mornings; more power for deep snow and heavy going; longer trouble-free life that amply repays you for the extra dollar it costs!
Those are the reasons why millions of Milwaukee Timers have been sold—the reasons why you should put a Milwaukee on your Ford. Now, with winter ahead, your car needs more than ever the hotter sparks this famous timer sends to each cylinder.
There are cheaper timers. But the Milwaukee—at two dollars—assures you thousands of miles of faultless ignition, extra power, easier starting.
MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS, INC.
Milwaukee, Wis.
(Timer Builders for Over 18 Years)
MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS
Sold in every village, town and city at [illegible] and hardware stores and garages
$2.00
($2.75 in Canada)

No Other Knit Jacket Just Like a Tom Wye

Have you seen the new Tom Wye Brushed Worsted Sports Jacket? Or the practical military-pocket garment?

The exclusive Tom Wye stitch makes a fabric that drapes smoothly, tailors perfectly, and permits of smart designing. Pockets never bulge—no bunching or binding.

Tom Wye means well-dressed ease for men and women. Beautiful heather mixtures. See them at haberdashers, department and sporting goods stores.

TOM WYE, Inc., *Winchendon, Mass.*

Tom Wye

KNIT JACKET

Let Us Establish You In A Well-Paying Business

You Furnish: Only a few hours of your spare time each week.

We Furnish:

1. A complete outfit for immediate profitable work, *cost free.*
2. All the supplies and equipment you need, *without cost to you.*
3. Full instructions and tested money-bringing plans, *without charge.*
4. Display newspaper advertising over *your* name *at our expense.*

No Investment, No Experience Needed

Cash profits from the first day. Permanent ever-expanding business. Like other subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you can make as much as

$25.00 A Week Extra

CLIP HERE FOR DETAILS

The Curtis Publishing Company,
493 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Without obligation to me, please send details about that spare-time business offer.

Name *Street*

City *State*

I lay still, though things crawled on my neck and the straws stuck in my cheek.

Then I thought, "When I hear the pigs taking fright I'll know the leopard is coming."

But the pigs commenced to swarm; there may have been only three or four, but it seemed that the whole flat was alive. I don't know whether pigs have a good scent -I mean sense of smell -or not, or whether they have any at all; but I do know that one pig in that sounder had ideas about the little heap of straw under which I nestled. Perhaps he was only rooting around for rice, or perhaps he wanted to know what the something alive meant; and when he shoved his snout under my legs and gave them a thrusting throw I could stand the strain no longer, but jumped to my feet with a yell.

If I was startled, the pig was equally so; for with a jinking whirl and a "Waugh-waugh-waugh!" of alarm to his schoolmates, he was off.

Something of the absurdity of the whole thing dawned upon me, and I trudged back to the bungalow, where Mr. Cooke, our clerk, who was an old-timer in Burma, said, "My word, Mr. Fraser, it's a devilish jolly thing the pig didn't slit you up with his tusks! If it had been a boar you'd have suffered."

Of course, in a talk on animals, with reason versus instinct the contending factors, the elephant would necessarily be a star witness. Unfortunately, I had little personal contact with these jungle giants except through watching them working in the Rangoon sawmill yards. That, of course, simply showed what training will do; though there must be mind component parts, such as memory, an acquired knowledge that it is better to obey than disobey, a brain that subconsciously thinks or realizes the meaning of words through the channels of the ear, or physical action on the sensitive plate of the eye.

I saw a giant elephant come majestically along, a mahout sitting astride his neck, pick up his one whiffletree and hook around the end of a log the chain attached to the whiffletree; then he marched off with the log. There were scarcely any directions from the mahout. I saw another carry a big stick of squared timber held on his tusks by his trunk, deposit it on a pile of other timbers, then walk to the end of the pile, glance along the stick—perhaps he shut one eye for all I know—then go back and push one end in with his forehead; it was not lying straight with the others.

First Aid for a Baby Elephant

And these elephants belong to a union, I think. At any rate, while we were watching their marvelous labor the mill whistle blew the twelve-o'clock knock-off. The elephants did—instanter; no gang of bricklayers and hodcarriers could have done it better. I think if the big fellow had been carrying a stick of timber he would have dropped it. I'm sure he would; for one of the European managers told me that it would be really dangerous to endeavor to make one of the giants work, once the whistle had blown. As workmen the elephants knew their rights. They shuffled off in a side-wheel pace to the row of tubs that held their dinner. I think the food was a sort of pulse—gram likely—and there were bunches of hay for dessert.

Deva Raya, the Rajah of Naldanga, Jessor, in 1902, observed the birth of an elephant calf, and his description of it, strangely enough, would give both the instinct and the reason claimants evidence.

When the baby was born it was in a caul, a membranous sac, and lay perfectly still, without respiration or sign of life. The mother placed a forefoot upon the sac and burst it open. She then applied the principle of artificial respiration. She placed her forefoot on the chest of the calf, pressed with some force, then released the pressure, keeping this up until the baby commenced to breathe. Then she ceased and the little one rapidly came to life.

The line here between instinct and thinking is so nebulous that I hesitate to express an opinion. There is no doubt as to the authenticity of the narrative, for the rajah was a man to be believed.

The god Ganesha, son of Siva and Kali, though Kali is generally called Parvati, is the favorite god of villagers in India. There is rather a human streak in this. Just imagine a large pot-bellied gentleman with an enormous bulbous nose, the embodiment of good nature, and you've got Ganesha. In reality his head is the head of an elephant, and thus wise:

Siva accused his wife, Kali, of infidelity. He should have known better, for nobody with any sense would have fallen in love with the ugly, many-armed black goddess of cholera and other vindictive things. However, they had a deuce of a family row, and when Ganesha, the son, intervened on behalf of the mother, Siva promptly lopped off his head with a sword. Then Kali—or, as the natives who will tell you this legend call her, Parvati—refused to have anything to do with Siva, being full of sorrow for the death of Ganesha. Siva, full of remorse, and afraid of friend wife, sent an army forth to search for an animal that slept with his head to the north, with orders to bring in his head when found. The army returned with the head of an elephant. It was popped onto Ganesha's neck, he came to life, and became the god of good luck, the friend of the villager—Ganesh, as they call him.

Any native will tell you that this is a perfectly true story, and who am I to say that it is not?

Trapping and Noosing

There are three distinct ways of acquiring wild elephants -the drive of a herd into a big log-walled keddah, as in Siam; the pit trap, as used by the Indian Government in Northern India; and by noosing them, as practiced in perfection by a tribe of hillmen in Ceylon. The drive into the keddah is much like the corral drive of buffalo as practiced by our American Indians. The pit trap is an oblong hole dug on the jungle runway of wild elephants.

Many years ago there was a distinct elephant path that ran all across Northern India south of the Himalayas, with branching paths that ran down into Assam, Nepal, Bengal and lands to the west. The pits were dug ten or twelve feet deep, with straight walls, and covered over with sticks, leaves, grass and earth. When an elephant walked into one of these traps, and was discovered by the patrol that almost daily inspected the pits, he was shackled by leg and neck to two tame elephants and gradually lifted from the pit; that is, billets of wood, broken limbs, were thrown in until he gradually acquired footing that enabled him to walk out. It only took about six weeks to convince the captured elephant that civilization was an all-right sort of thing.

The native hillmen who captured elephants simply for food had a more cruel method. They filled their pits with sharp, spearlike bamboos. They even had a devilish overhanging spear with a heavy weight attached that descended to pierce the elephant's back as, passing underneath, he tripped it. Then again there was the poisoned arrow; its head coated with the deadly venom obtained by sticking it into a piece of meat a cobra had struck time and again when held captive in a heated pot.

The noosers of Ceylon were marvelously adept—a certain tribe of hillmen the name of which I have forgotten. When an elephant hunt was on, of perhaps a hundred men, four who had been elevated to the peerage of noosers would carry, slung over the left shoulder, a rawhide noose, probably fifty feet long; nearer a hundred, I fancy. They were brave, cool-headed men who depended on their agility. When a herd was tracked down the noosers would take up the running and endeavor to throw the noose so as to catch the hind foot of a fleeing elephant. If it did, one would dart around a tree with the long rawhide and his companions would lay hold of it. The stretchy swing of the line, with its give, would act on the elephant's weight as a six-ounce rod might hold the rushing pull of a twenty-pound salmon. Before the elephant knew what had happened he probably would light on his nose; and with his feet waving in the air, another rawhide noose would have been made fast. Moored fore and aft, the elephant generally had to give in, being later on towed into port by two tame elephants.

Sometimes an unfortunate nooser paid the penalty of death, generally when overconfident. I have an account of where one of these hillmen, darting in under the elephant's head to noose him by a foreleg after he had been snared behind, was outwitted by the hathi. In avoiding the trunk that darted out like the uncoil of a serpent, he sprang to one side and a foreleg shot out in a side kick; and the nooser fell twenty

(Continued on Page 168)

Important Announcement to Insurance Policyholders

The Metropolitan Life and twenty-nine other progressive companies offer periodic health examinations by the Life Extension Institute FREE to 2,000,000 policyholders

IS YOUR COMPANY AMONG THEM?

THIS voluntary offer by these companies of a free, periodic health examination through such a well-known national organization as the Life Extension Institute, is one of the most important developments in life insurance in the last decade.

For the Metropolitan Life and the twenty-nine other companies named here are now offering you *life* insurance in the biggest, broadest sense of the word. Without a penny of additional cost they are actually *helping you to live* in addition to paying the usual death benefit. There could be no greater gift to you personally than this.

How to Keep Well

THE best way to keep well is to get a health examination of the entire body at certain stated periods, so that disease may be searched out in its beginning and either checked or cured before it is too late. The Life Extension Institute has specialized in just such examinations for ten years.

The Life Extension Institute, as you may know, is a semi-philanthropic organization. It was founded in 1913, with the co-operation of Harold A. Ley, Professor Irving Fisher, former President Taft, Robert W. de Forest, Eugene Lyman Fisk, M.D., and other forward-looking men of affairs. (Mr. Taft was Chairman of the Board of Directors until his appointment as Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, when he resigned.)

These pioneers gathered about them, as a Hygiene Reference Board, one hundred of the leading physicians and scientists of this and other countries. This Board has remained practically intact for ten years and has served absolutely without compensation.

Because of its high ideals, the character of men behind it, and the practical value of its work, the Life Extension Institute was selected by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company as far back as 1913 as an organization highly qualified to give periodic health examinations to its policyholders.

Death Rate Greatly Reduced

AT the end of five and one-half years a careful check-up was made to see if these examinations really did help to prolong life. The results were almost unbelievable!

Under age 30 there was a saving of 17% mortality. Between 30 and 40, the saving was 15%. Between 40 and 50, it was 22%. Between 50 and 60, it was 53%. And between 60 and 70, it was 14%. In a group of policyholders who were found by examination to be seriously impaired *(many of whom were unaware of their impairment)* the saving in mortality was 54%.

These figures did more than perhaps any other one thing to show that a periodic health examination is a definite, practical, common-sense way to forestall disease and suffering, and not only live a longer life, but what is equally important, a happier, healthier life.

To-day, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company not only continues to give these health examinations by the Institute free to policyholders, but the following twenty-nine other companies are likewise co-operating in this great national movement to prolong life:—

Cedar Rapids Life—Cedar Rapids
Columbus Mutual Life—Columbus
Federal Reserve Life—Kansas City, Kansas
Fort Worth Life—Fort Worth
Franklin Life—Springfield, Ill.
George Washington Life—Charleston, West Virginia
Guarantee Fund Life Association—Omaha
Guaranty Life—Davenport, Iowa
Guardian Life of America—New York
Inter-Southern Life—Louisville
Liberty Life—Chicago
Liberty Life of Kansas—Topeka
Merchants Life—Des Moines
Midland—St. Paul
Midland Mutual Life—Columbus
Midwest Life of Lincoln—Nebraska
Mutual Life of Canada—Waterloo, Ontario
National Reserve Life—Topeka
Ohio State Life—Columbus
Ontario Equitable Life and Accident—Waterloo, Ontario
Oregon Life—Portland, Oregon
Penn Mutual Life—Philadelphia
Prairie Life—Omaha
Royal Union Mutual Life—Des Moines
Southeastern Life—Greenville, S. C.
Standard Life of America—Pittsburgh
Union Central Life—Cincinnati
Volunteer State Life—Chattanooga
Wisconsin National Life—Oshkosh

Findings Are Confidential

There are four points which should be emphasized right here in connection with these Life Extension Institute health examinations:

① This examination is entirely independent of any life insurance company except that the insurance company pays the bill. It has nothing whatever to do with your application for insurance. Its sole purpose is to make you healthier and prolong your life.

② The examination is free, without cost to policyholders. It includes a thorough examination of entire body, chemical and microscopical examination of the urine, reports covering any needed change in living habits, suggestions as to any possible need of medical treatment, and many other valuable recommendations. No medical treatment is included in the Institute's work.

③ The findings are *absolutely confidential* between the Institute and policyholder. They are not accessible to any insurance company or to anyone else.

④ The Institute has 8000 examining physicians especially qualified for this work in the important towns and cities throughout the country. So wherever you live you can arrange for these examinations. The work of the Life Extension Institute is world wide.

Have You Been Examined?

MORE than 150,000 policyholders in the companies named have been examined by the Institute in the last ten years—a tremendous number. But many, many others, to whom the privilege was offered, have neglected for one reason or another to take advantage of it.

Don't put it off too long! Delay takes deadly toll when it concerns matters of health. There is nothing more important for you to do to-day than to mail the coupon to your insurance company or agent and find out how you can secure a Life Extension Institute examination.

It is absolutely free—yet it may be the means of adding five to twenty useful years to your life. *"Do it now."*

Fill out and mail this to your insurance company or agent if you are insured in any of the companies listed above.

Please tell me if I am entitled to a Life Extension Institute health examination under the terms of my life insurance policy with your company.

Name _____

Address _____

LIFE EXTENSION INSTITUTE, INC.

25 W. 43d Street — GET YOURSELF EXAMINED — New York, N. Y.

If you are not insured in any of the companies here named, but are interested in a periodic health examination, write direct to us for detailed information and interesting booklet, *"Neglect of the Human Machine."*

Learn Electricity

Electrical Experts Earn $12 to $30 a Day

Now you earn $20 or $30 or $40 a week. In the same six days as an Electrical Expert you could make $70 to $90 and make it easier—not work half so hard. Why remain in the small-pay game, in a line of work that offers no chance, no big promotion, no big income, no "boosing" job.

Be an "Electrical Expert"!

Today every man who knows the whys and wherefores of electricity—Electrical Experts—who is picked to "boss" others, is certain to boss the Big Jobs—the Jobs that pay.

$3,500 to $10,000 a Year

Get in line for one of these "Big Pay Jobs" by enrolling now for my easily-learned, quickly-grasped, right-up-to-the-minute, Spare-Time Home Study Course in Practical Electricity.

Age or Lack of Experience No Draw-Back

You don't have to be a High School graduate—it is not even necessary that you should have finished the grade. As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I will give you that training. My Course in Electricity is the most complete and practical in existence, and any man of average age, education and ambition can become an Electrical Expert easily and quickly by my simple, proven way.

Earn While You Learn

While studying I show you how to make money in your spare time (and from the start this way). I show you, also, how to get started in business for yourself, and help you get started.

FREE—Electrical Working Outfit

You don't need tools. I furnish a complete outfit of tools, instruments and materials. Free. Also Free Employment Service. Also Free Membership in Chicago Engineering Works Electrical Association. All these and many other big features are given to you. Mail coupon for full particulars. Do it now. This is the greatest value ever given by any School.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed by a Million Dollar Institution

I absolutely guarantee to return every penny paid me in tuition if when you have finished my Course you are not entirely satisfied that it is the best investment you ever made. Be a Cooke Trained Man and get into the big pay class at once!

Investigate! Mail Coupon

Get the Vital Facts. Let me send you *free* my big new book on The Future of Electricity. Let me tell you about my Course and my plan for making you a practical Electrical Expert. Mail coupon now!

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
Chicago Engineering Works, Inc.
Dept. 1208, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail Coupon for FREE Book

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer, Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 1208, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Send me entirely free and fully prepaid, your book, the "Vital Facts" of Electricity, also full particulars on how I can become an Electrical Expert.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation ..... Age .....

The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man

(Continued from Page 166)

feet away, just a bag of crushed bones. One would deem it incredible that those postlike forelegs of an elephant could deliver such terrific, lightninglike kicks, but they can.

The speed of elephants is another burning subject when hunters of big game get together. Of course, it's a vital thing, and a man should really know with a full degree of certainty that he can outrun a charging elephant before he tries it. A fleeing man is a direct invitation for even a jack rabbit to commit assault and battery.

There should be a book of records such as is kept about the performances of running and trotting horses, and the hunter of big game should carry such a book with the thousand and one other trinkets he is advised to carry by the general sporting writer. Selous, the great African shikari, tells that he often outran charging elephants. Sanderson, who had a wonderful knowledge of Indian animals, says that the elephant can attain a dazzling pace of fifteen miles an hour for very short distances. He thinks that a good runner might keep in front on a smooth piece of turf, but in the rough jungle flight would be unavailing.

Once I spent a day or two at one of the wonderful Indian horse fairs. It was held at a small town, the name of which I have forgotten, not far from Meerut. These horse fairs are extraordinary things. The exhibit in divers animals and natives is very much as if ten great Midways were merged in one. One of the events was a race for elephants—once around the course, which was a half mile. About six elephants started. I had a stop watch, and luckily remembered to time them, having a curiosity over the endless discussion as to their speed limit. They broke away as calmly, as sedately, as well behaved as six canal boats. The jockeys, their mahouts, rode for blood. Tod Sloan and Snapper Garrison in their palmiest days had nothing on the jocks astride the necks of those thoroughbreds. Whip and spur—that is to say, the combined thing, a goad like a fish spear, was wielded. The jocks kicked their mounts in the ears with iron-ringed toes, they yelled blasphemous words, calling their mounts the misbegotten sons of jungle swine and decrepit asses; they flattered them, the man in the lead calling on God to witness that his mount was raj bahadur—an honored king; he was, indeed, Ganesha, the elephant-headed god.

And jockeys who jostled, who tried to ride others into the fence—which was really a circle of gigantic aloe hedge, blades that would cut like a sword—or pocket them were threatened with the boat hook, the goad. It surely was a race on the level, with each jockey quite ready to murder the others.

The Roughsedge Report

They swung into the stretch at the same terrific pace. Of course, if it had been horses one might have said that a blanket would cover the lot, but because of their size a circus tent would have been required to do it. The excitement in the stand was terrific. It was a picture out of the dead ages—prehistoric monsters, a flock of them, racing across the earth till it trembled.

Halfway up the home stretch two hoary-headed old villains shooed out onto the course a baby elephant just in front of the racing monsters. The little chap had his trumpet up, and I fancy he tooted "Mamma"—it was a race for all sexes. At any rate, a big rubberlike nose patted him on the rump, and, a length in the lead, the little chap raced for the finish line. Whether it was chivalry on the part of the older steeds or the fear of a wallop from the mother, I can't say; but the babe passed under the wire a winner. He seemed to realize it too. He gave little toots of joy, or perhaps it was derision, from his flexible trumpet.

Subconsciously I had stopped the watch as the flyers passed me. When I looked I saw they had made the half mile in two minutes thirty seconds. As the course had probably never been officially measured, I suspect this wouldn't be accepted as a record. However, there we have it—as related to man. A man would necessarily need to be in good condition to run the half mile in two-thirty.

There was an illusive effect about the whole thing. Being so majestic, one would have conjectured that the elephants were not traveling faster than the fast walk of a man; and the pace was a curious shuffle, not quite the true side-wheel movement of a pacing horse. It suggested the very ancient native belief that an elephant was a creature without joints in his legs, and slept leaning up against a tree.

Tucked away in an old file of the military department in India is a grotesque account of shikar, written by Captain Roughsedge of Hazaribagh. The wording of an official report in India is an academic joy, a thing of ramifications. I read one once. A deputy assistant remount official had been requested by his chief to report on saddles. He filled several pages with a dissertation on grasses as affecting horses; on proper oils for hoofs as related to the dry, hard soil; the proper crosses to produce cavalry mounts; in fact, he ramified all over India and horsedom; and at the end, in a little space, so to speak, fitted the horse's back to a certain kind of saddle. All that being so, Roughsedge's report runs to the effect that:

Two gigantic wild elephants had made their appearance within a few hundred yards of the cantonments and were terrorizing the natives. The captain sent out service elephants and men, but the jungle hathis trimmed the tame ones, knocking one flat and nearly killing his mahout. Then they retreated to a big patch of sugar cane. The captain, anxious to capture the elephants alive, had two trap pits dug at the edge of the sugar cane. Then, with a big line of beaters and trained elephants, the two jungle hathis were driven into the pits. One pit proved not sufficiently deep. The elephant escaped from that one, and turning about helped his mate out of the other pit by giving him a hand with his trunk. Then the two leather-coated giants stuck their tongues in their cheeks and shuffled back to the cane field.

Where Old Elephants Go

The captain surrounded this with beaters and started to prepare deeper and better pits through the night. But at four o'clock in the morning the hathis, satiated with the toothsome cane, and knowing quite well what Roughsedge was up to, broke through the line of beaters, sweeping them to one side like chaff, and trotted off to a near-by village, preceded by a couple of sowars on horseback, who galloped to warn the villagers. The elephants played skittles with the little huts, unroofing them, and caught one poor unfortunate man who had not escaped, tearing him limb from limb.

Roughsedge now saw that he would have to destroy the murderous elephants; and as they showed no disposition to leave the village, in which they had found delicious things to eat, he brought from the barracks two four-pounder guns. The gunners poured round shot into the two giants. One of them was brought to the ground by a round shot in the head—but he was soon up again, as vigorous as ever.

The elephants made repeated charges at the guns, and the captain asserts that if the men had not been steady trained artillerymen there would have been serious casualties.

Finally the two were killed. One of them measured in height eleven feet and the other ten feet. Nineteen four-pound shots were taken from their bodies. Even a four-pound iron shot going through an elephant's head, though it might stun him so that he would fall, would not necessarily kill him. An elephant's brain is about the size of a teacup, and is held in a massive soft-bone structure that a bullet has little effect on.

In India it is well established that the skeleton of an elephant is never found in the jungles; nor a body, unless it carries the evidence of having been killed by a bullet or a poisoned arrow, or is discovered in some old forgotten pit trap—deep, straight-walled pits that were dug by men on elephant runways. This mystery of the disappearance of elephant skeletons in a country that up to a few years ago held immense herds has never been cleared up.

Elephants live to a fine old age, not coming to maturity until they are twenty-five; but they certainly die sometime. The natives of Northeast India—all the eastern part, in fact—know where they go to die, where their gigantic mausoleum is. It is situated in a valley away off in the upper Chittagong Hills, the Umratong Range, and is a bottomless brine swamp. When an elephant anywhere in India feels death coming on he makes his way to this burial ground, walks into it and disappears forever. At any rate, this is about as logical

AMERICAN OAK LEATHER CO.

Upholstery Leather

You will find it in the best automobiles and on the finest furniture. Containing all the excellence of our unequaled tannage, this upholstery leather has attained a beauty of finish and design unsurpassed, because it is made of the highest quality of hides selected especially for size, toughness and freedom from slaughter marks.

Leather is a common sense material for automobile upholstery. It is dust and grease proof—easily cleaned. It will not collect germs. Rain will not spot nor injure it. American Oak Leather has stood the test of almost half a century because it is

"FOUNDED ON INTEGRITY"

The furniture of the library, den or club, is almost invariably leather covered. This is because men like the luxurious comfort of leather upholstery. They are partial to the "old leather chair" with its feel of stability and its look of quality.

What is true of leather in automobiles is true of leather upholstery in chairs and divans. No dust, germs, spots, nor fragility. Age only improves and beautifies leather upholstery.

Manufacturers using upholstery leather for Automobiles, Carriages and Furniture are invited to write us for sample book.

THE AMERICAN OAK LEATHER CO.
CINCINNATI

ST. LOUIS CHICAGO BOSTON LOUISVILLE

Nothing Takes The Place of Leather

Free Book

Easy to Play
Easy to Pay

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band, how to play from cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

The Buescher Saxophone is the easiest of all wind instruments to play. With the aid of the first three lessons, which are sent free (upon request) with each Saxophone, you can play a few weeks you will be playing popular music. The Saxophone is the most popular instrument for Home Entertainment, Church Lodge or School or for Orchestra Dance Music.

EASY TO PAY Buescher's FREE TRIAL of any instrument you may select from catalog is prompt. Easy payments can be arranged. Mention instrument in which you are interested and complete catalog will be mailed free.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything In Band and Orchestra Instruments
594 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

25c THE STUDENT'S ATLAS Worth $1.00

is a new and valuable collection of maps needed by everybody—maps, printed in five colors, of the WORLD AS IT IS TODAY, the GRAND DIVISIONS and a large scale railway map of the UNITED STATES and CANADA occupying [illegible] inches. All the new nations are shown while their national flags are included [illegible] New Census Figures. 16 pages [illegible] Price, postpaid, 25c in stamps.

An unusual opportunity is offered for making money by selling [illegible] your spare time [illegible] papers, housewives and school children buy readily. Send 25c at once for complete atlas, plan of distribution, prize offers, etc.

C. S. Hammond & Co. Publishers, 32 Church Street, (Hudson Terminal) New York

The Difference

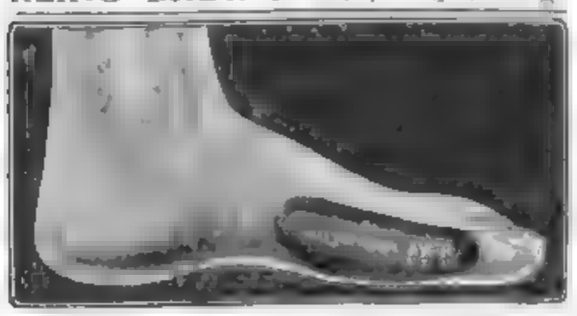
will impress you—the feel, the weight, the hand finish, the generous comfort—the choice of Nature's product fabricated into a garment of beauty that will protect and serve.

"Klingmade"
SWEATERS

Durable As Grandma's Knitting

Sturdy, athletic models, reinforced across shoulders, where strain of wear is severe; big collar—pockets knitted in (not sewed on). Coats and slipovers popularly priced for all members of the family. It pays to insist on *Klingmade*. Write us for folder and dealer's name.

KLING BROS. & CO., Inc., Chicago



BUNIONS *can be relieved and reduced*

There's no need to suffer the torture of tender, aching bunions and enlarged toe joints or the annoyance of bulging, unsightly shoes. Nearly 100,000 bunion sufferers get relief from this pain and deformity every year through the use of Dr Scholl's Bunion Reducer

[illegible] device is a specially moulded shield of soft, flesh antiseptic rubber. It removes the pressure [illegible] Dr Scholl's [illegible] Remedy for every foot trouble.

Write for free book, "The Feet and Their Care", and a sample of Dr Scholl's Zino-pads for corns [illegible] The Scholl Mfg. Co., Dept 1011, 213 W [illegible] St Chicago

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

an explanation of the considered phenomenon as I have read.

The pantheon of the Hindus is veritably a zoo—thronged with animal dominators. Much of this has been adopted into Brahmanism from the cruder jungle faiths of the aborigines. And the Gonds worship the tiger as a sacred being. All over India natives stand in awe of Stripes, seldom speaking of him by name—very much as a witness in court, or more so a prisoner, would not say Mr. Brown to the judge, though that might be the judge's name. The native will say, even in a subdued voice, "My uncle," meaning the tiger, or "Bahadur"—His Honor. And if one of them met a tiger face to face on a path he would address the striped one as Your Honor or Your Highness, and one could hardly blame him.

The natives believe that if a circlet, a necklace, is made of tiger claws and placed around a girl's neck it will protect her from all evil. If a sportsman kills a tiger he'll have to look sharp or the shikaris and the beaters will steal all the big cat's mustaches as charms against danger.

There is a curious belief extant that each year a tiger adds one lobe to his liver, which gives him, of course, great strength. And just about that, it's a curious fact that when a native explains that he was badly frightened he declares that his liver turned to water

Tigers and leopards have in the shoulder a clavicle bone, shaped somewhat like a drawn-out letter C, or perhaps a boomerang; and a north countryman, a Punjabi, will give something for one of these little bones, for it will insure the fidelity of his wife—at least he believes it will.

When it comes to what might be called folklore stories about animals, of course one can't speak of personal knowledge; and there must always be a doubt as to the reliability; but, also, these nebulous stories somehow convey atmospheric touches that are more or less epitomized from many events. The natives of India believe that when a tiger kills a man the victim's bhut ghost—rides astride the tiger's back and warns him of danger.

A rather gruesome story of this nature is related in the Northwest Provinces. A man had been killed by a tiger, and partly eaten when the animal was driven off by the villagers. They then got the deputy commissioner sahib to come and shoot the tiger. Under his instructions they built a machan in a tree just beside the dead native, and at dusk the sahib took his place in this. About ten o'clock he saw, in the moonlight, the tiger stealthily approaching to finish off his kill—the dead native. But just as Stripes was within killing distance, the sahib saw the dead Hindu sit up and point an arm and hand toward him in the machan. Of course, the tiger, thus warned, slunk back into the jungle.

Then the sahib climbed down and with forked sticks pegged down the dead Hindu's arms, climbing back into the machan, curious as to what would happen. About three o'clock the tiger returned, feeling quite sure the sahib would have gone home. He crept stealthily forward, and as this time there was no warning from the pegged-down Hindu, he came close enough for the sahib to place a soft-nosed .450 bullet just behind his shoulder blade, a direct line to his heart.

What Happened to Doctor Sen

That I don't believe this story is true does not abrogate the rights of perhaps fifty millions of Hindus who do believe it.

We can believe that Peter Pan lived in Kensington Gardens. Why shouldn't we? Do we lose anything by believing it? I should say not—we gain!

So, if we believe with the Hindus that Doctor Sen did the following half-foolish thing we lose nothing:

Doctor Sen—his name runs into about six unpronounceable affixes, such as Jogendranath, and so on—and his wife were walking in the jungle one day, when he saw a leopard approaching. To his wife he said, "Do not be afraid, for I have here"—he drew from his pocket a little package—"two powders. I'll take this one, which will change me into a tiger, and you will hold this other one; and when the leopard has run away, give it to me and I will change back to what I am—a man."

He took the powder and immediately became changed into a ferocious, snarling tiger. The leopard, frightened, slunk off into the jungle; but the wife, also frightened, ran, dropping the powder; and so this Doctor Sen remained for many years a bhut tiger—that is, a spirit tiger, to frighten and devour poor villagers.

In the appalling figures contained in the government reports published in the Gazette of India for any year one can read of the tremendous murderous conflict that goes on forever and ever between, we'll say, reason and instinct. If we credit animals with the power to think, we may call it the battle of wits.

Taken all around, in the scheme of creation and preservation, the man in India is handicapped. He has been created practically unarmed; and the sircar, in defense of the ruling powers, keeps from his hand the artificial arm—the gun. The jungle slayers are armed tooth and nail—poison and power; and in the way of stealth, cunning, patient vindictiveness, the animal has it all over man.

In 1899 no fewer than 2956 human beings were killed by wild animals. Tigers accounted for 899; wolves, 338; leopards, 327; bears, 95; elephants, 40; hyenas, 27. Other animals, crocodiles and jackals chiefly, killed 1230.

Several tigers have a record of many kills. In Vizagapatam one man-eater killed 30; in Bhamo, Burma, another man-eater killed 30; in the Cachar Hills 12 people were killed by a single tiger; at Mirzapur another man-eater killed 30. The number of deaths from wolves, 338, is interesting in view of the present controversy as to whether wolves will attack and kill human beings or not. In that year a pack of wolves became so destructive around Cawnpore that special rewards were offered, and hunts organized; but the pack outwitted the huntsmen.

But the terrible toll of human life is taken by the one that was ordained to be crushed by the heel of man the serpent. In 1899, some 24,621 human lives were wiped out by this silent, small, gliding thing against which the barelegged native is so helpless and against the venom of which there is no prophylactic.

Serpents and Man-Eaters

There is nothing so terrible in its swiftness and certainty of death as the fluid that squirts through the groove in the cobra's fang. This death roll was about 4000 higher than the average and was accounted for by the fact that through the lower delta of Bengal there had been heavy floods that drove the snakes to the higher levels upon which the villages were built.

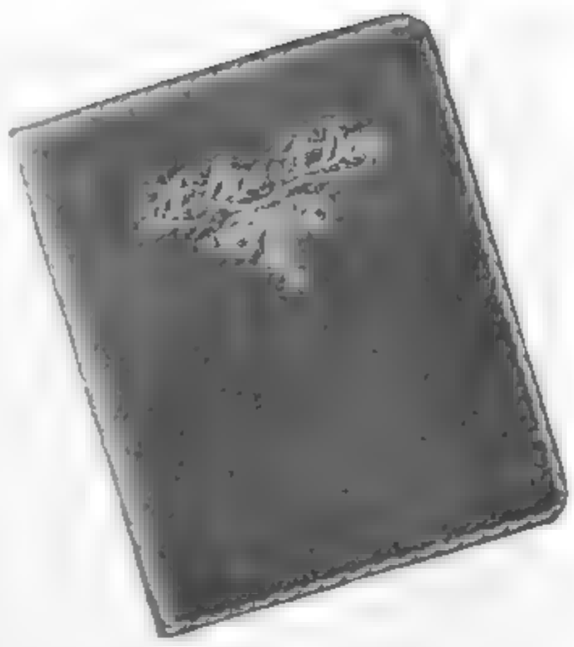
The account on the other side of the ledger—that is to say, the death of jungle slayers reads for 1899: Wild animals, total 19,776—tigers, 1570; leopards, 4548; wolves, 2317; and others. Rewards were paid for 94,548 snakes.

A matter of killing almost as serious to the native as the loss of his own life is the slaying of cattle by the jungle outlaws—for that one year, 98,686. The tiger and the leopard ran each other pretty close in destruction. The tiger killed 34,321, and the leopard 37,986.

It must be remembered that practically all the man-eating tigers are killed by British sportsmen. The natives attribute supernatural powers to a man-eater; they think he absorbs the spirit of his victim, he becomes sacred. I have an account of an official who was thwarted at every step by the zamindar of a village when he went there to slay a tiger that had become a veritable scourge. The zamindar ordered him away, saying that the striped beast was sacred, that he was the village guardian, that no other leopard or tiger could come on his hunting ground; and that if they spoke words of praise to the sacred one and gave him an occasional hela—young bullock—he would not molest them. The zamindar secretly told the natives not to act as beaters; and when, finally, the official did line up beaters, they let the tiger break through without the toot of a horn or the crack of a stick on a tree trunk to turn him back. However, the sahib finally planted a soft-nosed bullet just back of Stripes' shoulder and it was all over. The villagers could hardly believe it, for they thought the tiger could not be killed.

Sometimes it is not all superstition on the part of the zamindar; he capitalizes the thing. When a ryot's bullocks are killed he has to buy another pair, and to do this, being always poor, he has to borrow money at a rate of perhaps 5 per cent a month from the zamindar. This always ends one way—the ryot is a slave for life to the zamindar, and the courts will not free him.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr Fraser



Did you ever forget your wife's birthday?

OR YOUR wedding anniversary? *And been hearing about it ever since?* Then here is a sure way NOT to forget it next year. Suppose her birthday is November 3, you start an "A-Line-A-Day" Book now, and under date of November 2, 1924, you write, "Wife's birthday tomorrow—don't forget to buy her a present!" When you turn over the page next year, there is your reminder.

An A-Line-A-Day is excellent for reminding you of any social or business obligation that has to be attended to in the future.

Recording the past

AN A-LINE-A-DAY will also readily answer the often-asked question, "What did I do a year ago today?" You do not have to thumb through a lot of pages for the answer, because each page has space for a record of the same day for five consecutive years. What you wrote a year ago today is just above what you write today.

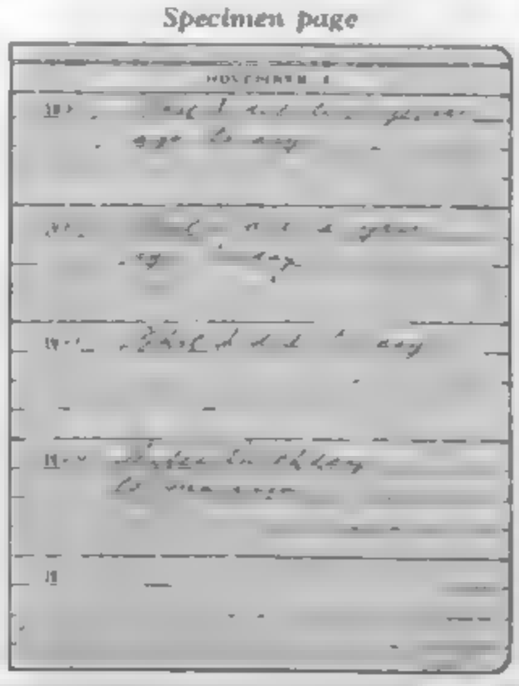
Use an A-Line-A-Day for a record of travels, the weather, crops, business or social events, and future obligations. An excellent gift or prize. At stationers', department stores, gift shops or direct. ($1.00 to $10.00.) Start one now. Send for descriptive circular.

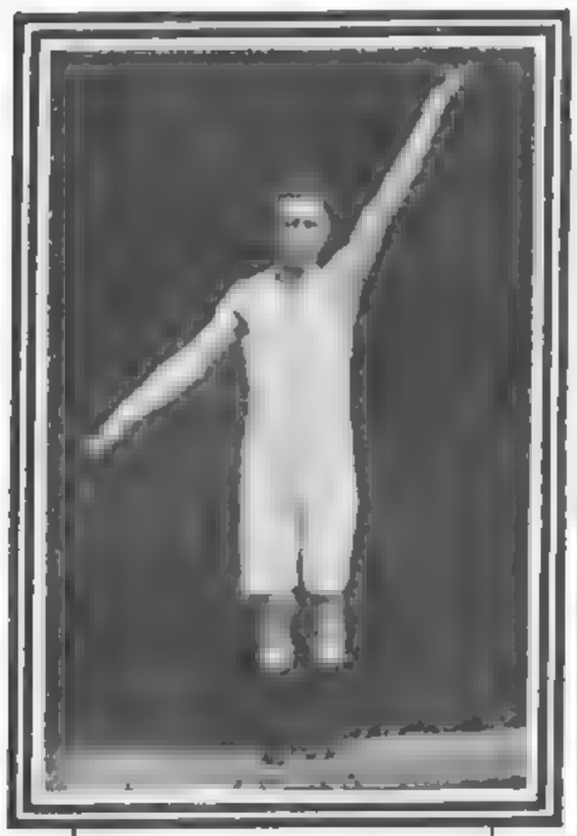
SAMUEL WARD MANUFACTURING CO.
299 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.
New York Chicago San Francisco

WARD'S
A-LINE-A-DAY
REGISTERED BOOK TRADE MARK

A five year comparative record

Specimen page





Write for our FREE BOOK—"Short Lengths"—for Men who Want to Keep Fit.

That the remarkable new Winter Underwear [illegible] modification and combination of former undergarment extremes—is filling a hitherto unfilled need among Men and Boys, is evidenced by the hundreds of unsolicited testimonials constantly being received from wearers.

For example—

"I purchased two suits last Fall as an experiment, somewhat doubtful of their utility in extreme cold weather, but my fears were groundless. I have never worn more delightfully comfortable underwear."

"Exactly my idea of a long felt want. For several years I've been seeking Winter underwear with [illegible] qualities such as are combined in yours."

I have also found the change from loose fitting Summer Underwear to long tight fitting Winter Underwear very irksome. But with "Amho" necessity for this former discomfort has been eliminated."

Your advertisement was correct in stating 'Something Men Have Always Wanted.' Until now I have had to cut off sleeves and legs of my winter underwear with scissors."

Warmth without Weight
Freedom without Danger

Why do YOU continue to shiver in clammy underclothing or swelter in heavier weight than your body needs, when [illegible] happy, healthy medium between "too little" and "too much" is now available?

AMHO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WINTER ATHLETIC

The ORIGINAL knee-length, sleeveless, loose-fitting Union Suit KNIT of highest grade WOOL and Cotton mixed.

Ask for it at any high-grade Men's Shop, Department Store, or Dry Goods House. Your choice of various weights, in natural color or white. Boys' and Youths' sizes up to 36. Men's sizes up to 56.

[illegible] Insist on imitations. Be sure you get the original and genuine [illegible] trademark.

American Hosiery Company

NEW KNIT

AMERICAN COÖPERATION FOR WORLD PEACE

Continued from Page 29

assumption is that it fails to distinguish between a government of delegated and limited powers, like that of the United States, and those governments in which the whole volume of sovereignty is inherent. The British Parliament may make any law it pleases, because, with the king, it is a sovereign body with unlimited authority. It was never intended by the founders of the American Union that such absolute authority should have any place in it. On the contrary, by delegating only certain limited powers and reserving all others to the states or to the people—in whom alone sovereignty is recognized as residing—it was designed to eliminate all absolutism from government. It is one of the chief blessings which the American Constitution assures to posterity, that there is in the Government of the United States no authority to contract away, in the interest of other nations, the lives and the property of American citizens in the attempt to settle their quarrels or to prevent them from fighting for what they consider their rights, if they choose to do so.

The League's Court

Though the United States by a long series of arbitration treaties, by the conventions of The Hague and by its efforts to establish an international court of justice, which it was the first nation in the world officially to propose, is fully committed to the principle of the judicial settlement of disputes, its relation to the so-called Permanent Court of International Justice established by the League of Nations cannot be properly considered without taking into account the connection of that Court with the League.

It is established beyond controversy:

(1) That the Court derives its authority primarily from the Covenant of the League and from legislation by the Council and Assembly of the League, by which its judges are chosen, paid and constituted a court;

(2) That the Statute of the Court does not embody the most important recommendations of the committee of jurists consulted by the League;

(3) That all the nations thus far participating in the Court do so, without exception, explicitly in the terms of the Protocol, as Members of the League;

(4) That the Covenant of the League, embodying a wholly new system of international relations, is the fundamental law for this Court when the Council or Assembly seeks its opinion; and

(5) That the United States can have no part in the election of judges, unless its representatives sit for that purpose with the Council and the Assembly—that is, with the League.

It is therefore at least problematical if the Government of the United States can consistently participate in the so-called Permanent Court of International Justice, so long as it retains its present exclusive relations to the League and its Covenant.

The Relation of the Court to Peace

So far as any plan to coöperate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world is concerned, it is clear that the League's Court has but slight relation to the peace of the world. The reasons for this are:

(1) That the Statute of the Court does not bind the governments to submit any case unless they choose to do so;

(2) That not even all the justiciable cases—that is, cases that can be settled by law—can be brought before the Court by the State whose rights are violated;

(3) That there is therefore no sure redress through the Court against the illegal conduct of a State that prefers to decide a dispute for itself by its superior force;

(4) That the condition of international law is at present so incomplete that it does not afford the necessary clear rules of action by which many important differences can be judicially adjudicated;

(5) That the League of Nations has rejected the American proposal, sustained by its own Committee of Jurists, for the revision and improvement of international law;

(6) That if strictly legal cases cannot be brought to trial by a nation that is wronged, there is little prospect that cases where great national interests are involved which might lead to war will be submitted to the Court.

It may therefore be concluded that the pretension that the League's Court is in any way more of a law court than the Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration, in which the United States is a member, or that it offers any greater security of peace, is entirely illusory. To this must be added that the Covenant of the League, which is a fundamental law for the League's Court, in Article XX is accepted as "abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof"—thus substituting this compact for the rules of international law not in harmony with it, and making the Covenant the determining standard.

The Hague Conferences

The two conferences held at The Hague in 1899 and 1907 were designed to remedy the uncertainty of international rules of action by the gradual embodiment of definite principles of the law of nations in formal treaties, which, after their ratification, would bind the ratifying governments to observe their provisions. Thus there was begun the formation of a *corpus juris* which in time might result in a system of voluntarily accepted rules of action in the light of which a government could know in advance what would be judged internationally legal, and a court could find a solid basis for declaring the law.

Unhappily, the temper of the war period caused the equable development of law and judicial adjudication to be disregarded, and the enforcement of peace by the combination of armed power was conceived of as a substitute for law and court decisions. There is in the Covenant of the League of Nations no provision for the improvement of international law and not even any clear mention of it as a binding rule. The recommendation of the Committee of Jurists that conferences be held for the clarification and extension of international law, to which reference has been made as originally an American proposal, was rejected by the Council and Assembly of the League in legislating upon the Statute of the Court. It is impossible to escape the inference that, in place of the method of improving international law by the conference of jurists, it is intended that the Court shall be guided by the quasi legislation of the Council and the Assembly, which are merely political bodies. When it is asserted that such quasi legislation does not become effective unless the members of the League accept it, it requires to be recalled that, after all, the Council and the Assembly, as closed and exclusive bodies, are not competent to make international law, which is the business of the whole society of sovereign states.

A Supergovernment

At this point a fundamental principle of vast consequence comes into view: A court which judges without defined and accepted law, merely in accordance with its own sense of fitness or the decrees of a political body, is in its very nature a supergovernment, for it does not merely declare the law, which is the proper business of a court, but makes the law by its own unregulated action.

On the other hand, a court which bases its decisions upon definite rules of action, voluntarily agreed upon or accepted by the litigants, has none of the qualities of a supergovernment. In adhering to such a court there is no surrender or transfer of a nation's sovereignty, which by its own acceptance of a rule of action has simply expressed the sovereign will to observe the law thus agreed upon.

The problem of enforcement is closely bound up with this distinction. To enforce upon a people a law that it has not accepted but which is merely the decree of an arbitrary body—especially a court composed almost exclusively of foreigners representing various forms of jurisprudence—would inevitably require a strong executive, and even armed force. But a judicial declaration of a clear law that has

Continued on Page 172

"A kind for every purpose"

MultiKopy Noiseless

Made especially for use on Noiseless Typewriters. Produces beautiful, clear cut copies of good color strength. Copies will last as long as the paper holds together.

MultiKopy Underwood Fan Fold

Send us samples of your copy paper and number of copies you wish to produce, and we will prescribe a carbon for your Fan Fold machine that will give you the greatest satisfaction.

MultiKopy Royal Quiet

Made especially for use on the Royal Quiet Model. Produces copies of fine color strength, and gives the greatest satisfaction on this machine.

Ask your stationer for your kind of MultiKopy. If he cannot supply you, write to our nearest warehouse.

A kind of carbon paper and typewriter ribbon for every purpose and every pocketbook.

F. S. Webster Company
Incorporated
335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
Branch Warehouses
New York Chicago San Francisco
Philadelphia Pittsburgh

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK
Carbon Papers
A kind for every purpose

Is your weight normal today?

Correct weight is so vital to the health and physical attractiveness of every member of the family that it is a matter for daily concern and record. Unreliable public scales should not be trusted. Every home needs a [illegible]

Health-o-Meter
Automatic Bathroom Scale

Daily weighing on the Health-o-Meter is a necessity in homes where the normal physical development of children is properly guarded. It discloses the danger [illegible] time to plan and [illegible]. It is invaluable [illegible]

The Health-o-Meter [illegible] beautifully [illegible] and fully guaranteed.

It is a most [illegible]

DEALERS: The importance of weight as a guide to health is realized by the public as [illegible]. Health-o-Meter [illegible] the only reasonably priced health scale made. Write today for full information.

Continental Scale Works, Dept. 6K
2126 West 21st Place, Chicago, Ill.

In the Newly Papered Room
Hang up your pictures and other wall ornaments with
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"
Easy to use—Protect your walls
10c pkts. Sold everywhere. In Canada 15c
MOORE PUSH PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Golden Wheatena Muffins

½ cup cooked Wheatena
1 cup of sour milk
Stir well together and let stand half hour
teaspoon baking soda is sifted in 1 teaspoon hot water add to Wheatena and milk
1 egg well beaten
tablespoons melted butter
teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
cup sifted flour
Bake in muffin pans twenty minutes

Out of the wheat field cometh strength!

~ in the yellow and blue package

Wheatena — the great American breakfast dish — is delicious whole wheat at its best.

When a steaming dish of this nut-brown cereal is set before you, instantly your appetite is whetted by the delicate aroma of the whole wheat. Scarcely have you stirred in a bit of butter, and topped off the golden feast with sugar and cream, than your mouth is fairly watering for the taste of the distinctive whole wheat Wheatena flavor.

How delicious and satisfying it is! And how nourishing, too, because it contains the whole of the wheat kernel—the vital life-giving element, the wholesome bran, the nourishing gluten, starch and phosphates — everything needed for building and sustaining a strong, vigorous and healthy body. This is why doctors and dietitians recommend Wheatena.

For over forty-four years Wheatena has been the favorite of children and grown-ups alike in thousands upon thousands of families.

Your family will enjoy Wheatena for breakfast. Serve it also in many other delightful ways—in muffins, cookies and desserts — in soups, chowders, and gravies.

Wheatena is served in leading hotels, restaurants, and dining cars All good grocers have Wheatena or can get it for you. Get it today—for breakfast tomorrow.

Sample package free, and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879

Men said—give us a man size holder

You'll grab it—quick! And with a big, full-fisted hold!

Each cap extends half the length of the stick. The other cap gives you a full, man-sized hold while you lather up. The stick may be used from either end. And when both ends are worn down, it may be reloaded in a jiffy.

Needless to say, the new Doublecap Stick possesses the same magic-like power of all Williams' Sticks to make your morning shave quick, easy and comfortable.

Write for free "working model" of this new stick. The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. P-3, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams'

Doublecap Shaving Stick

Made by the makers of the famous Williams' Holder Top Stick and Williams' Shaving Cream

Beneficial

for you and the family—good for digestion—good for teeth and nerves—for every one

"a sensible habit"

Deliciously flavored

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum

American Chicle Co.

TAILORING SALESMEN

Sell our All Wool made-to-measure suits and overcoats at $29.50, all one price, no extra charges. Union made. Profits in advance, big bonus. Hustlers now making $50.00 to $150.00 weekly.

W. D. SMITH & CO., Established 1895, Dept. 99, Chicago

SALESMEN WANTED

[illegible] advertising novelties on a [illegible] commission basis. Highest references required.

STANWOOD MANUFACTURING CO., 5 Tremont Row Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 170)

been voluntarily accepted and ratified by its own lawmaking body possesses a different character. The enforcement of such a law is an obligation undertaken by all parties in the voluntary establishment of the law itself. Each nation in this case, whether plaintiff or defendant, is judged by its own law and not by an arbitrary or unknown rule.

The Problem of Execution

In the last analysis, it is the problem of execution which constitutes the chief difficulty in any compact for the preservation of peace, whatever its nature may be. Will the signatories of a treaty keep faith? That is the capital question.

If they will, it is better to eliminate the forcible execution of a treaty and trust to the national honor; for, if the national honor can be relied upon, force is superfluous and may as well be dispensed with.

If, on the other hand, national honor cannot be relied upon, and military force must be depended upon to enforce international obligations, treaties are mere scraps of paper, and covenants also, unless there exists somewhere some military force that can, in case of default, be made effective.

It is important in this connection to keep ourselves reminded that a nation that will not obey a law or keep a contract it has freely accepted, will not take the trouble to make war in another's interest, where its own interest is not directly involved. A compact to enforce peace has therefore no more value from the point of view of honor than a compact to keep the peace. It has the additional handicap, when it comes to the question of action, that going to war where no national interest is directly affected is an expensive and unpopular undertaking, and is likely to be postponed as much as possible for shifty reasons.

We are then forced back to this, that nations that are not ready voluntarily to accept and obey just laws cannot be depended upon for any guaranties of peace. Basing their action solely upon national interest, as they conceive it, and not upon uniform principles of justice, national interest will eventually control, and all pledges will be evaded. Each nation, or at most each group of nations, will enforce its own peace, but will not sacrifice its own aims for world peace.

From this we are entitled to conclude that the only hope for the peace of the world lies in the growth of the juristic sense and the disposition to be governed by law. This marks out the only end for which an intelligent internationalism can work—the abolition of war through the establishment of law and obedience to it.

While awaiting this consummation a wise nation will look well to its own defense, leaving the unwise nations to learn, through the bitter experience from which wisdom proceeds, that justice is the supreme interest of mankind.

Treaties of Arbitration

It is singular that those who insist upon adherence by the United States to the so-called permanent Court of International Justice not only overlook the fact that the Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration established by The Hague Conventions, as a result of an initiative by the American Government, is a law court to the extent that the development of international law permits any international court to be, but the equally important fact that the United States is bound by a greater number of treaties of arbitration than any other great power, and through them is pledged to submit to international settlement a wider and more inclusive class of cases than the Statute of the League's Court requires. So far as cooperation with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world has relation to the pacific settlement of international disputes, it may be said with confidence that the United States is surpassed by no one of the great powers in its present commitment to make use of the existing machinery of peace. The Covenant of the League of Nations is not more inclusive of differences to be arbitrated than the treaties of the United States with other nations, and it does not bind the members to resort to the League's Court. The terms of the Covenant are: "For the consideration of any such dispute the court of arbitration to which the case is referred shall be the court agreed on by the parties to the dispute or stipulated in any convention existing between them" [Article 13, Paragraph 3].

III. The Extent to Which the United States Should be Esteemed Responsible for the Peace of the World

A COMPACT to enforce peace by armed power, whatever form it may assume, is essentially a participation in the creation of a supergovernment; for, however it may be disguised, the right to impose peace by force is by its nature a governmental right. Any form of power that undertakes to enforce peace by such means as it deems suitable and effective is clearly a government in control over other governments, and thus a supergovernment.

If a government enters into a compact with other governments to establish such control, it becomes a participant in the establishment of a supergovernment. If, in addition, the operation of that control is automatic, and does not require the independent decision of the participating governments in circumstances that may arise, the participating governments, having transferred their powers of action to the mechanism they have helped to create, are themselves subject to the automatic action of the supergovernment they have thus established.

The setting up of such a power, if it extends over other nations, can be justified only by invoking responsibility for universal peace. The question therefore arises, How far is any national government responsible for the peace of the world?

National Responsibility

The question is not to be answered by a dogmatic assertion of unlimited responsibility. There is, in the very nature of responsibility, a limit to it. There is no responsibility where there is no corresponding power of action. No individual, and no government or people, is responsbile for what cannot be controlled.

A national government may be held responsible for what happens within its own jurisdiction, and to a certain degree for what is done within the radius of its legitimate influence. Prolonged war upon a nation's borders may rightly be suppressed in the interest of its own peace, and a government may reasonably be held responsible in the general interest of civilization if it permits a permanent state of disorder to exist upon its frontiers. When a territory becomes a seat of brigandage and there is no government within its limits to which an effectual appeal can be made, and especially when distant governments, acting in the interest of their commerce, may feel called upon to intervene, it becomes the plain duty of a strong government to act in the interest of its own peace, as in the case of Cuba; but until recent times it has never been suggested that the United States is to be charged with the duty of policing the whole world in the interest of world peace. It is only under an abnormal stress of emotion produced by the horrors of war that such a responsibility has even been imagined.

There are, it is true, other than purely emotional grounds for trying to persuade the American people that they are responsible for the economic distress as well as the peace of other and even distant nations. When subjected to analysis, such conceptions as credits, markets and exchange are brought to the surface, and it is thus disclosed that behind the appeal to the generosity of our people to make themselves responsible and to intervene, economic self-interests which do not think it dishonorable to draw upon the resources of the whole people to advance their private schemes of trade are seen to be active.

In the presence of these efforts to coin into private profits the American sentiments of humanity, it should never be forgotten that, apart from its constitutional limitations, the Government of the United States has no charity fund upon which it can draw to aid even the genuinely unfortunate nations to purchase American goods.

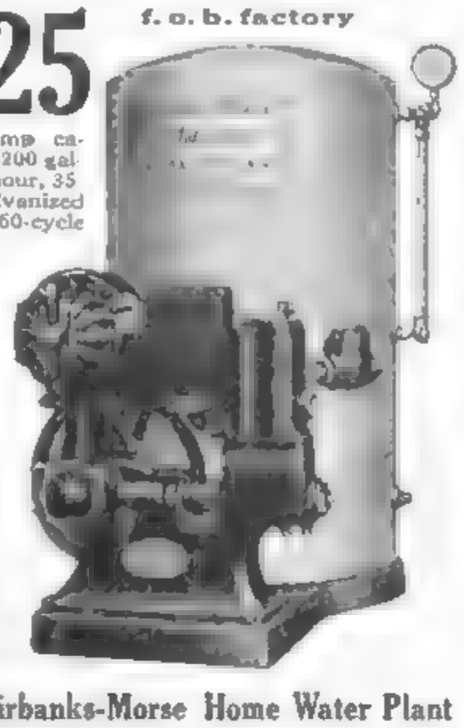
Responsibility for Peace

To establish the responsibility of the United States for the peace of the world, it would be necessary to show that the Government of the United States is in a position, both by the powers delegated to it and the resources at its command, and also by a certain reciprocity of obligations,

have plenty of water anywhere you want it

$125 f. o. b. factory

With pump capacity of 200 gallons per hour, 35 gallon galvanized tank and 60-cycle motor



The Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant delivers an abundance of water under pressure at a cost of two pennies a day or less. Operates from an electric circuit or home light plant system. Simple, automatic, quiet and dependable. Other types and sizes at proportionate prices. Literature and name of your dealer will be gladly furnished on request.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers Chicago

Salesmen Wanted to sell Penn Brake Band Rivets and Sets

With a Penn Brake Band Lining Equipment any Garage or Service Station can reline a set of brake bands in fifteen minutes.

Write for our vest-pocket order book. Taking orders for Penn Rivets in your spare time may pay you better than your regular job. Address

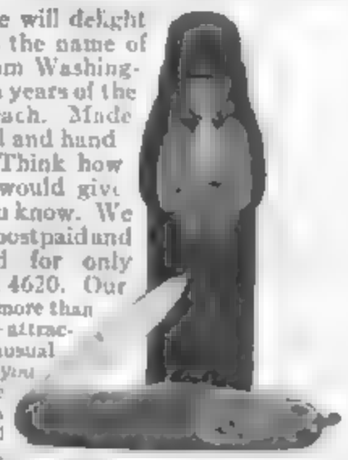
RIV-IT
S. E. Cor. 3rd and Huntingdon Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Riv-it AUTOMATICALLY

with Penn Rivets

Knife of the Presidents

This knife and case will delight any [illegible]. It gives the name of every president from Washington to Harding with years of the administration of each. Made of best quality steel and handsomely finished. Think how much pleasure it would give some boy whom you know. We mail knife and case postpaid and attractively boxed for only $1.75. Ask for No. 4620. Our year book containing more than 600 gift suggestions—attractive, interesting and unusual things—will introduce you to the [illegible] Pohlson Shops and save you much tiresome holiday shopping. There are things for old and young. It is free. Write for it

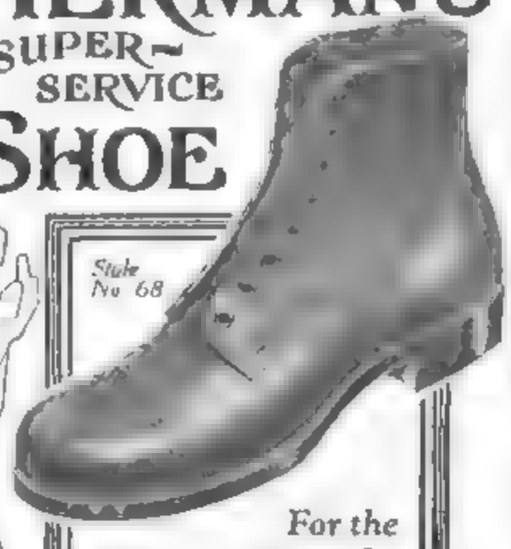


Pohlson Gift Shop, Dept. 147, Pawtucket, R. I.

PATENTS. Write for free guide books. List of Patent Buyers and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK," before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of your invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

HERMAN'S
SUPER-SERVICE
SHOE



For the Hardest Knocks

The same comfort and stamina that for 30 years made HERMAN'S No. 68 the regulation Army shoe, are today making it the favorite for hard work and steady service

You find them always "on the job". Giving up mile after mile of strenuous wear with utmost ease and at lowest cost

Write for FREE catalog and nearest Herman dealer's name

Joseph M. Herman Shoe Co.
Dept. C, Millis, Mass.

Makers of over 4,000,000 pairs of shoes for the U. S. Govt.

"I have averaged $7000 Per Year for Three Years—Have Made Over $90 PROFIT in One Day"

That is the statement of Frank DePries, one of our live-wire representatives. Keeton of Mississippi made $252 on his first sale. Vickers of Alabama made $118 in one week. Conant quit a $6,000 job to come with us.

AGENTS WANTED

We need more men like these, because the demand for our *Super Fyr-Fyter* is growing by leaps and bounds. Sells to garages, stores, factories, schools, homes, hotels, auto owners. Approved by the Underwriters. If you are willing to work and ambitious to make some real money, get our plan. You need no experience as we train you without cost for the work. No great capital required. Good territory going fast. Better write us at once.

Ford Auto FREE!

We have a plan whereby our workers can get a Ford with[out] cost to [them]. Write [for] the plan quick!

THE FYR-FYTER CO.
1726 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio

AGENTS Auto Free
and $5 to $10 a Day in Cash

We have territory open for willing workers—men or women all or part time introducing our nationally advertised Pure Food Products. Toilet and Household articles. Over 350 articles. Even beginners make $5 to $10 a day. Ford Auto FREE, in addition to cash commissions. Write today for details.
American Products Co., 4815 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

TELEGRAPHY
BOTH MORSE AND WIRELESS taught thoroughly. Big salaries. Expenses paid. Railway, Wireless and Government offices. Experience unnecessary. Graduates in large portion. Catalog free.
DODGE'S INSTITUTE, Post Street, Valparaiso, Ind.

PLAYS for Amateurs: Monologs, Recitations, Drills, Minstrel and Vaudeville Jokes and Sketches; ideas for entertainments. Send for free catalog.
DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO., 542 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

to preserve the world's peace. There can be no merely unilateral obligation. Whatever responsibility for peace there is, outside of the conduct and jurisdiction of each nation, is evidently a divided responsibility. It rests upon all alike.

What just proportion falls upon the United States?

One thing is certain: The rest of the world will rigorously hold the United States responsible not only for every obligation freely undertaken but for much more besides. There are those who would hold the United States responsible for the damages done by our artillery in France, for interfering with the national interests in the Paris Conference, for the unfortunate results of the peace, and for not liquidating the war by a general renunciation of indebtedness.

How is our obligation to be measured if not by the common standard by which other nations measure theirs? What is that standard? Primarily it is their interest in their own peace. Why may that not be our measure of obligation also?

The Interests of the United States

We have an interest in peace, but it diminishes directly as the distance from any possible scene of strife. Our interest is, therefore, primarily geographical. We are interested first of all in the peace of the American hemisphere. We can best preserve it by justice to our neighbors, by coöperation with them in all legitimate ways, and by warning off the interference of the rest of the world in American affairs of a political nature.

There is, however, another form of interest. It is psychological. We have an interest in the friendship of other peoples. This has two sources: One is in our own conduct, the other is in their expectations. It is not so much from what we have done that we are to expect the continuance of the friendship of other nations as from what they desire us to do in the future. The moment we have done all that is desired, the moment we have allied ourselves too closely with any nation, the moment we are too weak to be of help, we shall find that the friendship of other nations is for us to seek, and that it does not flow to us spontaneously.

Our supreme interest, therefore, is to treat all nations with equal justice; and that we may do this without fear we must be both free and strong.

Our Best Coöperation

As for our coöperation with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world, we can offer it most effectively not by promises but by procedure. We should apply in our foreign relations the principles that have made us great as a nation. These are: (1) The recognition of inherent rights in states as well as in individuals; (2) the establishment of respect for these rights in the form of voluntarily accepted law; (3) the equality of all before the law; (4) a court, accessible to all, on equal terms, where rights may be defended against an aggressor; (5) reliance upon the growth of public opinion for the enforcement of court decisions.

From this statement it would appear that the principal avenue of approach for coöperation with other nations would be along the line of development of world law. This was in a fair condition of progress when, in 1914, it was interrupted, as we have seen, by an effort to solve the problem of world peace through a political combination, supported by a wholly imaginary armed power. We have learned that no nation has felt prepared actually to use its armed forces—the employment of which was contemplated and pledged in the Covenant of the League of Nations—except for the defense of its own interests or the interests of those with whom it was united by a particular alliance; and we have seen the conception on which the League of Nations was founded transformed by the proposal that only those nations which are by their situation in space peculiarly subject to the danger of invasion should be expected to give mutual guaranties. This proposal, which is still under discussion, is a complete surrender of the idea that the United States, for example, is responsible for the peace of Europe. It is the distinct assertion of a doctrine of limited responsibility and reciprocal guaranties.

As the United States is not in a position of danger from its immediate neighbors and is itself no menace to any of them, its responsibility for world peace would seem to be limited to (1) just conduct in foreign relations; (2) insistence that foreign intervention be excluded from this hemisphere; (3) continuation of the leadership which its past has thrust upon it in further developing world law; and (4) the free expression of American opinion regarding questions of international ethics. If public opinion is to exert any influence, it must be expressed without fear. But only a strong nation will have the courage to express with freedom its moral convictions.

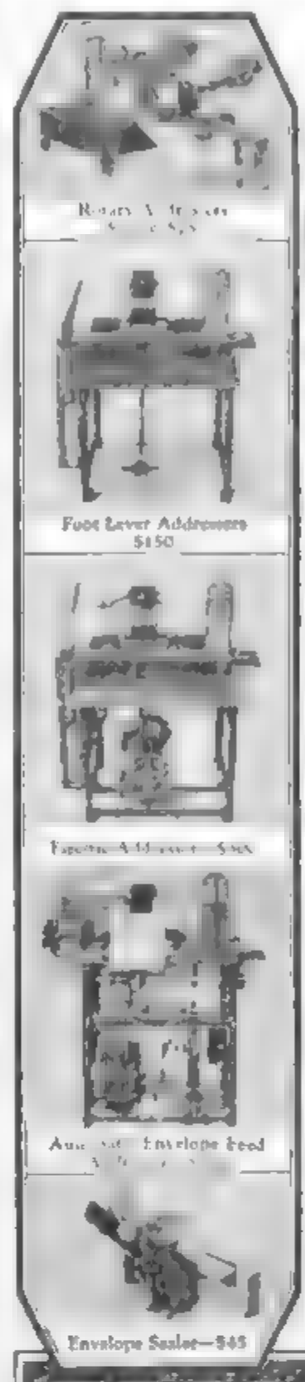
World Law

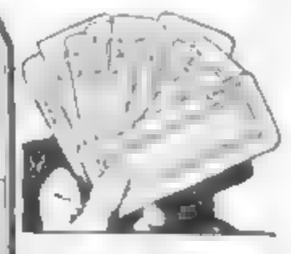
This last duty may well take the form of an effort to induce the League of Nations to permit the League's Court to be transformed into a World Court and to obtain the continuation of The Hague Conferences with special reference to the perfecting of international law as a system to be applied by the World Court as it is developed. Compulsory jurisdiction might

PHOTO. BY LELAND J. BRIGGS

Lake Chelan, Washington, is 67 Miles Long and One Mile Wide

COLORED EDGE INDEX





Elliott Ad[dressers] only come in 5 different colors

THE ELLIOTT Addressing System is the *only* one giving the *complete* index value of colored cards. The *edges*, as well as faces and backs, of Elliott Address Cards are *colored*.

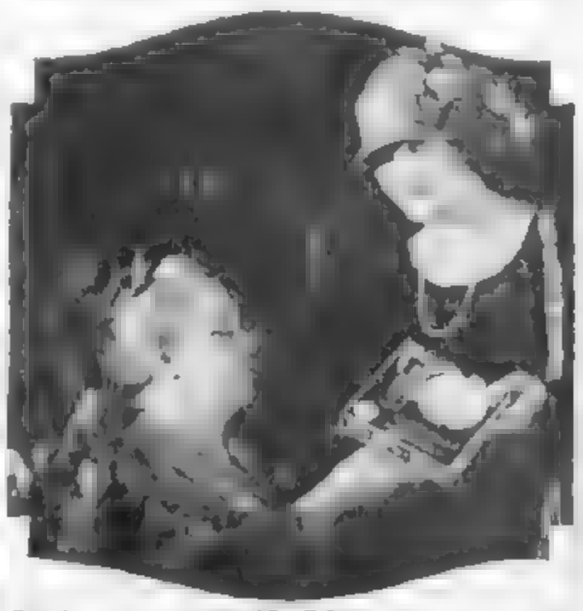
It is unnecessary to leaf over and look at the FRONT of each card to distinguish its color classification in file.

This Advertisement is No. 4 of a series explaining ELLIOTT SUPERIORITY from these 17 viewpoints.—

1. [illegible]
2. [illegible] Stenciling
3. [illegible]
4. [illegible] Large Index
5. [illegible]
6. "Makeready"
7. [illegible] Tabs
8. Weights
9. [illegible]
10. Speed
11. [illegible]
12. [illegible]
13. [illegible]
14. [illegible]
15. [illegible]
16. [illegible]
17. Economy

Send for FREE BOOK illustrating all of the above 17 Points.

ELLIOTT Addressing Machine Co.
146 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.



Why wait till Christmas to Give a year of Cheer

[illegible] this 50c box of endless entertainment and fun [illegible] shut-ins or lonely? When the hours drag there [illegible] Puzzle-Peg [illegible]

Puzzle-Peg Wonder Puzzle of the Century

Played by [illegible] for all Folks [illegible] correct solution to Puzzle-Peg. We think it can't be done, but already 50 answers have been found. New free book packed in every box gives 68 more problems—every one a thriller—sent in by Puzzle-Peg fans from all over the world. You never tire of Puzzle-Peg. Try it and see. Only 50c at all game dealers (75c in Canada) or mailed postpaid with book of 69 problems for only 50c.

Lubbers & Bell, 721 Second Ave., Clinton, Iowa
Send 50c extra if you want Blox-O—greatest game for two

perhaps well be suspended until the rules of law are more clearly defined, but with the understanding that all strictly justiciable questions are to be adjudicated. The world would thus have as much peace as it is prepared for and as the great powers would permit.

"As much peace as the world is prepared for and as the great powers would permit" for there are many possibilities of war in the treaties of peace and in the policies of the great powers as well as in the animosities of the small ones.

Participation in Council

There is much room therefore for future conciliation. How far the United States should participate in any council dealing with European peace is a serious problem. Undoubtedly this Government should be represented wherever its interests are under discussion, and it would be an act of folly to oppose this through any prejudice against any consultative body, whatever it might be. It would be humiliating to think that the United States could not be represented by a spokesman wherever the interests of this country are to be decided, so long as those interests are real. The discussion of purely European matters, however, involves great dangers. To give advice is to assume responsibility, and to assume responsibility is to create an obligation. After the Conference of Paris, there should be no need of further enlightenment on this subject.

American interests are everywhere where trade and commerce penetrate. Where there are responsible governments these interests can be protected through ordinary diplomatic intercourse, except in cases where international combinations are forming and agreements are being drawn. There not the unofficial, but the official observer should be on hand, but with a carefully limited latitude of action. When it comes to the weaker nations—the nations that are not dealt with, but dealt about—there also the United States should always be on the spot in the person of a discreet but responsible representative.

Such are some of the considerations that must be taken into account when it is proposed to form a plan for the coöperation of the United States with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world. No purely subjective scheme will have any value. If a plan is to become practicable, it must be of a nature to receive general support not only by the people and Government of the United States but in other countries also. What should be aimed at is a union of wills for peace. Nor should it be overlooked that no nation is disposed to act against its own interest and that national interests are not only different but often conflicting. Not only so, nations are composite personalities, very unequal in their characteristics and aspirations, as well as in their ideals and their power to realize them. There is only one respect in which sovereign states are equal—that is in the realm of right and law. There magnitude and power are extraneous. The central problem is therefore to extend that realm and to define it. That is the work of conferences; for law in its modern sense is not a rule of action imposed by a superior upon an inferior, but a system of freely accepted rules to which justice requires a pledge of obedience.

One other consideration should not pass without notice. Cooperation is essentially multilateral and reciprocal. It can occur therefore only where there is a general willingness to coöperate and when the conditions are favorable for coöperation. No plan, even if inherently practicable and officially adopted, can become effective until the nations are ready to act upon it. Coöperation, therefore, is not merely a form of procedure by the United States alone; it is of necessity action in association with other nations that are prepared and disposed to act in an honorable and effectual manner for the good of all.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Hill.

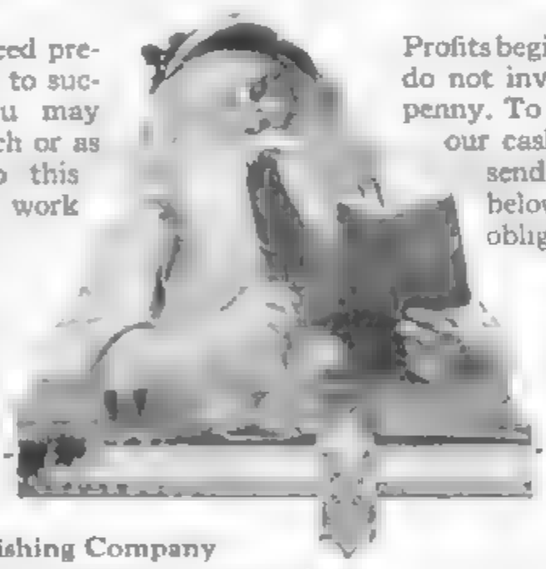
Let Us Pay Your Christmas Bills

HOW much money do you need for Christmas? Scores of part-time representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will earn $100.00 extra during the next six weeks. A *triple* opportunity is now yours: You can profit by sending us (1) renewals, (2) new subscriptions, (3) orders for subscriptions to be sent as Christmas gifts. There are 900,000 subscriptions to be renewed this month and next. Every year tens of thousands of subscriptions are given as gifts. You may easily earn enough to pay all your Christmas bills. But you should start *now*. Every moment you can spare between now and Christmas is worth real money.

Profits Up to $1.50 an Hour

For sending us the orders from your neighborhood we will pay you unusually liberal commissions—and we offer, too, a cash bonus for volume production. Many inexperienced beginners easily earn $1.50 an hour for all the time they can spare—many experienced workers are paid up to $100.00 a week.

You do not need previous training to succeed and you may devote as much or as little time to this pleasant easy work as you please.



Profits begin at once. You do not invest one single penny. To learn all about our cash offer simply send us the coupon below. There's no obligation.

FREE supplies and profit plans

CASH commissions and bonus

The Curtis Publishing Company
499 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I'm interested in your plan for making more money. Please send me full details, but without obligation.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Do You Smoke?

Buy Guaranteed

PITTSBURGH
HAND-MADE
STOGIES

A Mild—Sweet—Mellow and Delicious Smoke

"A Stogie is a Long Thin Cigar"

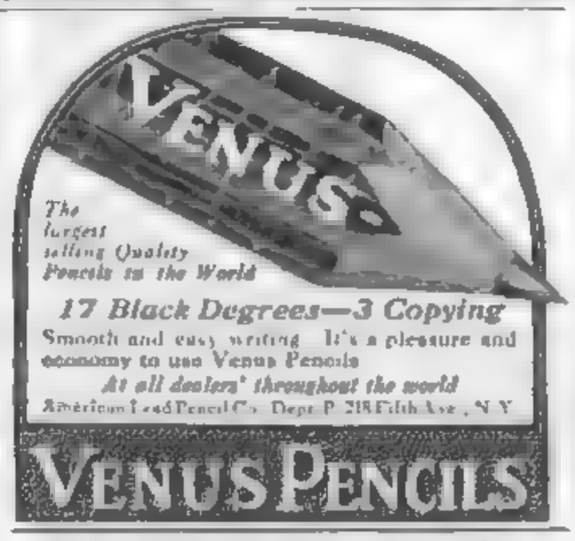
Box of 25 for Only $1.00
We pay postage everywhere

We guarantee every one of these Stogies to be Hand-Made and of the Finest Selected Tobacco obtainable and if not entirely satisfactory, we will refund your money.

Manufactured by One Organization for Over 30 Years

Guaranteed Pittsburgh Stogie Co.
413 Fourth Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa.

Buy a box today—we know you will order more


VENUS
The largest selling Quality Pencils in the World
17 Black Degrees—3 Copying
Smooth and easy writing. It's a pleasure and economy to use Venus Pencils
At all dealers throughout the world
American Lead Pencil Co., Dept. P, 218 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
VENUS PENCILS

Safe Milk and Malt Grain Ext. in powder, makes *The* Food-Drink *for* All Ages

Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

November 3, 1923

Cover Design by Charles A. MacLellan

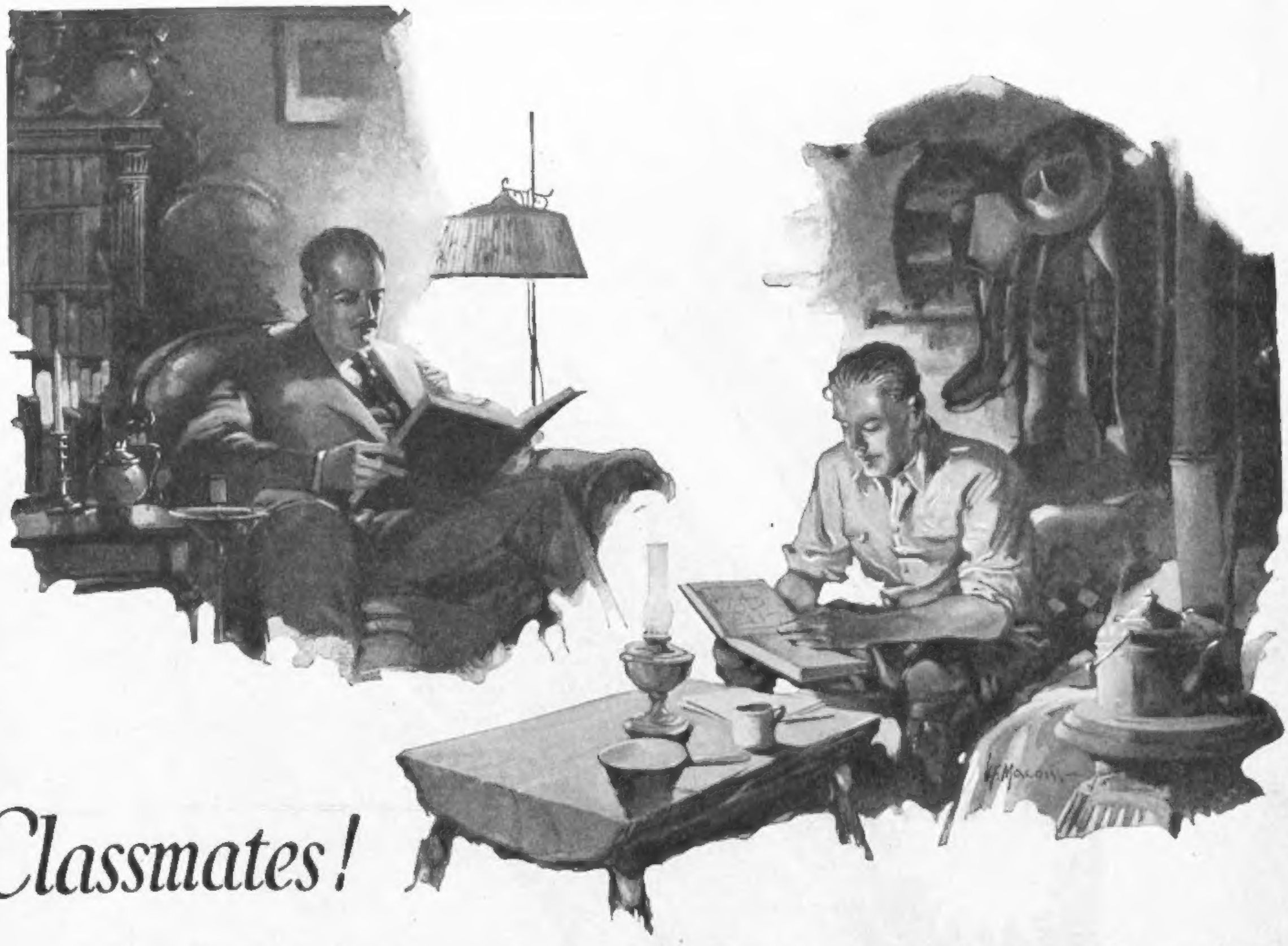
SHORT STORIES	PAGE
Punk Pungs—*Sam Hellman*	8
Dolceda—*Thomas Beer*	10
Angel Child—*George Randolph Chester*	12
The Seven Dead Men—*George Kibbe Turner*	18
The Palace of His Fathers—*Alice Duer Miller*	22
Skookum Chuck: The Adventure of the Undesirable Gray Boat—*Stewart Edward White*	26
Not as the Poet Says—*Kennett Harris*	40

ARTICLES	
The Wives of Great Men Oft Remind Us	3
The Star of Empire—*Albert W Atwood*	15
Swedish Punch—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	16
The Timber-Line Cycle—*Hal G. Evarts*	20
My Crystal Ball—*Elisabeth Marbury*	24
American Cooperation for World Peace—*David Jayne Hill*	29
Instinct or Reason—*W A Fraser*	32
When Salesmanship is Dumb—*James H Collins*	36

SERIALS	
Easy (In seven parts)—*Nina Wilcox Putnam*	5

MISCELLANY	
Editorials	28
Short Turns and Encores	30

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



Classmates!

IN a rough log cabin in the mountains of North Carolina, a sun-tanned surveyor's helper will sit down by a friendly lamp to-night, and wring from the hours after dark the special training that will lift him above the level of his fellows and make his dream of success come true.

Denied the benefits of an education in his youth or indifferent to the opportunities offered—forced to go to work to help support the family—struggling under the handicap of his environment, he has somehow retained that precious spark of ambition and that divine discontent that make men want to do bigger and better things.

So he studies on, each night coming a little nearer the cherished goal—each day putting into practice the lessons of the night before. Success cannot long evade such a man!

In a richly furnished room in a large home on the North Shore in Chicago, an honor graduate of one of the leading universities, finding the need of specialized training to help him in his work, will sit down to-night and study, even as that surveyor's helper in North Carolina, to make his dream of success come true.

He has education, wealth, social position, business prestige—everything that the other man lacks. Yet he turns to the same school for help—knowing that nowhere else can he get the special knowledge he needs so quickly, and in such definite, practical form.

Between seven and twelve o'clock to-night, 180,000 men and women will shut themselves off from the world for just a little while and dedicate an hour or two to self-improvement.

They will be men like that college graduate, and that surveyor's helper. They will be young men of 18 and 20, and older men of 40 and 45. They will be single men—married men—men in moderate circumstances—men of considerable wealth.

They will be men like you—they will be men like your father or your son.

But whoever they are or wherever they are—whatever their age, their race, their creed, their circumstances, they will be classmates in this world-wide *"University of the Night."*

For they will study from the textbooks of the International Correspondence Schools—textbooks that have been 32 years in the making and that have been specially created and written for the needs of the student who studies at home.

These textbooks are simple, practical and complete. They take nothing for granted. They begin at the beginning and carry the student forward by easy, logical steps. They foresee and meet his difficulties by full explanations, demonstrations and illustrations. Any bit of text that admits of slightest doubt is accompanied by a picture. All abstract theories have been eliminated, for these textbooks are written for men and women who need information that can be put to immediate use.

The text for every one of the courses—whether it be on electrical engineering, or advertising, or plumbing, or drafting, or salesmanship, or any of the 300 other subjects in the curriculum of the International Correspondence Schools, is written by authorities in that field and is edited, arranged and simplified by the faculty of the Schools—men who know not only the subject treated, but are qualified by years of experience to know just how to present it so that students in all walks of life may read and understand.

Naturally, it costs money to secure the services of such men and to print such textbooks. More than two and a half million dollars have been spent in the preparation of I. C. S. textbooks and more than one hundred thousand dollars are spent yearly in revisions to include the latest developments in every field and in the preparation of texts on new subjects to meet the needs of business and industry.

That this money has been well spent is shown not only by the progress and attainments of students of the International Correspondence Schools, but by the recognition given these textbooks in the highest educational circles. They are used by the

University of Pennsylvania
Princeton University
University of Washington
University of Virginia
U. S. Military Academy
University of Notre Dame
Lehigh University
U. S. Marine Corps Institute

and by 372 other universities, colleges, government schools, institutes of technology and leading industrial corporations.

It is simply a plain statement of fact to say that, in their field, the textbooks of the International Correspondence Schools are the most complete and most authoritative textbooks published to-day.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Scranton, Pennsylvania

Offices in leading cities of the United States and Canada, and throughout the world

Worn Out—Just rubbed in air

A chunk of fire strokes the night sky and is gone. Where?

Swallowed by Friction. Literally burned to nothingness, actually worn out of existence, simply by rubbing the air.

That's all a "shooting star" is. A mass of mostly mineral substance, flung from some whirling body of the skies, hurtling through the airless voids of the universe, until it happens to fly into the layer of air which surrounds our earth.

Just rubbing the atmosphere kindles the blazing ball you see, the "shooting star." The friction of just moving through the air is what utterly consumes it.

Anything which moves, however fast or slowly, even in the thin invisible air, or on finest lubricating oils, is inevitably subject to the wear of *motion*.

It is motion, as you know, which wears your motor car. How long your automobile will last, how smooth-running and quiet you can keep it, depends then upon how well you are permitted to compensate for the wear that *must* follow motion.

You are sure there *will be* wear from motion. To enable you to offset the chief effects of this certain wear, make sure the principal revolving parts are mounted on bearings which can be adjusted. The basic principle of anti-friction bearing adjustability is embodied in Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., *CANTON, OHIO.*

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

© 1923, By The T R B Co, Canton, O

Bon Ami

for bathtubs, etc.

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

for cleaning and polishing

Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware
Bathtubs
Aluminum Ware
Fine Kitchen Utensils
White Woodwork
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Linoleum and Congoleum

There you are, old tub, shining like polished porcelain!

A little Bon Ami on a damp cloth, a few brisk rubs, and every trace of dirt and grime vanishes like magic.

You'll never know how clean and snowy-white your tub, basin and tiles can be until you use Bon Ami. And there's nothing else so good for cleaning and polishing many other things around the house. Be sure to read the list of uses above. In all those ways Bon Ami is truly the housewife's "good friend."

Bon Ami never scratches—never roughens the hands.

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Better Lemons

—*how to get them easily every time you buy*

WHETHER for their flavor or their attractiveness in garnishing, there are better lemons than you get ordinarily by saying merely, "Give me a dozen lemons." Say "California Sunkist" when you order, and you'll get the better kind.

California lemons—Sunkist particularly—are full-flavored, tart and juicy, and practically seedless. Grown by lemon specialists on highly cultured trees, as carefully as any fruit you know.

Here's *real* lemon flavor for your dishes.

And clean, bright waxy skins to lend *effective decoration to your garnished foods*.

The lemon's salts and acids are natural appetizers and digestants—its juice the natural sauce for fish and meats.

It furnishes *fresh vitamines* also.

And the reaction of this so-called "acid juice" is *alkaline* after digestion. So lemon juice offsets the acidity of other foods instead of increasing it as some people think.

Garnishing with lemon is, therefore, a *dietetic benefit*—not merely "a touch of style."

Make it a habit for that reason—a habit that is *healthful* and attractive, too.

Send to address below for book containing garnishing suggestions by Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. Just send for it—it is *free*.

California **Sunkist** *Lemons*

Uniformly Good

There's convenience and economy in buying by the dozen.

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers

SEC. 111, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Look for This Machine

DISTRIBUTED by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to quickly make pure orangeade and lemonade.

Soda fountains using the new Electrical Sunkist Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and lemonade made to order from fresh fruit. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of quality.

Fountain Owners—Write us for additional information relative to this machine.